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The McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK

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Miss Rose Lazarus
From Mrs Erickson

March 15/28

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The
McGILL UNIVERSITY
Song Book

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Compiled and Published by
THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL
of McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

To the Memory

of the late

Lieut. Col. John McCrae, C. A. M. C.

that sweet singer of McGill
and to those sons of McGill
who did not return, this book
is dedicated by the students'
Council of McGill University.

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"Dulce et Decorum est pro patria mori"

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JOHN MCCRAE.

Reprint of Former Preface

To the Graduates and Undergraduates of McGill College:—

We have been engaged on the compilation, revision and publication of The McGill College Song Book since the beginning of last Session.

About three hundred songs have been examined, and this collection contains the larger portion of such as were finally chosen. After the selected material had been placed in the hands of the printer, it was found that exigencies of spacing and other technical details rendered further diminution absolutely necessary, so that The McGill College Song Book does not exhibit the fullness of our choice; it also happened that circumstances beyond our immediate control prevented us from deciding, in every case, what songs should be omitted in order to comply with the conditions enforced upon us.

While we have endeavoured to avoid the musical crudities and false harmonies disfiguring almost every College Song Book examined by us, we have, at the same time, been anxious to avoid the equally serious fault of introducing complexities that would have rendered this collection unfit for the general use of students; in fact, a desire for simplicity has induced us to leave untouched, harmonic progressions which might easily have been elaborated and improved.

The shortcomings of the McGill College Song Book, of which we are fully conscious, will, we venture to hope, be viewed leniently, when it is remembered that we could devote to our task only such hours as could be spared from other and more pressing duties.

The thanks of all interested in The McGill College Song Book are due to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., and to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer for their kindness in allowing the publication of songs of which they hold the copyright. It was our intention to trace to its true source and to acknowledge every instance of indebtedness, but the limited time at our disposal must be held an excuse for a fault which the publisher, [if notified of infringement,] will be glad to rectify in future editions.

THE COMPILATION COMMITTEE.

Montreal, October, 1885.

Reprint of Former Preface

To the Corporation, Graduates and
Undergraduates of McGill College:

The edition of The McGill College Song Book which was published in 1885, has long been exhausted. Its sale proved gratifying to all interested in its compilation and use, especially as it was the first lengthy work of its kind printed in Canada. Those who have been brought into contact with our University life know that the Song Book has done something to promote a feeling of unity among Students whose academic aims often lie far apart, while those, again, who have traced the growth of the musical literature to which it belongs, find that The McGill College Song Book has been of service to compilers elsewhere.

At the request of the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University, we met about three years ago with the object of preparing a new edition for the press. Protracted difficulties arising for the most part from the questions of copyright and publishing have been causing long delay which, while regretting, we were unable to remove until recently. In the course of our labours the Corporation of the University gave its sanction to our undertaking, and accordingly its name appears at the head of this preface.

The McGill University Song Book is really a new publication, and not a new edition of the old work. Much of the old material will be found in it, but a large portion of the book now appears for the first time. The whole has been subjected to careful revision for which the other members of the Committee have to thank Mr. Gould whose services have been invaluable. One of our main objects in revision has been to get rid of a defect in the former book by bringing all the songs within the compass of an average voice. Some accompaniments for the guitar and banjo have been written in order to make The McGill University Song Book more attractive to Students.

As The McGill University Song Book is not intended to satisfy the demands of advanced musical critics, we may repeat our former statement of principles which have guided us in our endeavour, and add to it our former expression of indebtedness to musical publishers.

"While we have endeavoured to avoid the musical crudities and false harmonies disfiguring almost every College Song Book examined by us, we have at the same time been anxious to avoid the equally serious fault of introducing complexities that would have rendered the collection unfit for the general use of students; in fact, a desire for simplicity has induced us to leave untouched harmonic progressions which might easily have been elaborated and improved.

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THE COMPILATION COMMITTEE.

Montreal,
December, 1895.

Preface

In presenting to the Graduates, Undergraduates and to all friends of McGill, a new and enlarged edition of the McGill University Song Book, the Students' Council of McGill University feel a certain amount of trepidation in treading in the footsteps of the illustrious men, some, alas, no longer living who directed the preparation of earlier editions. Nevertheless, the incessant demands from every quarter for a collection of songs, which should include the newer additions to the musical lore of McGill, seemed to justify such an attempt.

Unlike prior editions, which were the property of individual publishers, the present work has been produced at the direct instance of the Students' Council of McGill University, who have taken complete control of the publication and to whom alone any possible profits will accrue. The Council have endeavoured, in spite of the present scale of costs, to produce, not merely a reprint, but a new compilation which shall mark a distinct advance upon former attempts, yet without an increase in the price.

Realizing that the greatest tie which binds her sons to McGill is woven of the songs which have been written in her honour, the Council feel that in furthering music amongst the student body the net result will be, not only a great increase in college spirit, but a linking together of all those who have been connected with McGill into whose hands this work may come.

By the simple device of transferring the duty of publishing the McGill University Song Book from sporadic committees to the Students' Council, which is self-perpetuating, it will be possible to ensure that all future editions shall be up to date, and it would seem that of all bodies connected with McGill, the Students' Council is best fitted to undertake such a task, since it is continually in touch with the oldest traditions and newest tendencies. in fact with the Living Spirit of McGill.

Acknowledgment

The Students' Council of McGill University wish to thank those Graduates and Undergraduates who have, by their unflagging sympathy and untiring co-operation, helped to make possible the publication of this work. In this connection thanks are especially due to some whose help has been invaluable and whose names may properly be mentioned here.

First among these is Dr. C. E. Moyse, Dean Emeritus of the Faculty of Arts, and the Honorary President of the Publishing Committee. Dr. Moyse was largely responsible for the earlier editions, and his advice and information on historical points has been of great service. Dr. H. E. Reilly has been able to assist the Committee very largely with his experience and counsel, nor must the name of Mr. Harold Eustace Key be forgotten. To Mr. Key are due a number of the new and striking settings which will be found in the book, particularly the beautiful rendering of "In Flanders Fields" which is here reproduced. Thanks are also due to that most illustrious graduate of McGill, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for the use of his great hymn, "Recessional".

They also wish to thank a number of publishers, too numerous to mention, for their kind permission to use certain copyright pieces. Should any have escaped attention inadvertently the Council can only crave their indulgence.

The Students' Council.
McGill University, Montreal, 1921

Montreal, 1921.

THE

McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK

In Flanders Fields

John McCrae. Harold Eustace Key.

Rather Slowly

p

In Flan-ders' fields the pop-pies blow be-tween the cros-ses, Row . on row, that mark our

place, And in the sky, the larks, still brave-ly sing-ing, fly, Scarce heard a - mid the guns be - low.

Slower *cresc.* *f*

p

We are the dead: short days a-go we lived, Felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved And were loved: And now we

mf

Quickly

p *f* *f*

lie in Flanders fields. Take up our quar-rel with the foe, To you from fail-ing hands we throw the torch, Be

Solemnly *Very slowly*

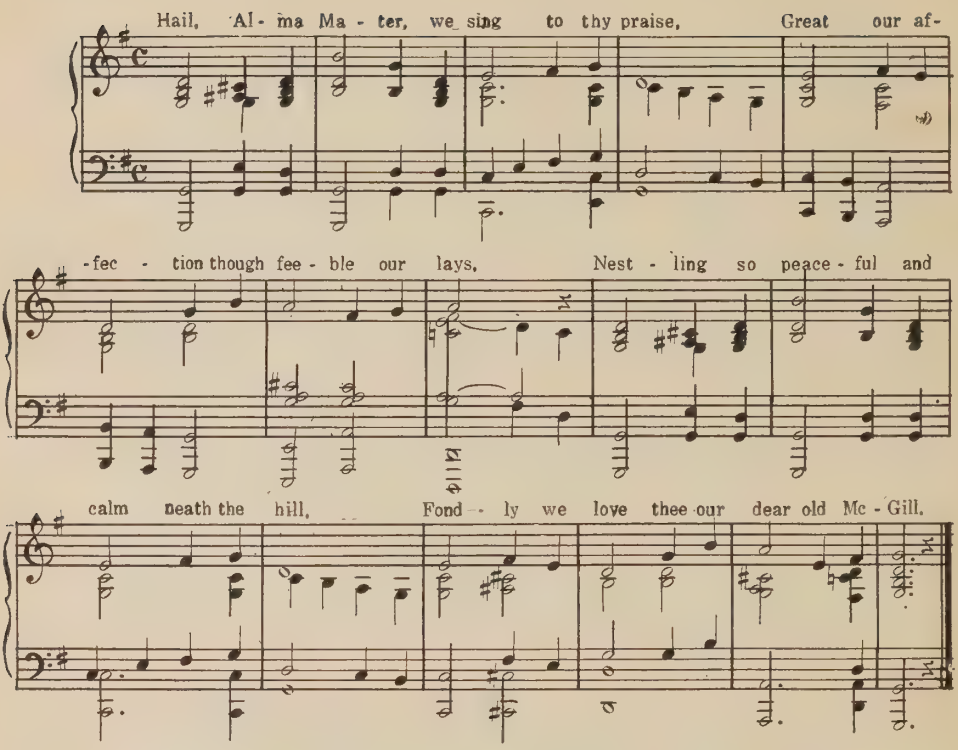
rit. *p* *p*

yours to hold it high. If ye break faith with us, who die, We shall not sleep, Tho' poppies grow in Flanders fields.

To the Spirit of McGill, ever living in the memory of the late Lieut-Col. John McCrae, the musical setting to this poem is dedicated by the composer.

Copyright by Harold Eustace Key.

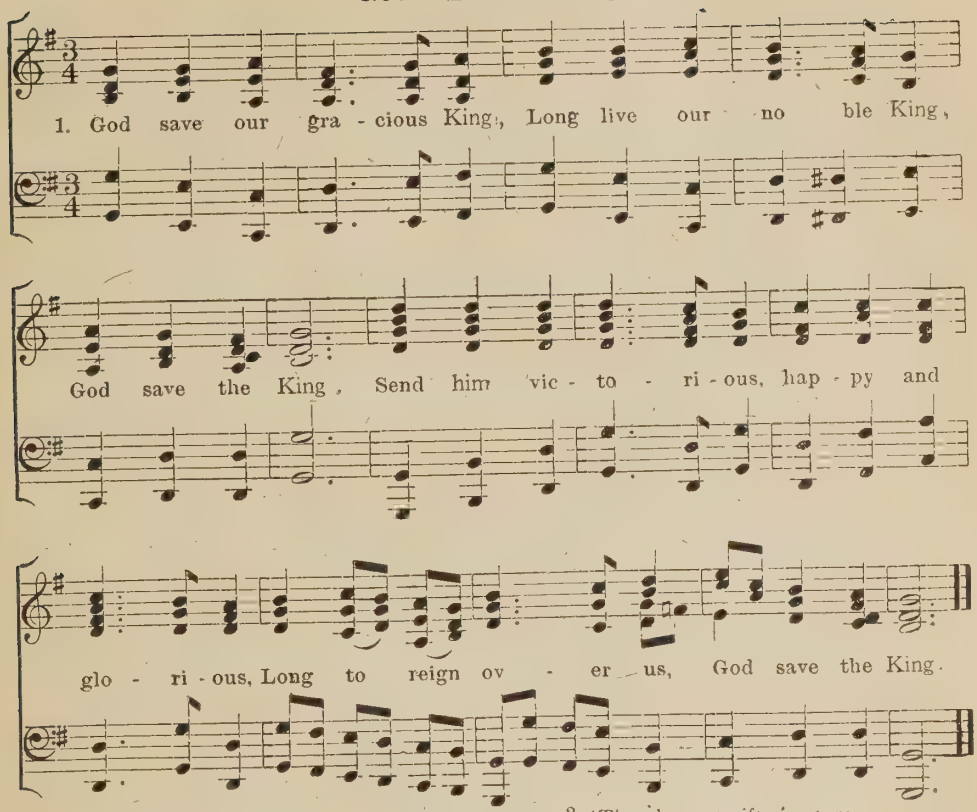
Hail, Alma Mater.



Hail, Alma Mater, we sing to thy praise;
Loud in thy Honour, our voices we raise.
Full to thy fortune, our glasses we fill.
Life and Prosperity, Dear Old McGill.

Hail, Alma Mater, thy praises we sing:
Far down the centuries, still may they ring.
Long through the ages remain - if God will,
Queen of the Colleges, Dear Old McGill.

God Save the King.



2 O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies
Make wars to cease.
Keep us from plague and
dearth,
Turn thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
Let there be Peace.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

God Save McGill.

Words by W. M. MacKeracher, Arts '94. Air.—"*God save the King.*"

God save our Old McGill!
Long live our Old McGill!
God save McGill!
Send her men wise and strong,
Boldly mankind among
Bravely to fight the wrong,
God save McGill!

O Canada

Melody by C. Lavallée.
Harmonized by Harold Eustace Key.

R. Stanley Weir, D. C. L.

1. O Can - a - da! Our home, our na-tive land, True pa-triot love in all thy sons com-
1. O Ca - na - da! ter re de nos aï - eux; Ton front est ceint de fleu-rons glo - ri-

- mand, With glow-ing hearts we see thee rise, The True North strong and
- eux! Car ton bras sait por - ter l'é - pé - e, Il sait por - ter la

free; And stand on guard, O Can - a - da, We stand and guard for thee.
Croix! Ton his-toire est une é - po - pé - e Des plus bril - lants ex - ploits.

O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da! We stand on
Et ta va - leur, de foi trem - pé - e, Pro - tè - ge - ra nos fou - ers

guard for thee. O Can - a - da! We stand on guard for thee.
et nos droits, Pro - tè - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos droits.

HYMN

(McGILL UNIVERSITY CENTENNIAL)

D. L. Ritchie. D. D. — Harold Eustace Key.

"VERITAS DEI" — C. M. D.

Lord God of truth, who raised us up To serve in this vast land;
Give us to drink of du - ty's cup, And con - se - cra - ted stand;
By high and self - less love of truth, To raise a bet - ter race,
With free - dom in their eyes, and ruth Their beau - ti - fying grace. A - men.

II.

Our fathers faith we pledge to thee
That truth as light may shine,
And knowledge ever sacred be—
The Chalice for the wine
Of wisdom, in the love of men,
So in the love of thee,
Of faith that soars beyond the ken
Of things the eye can see.

III.

The mysteries of truth are vast,
And hid the springs of life,
Teach us in search of them to cast
Away all petty strife;
And in pursuit of peace: but right
To find our brimming joy,
That in a fellowship of light,
We may our powers employ.

IIII.

Great is the heritage we share,
Won at a costly price
By fathers who knew how to bear
The Cross of Sacrifice.
Times are confused, but thou art nigh
When pure, we see thee then
Great God of Nations! hear our cry
And make us faithful men.

La Marseillaise.

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.

Con animo.

f

1. Al - lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - - - e, Le jour de
2. Que veut cet - te hor - de d'es - cla - - - ves, De trai - tres,
3. Trem-blez ty - rans, et vous per - fi - - - des, L'oppro - bre
1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - - - ry! Hark, hark! what

mf

gloire est ar - ri - vé, Con - tre nous de la tyran -
de rois con - ju - rés Pour qui ces ig - no - bles en -
de tous les par - tis! Trem-blez,—vos pro - jets parri -
myr - iads bid you rise! Your chil dren wives, and grand - sires

p *f*

ni - e, L'é - ten-dard sanglant est le - vé L'é - ten -
tra - ves, Ces fers, dès longtemps prépa - rés? Ces fers
ci - des, Vont en - fin re - çe - voir leur prix, Vont en -
hoar - y: Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries, Be-hold their

dard sang-lant est le - vé En - ten - dez vous dans les cam -
des longtemps pré - pa - rés? Français! pour nous, ah! quel ou -
fin re - çe-voir leur prix. Tout est sol - dat pour vous com -
tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants mis - chief

mf

pa - gnes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils
tra - ge! Quels trans-ports il doit ex - ci - ter! C'est
bat - tre; S'ils tom - bent, nos jeu - nes hé - ros, La
breed-ing With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -

La Marseillaise. Concluded.

vien-nent, jusque dans nos bras, E-gor-ger nos fils, nos com-pa-gnes!
nous qu'on o - se me - na - cer De rendre á l'an - tique es - cla - va - ge. } Aux
France en produit de nou-veaux, Con-tre vous tous prêts à se bat-tre.
fright and des-o - late the land, While peace and lib-er - ty lie bleeding! To

ar - mes, ci - toy-ens! For - mez vos ba - tail-lons: Mar-chez, mar -
arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword unsheathe! March on, march

chez! qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons.
on! all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death.

4 Francais! en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
A regret s'armant contre nous;
Mais le despote sanguinaire,
Mais les complices de Bouillé—
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.
Aux armes, &c.

5 Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs;
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents,
Que tes enemis expirants,
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, &c.

2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc.

3 Oh liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

Rudyard Kipling.

Recessional

Harold Eustace Key.

The music dedicated to Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G, Principal of McGill University.

1. God of our fath-ers, known of old Lord of the far flung
3. Far flung, our nav-ies melt a-way On dune and head-land
5. For heath-en heart that puts her trust In reek-ing tube and

bat-tle line, Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do min-ion
sinks the fire; Lo, all the pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with
i-ron shard, All val-iant dust that builds on dust, And guard-ing,

O-ver palm and pine Lord God of hosts, be with us yet Lest
Nin-e-veh and Tyre! Judge of the Nat-ions, spare us yet Lest
Calls not Thee to guard For fran-tic boast, and fool-ish word, Thy

1st and 3rd Verses.

Fifth Verse.

we for-get, lest we for-get. Mer-cy on Thy Peo-ple, Lord, A-men.

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Recessional (Continued)

2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The Cap-tains and the Kings de-
4. If, drunk with sight of Power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in

-part: Still stands thine An-cient Sac-ri-fice, A hum-ble and a con-trite
awe: Such boast-ings as the Gen-tiles use, Or less-er breeds with-out the

heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet! Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
law. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet! Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

BELAIR, GRAV

Come, Follow Me.

Round.

1. Come, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me.

2. Whither shall I fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, whither shall I fol-low, fol-low thee?

3. To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Alma Mater McGill.

Words by J. McDougall, *Arts.* Air.—*Believe me if all those endearing young charms.*

mf Andante.

1. Al-ma Ma-ter, McGill! we will sing to thy praise, From the treasures of hearts fond and

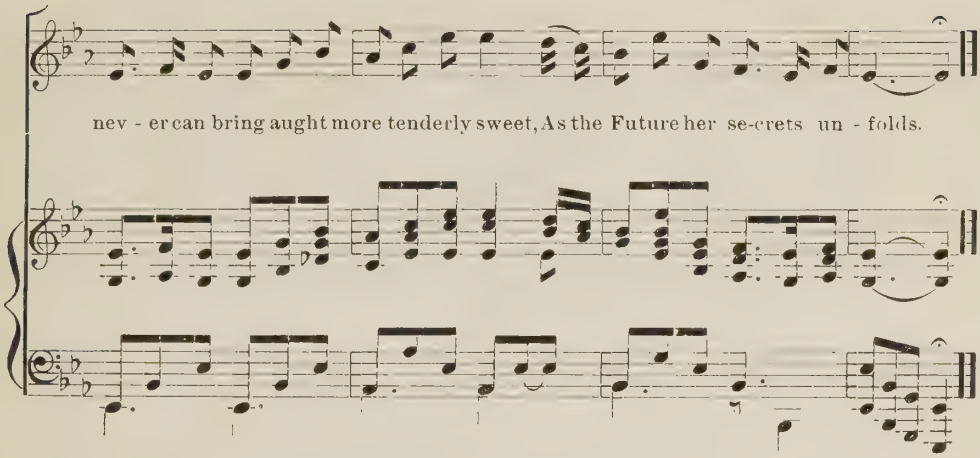
mf

true, For the love in our hearts is a-wakened by thoughts Which the

pros-pects of part-ing re-new, . . . The friendships we've formed in thy

halls are as dear As the cas-ket of mem-o-ry holds; Time

Alma Mater McGill. Concluded.



2 Alma Mater, McGill! since we left in our youth,
The loved homes of our earliest years,
Where our fathers had warned, our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blessed through their tears,—
Thou alone wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
We were moulded to manhood by thee;
Till freighted with treasure, thoughts, friendships and hopes,
Thou hast launched us on Destiny's sea.

3 And you who are taking our places, we greet
With warm hearts and sympathies broad,
We now hail you as brothers pursuing the path
Which we with such pleasure have trod;
Let your voices ring blithe, as you sing the old songs
That have cheered and blest past College days;
May our loved Alma Mater yet boast of your worth,
May she garland your brows with her bays!

4 Alma Mater, McGill! thou dost sit as a queen,
On the slopes of Mount Royal, whose crest
Saw the cross and the fleur-de-lis herald the birth
Of an empire—the Queen of the West!
With fair memories crowned thou hast fostered our love
For the country whose name we hold dear;
Thou hast taught us to look to her future with pride,
And her glorious past to revere.

5 Alma Mater, McGill! thy shades and thy halls,
We shall long to behold them once more,
To revisit old scenes, feel the warm grasp of hands
Of the comrades our hearts loved of yore.
Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
Our fond hearts shall follow thee still;
May thy sons and thy daughters all cherish and love
Forever the name of McGill.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(MIXED VOICES.)

Allegretto.

1. Mine.. eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in his bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he

loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri ble swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.
read his right-eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march-ing on.
He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on."
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Farewell Song.

Words by W. McLennan, *Law* '80. Music adapted from Kinkel.

p Andante. *p* *poco rit.*

1. No time nor chance can ev - er, Be - dim the love we bear, No

crescendo e poco accel. *f* Chorus. *Tempo 1mo.* *p*

space our hearts can sev - er, Nor - chill our lov - ing care, Good -

tranquillo e molto espress. *f* *fs* *p* *pp*

bye, good-bye, to Old Mc - Gill, A long fare - well to Old Mc - Gill.

2 Should Fortune, so beguiling,
Lead us o'er land and sea
We'll coax her into smiling,
Whene'er she looks on Thee,— *Cho.*

3 When Fate's keen blast is blowing
And withered lie our bays,
Our hearts shall still be glowing
In the light of College days,— *Cho*

Hail O Royal Victoria

Alice E. Wilson R.V.C. '20 *Air— "Gaudeamus Igitur"*

There's a College of McGill
Nestling 'neath the same old hill. (Repeat)
May we always love her truly
Give her always honour duly
Hail, O Royal Victoria,
Hail, O Royal Victoria.

Now we sing to thee our praise;
Laud and honour duly raise. (Repeat)
Through the years new voices singing
Keep thy name forever ringing.
Hail, O Royal Victoria.
Hail O Royal Victoria

"Gaudeamus."

Moderato.

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur,

1. Let us now in youth re - joice,

Moderato.

mf

Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus; Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur,

None can just - ly blame us; Let us now in youth re - joice,

Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus; Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem,

None can just - ly blame us; For when gol - den youth has fled,

"Gaudeamus." Continued.

Post mo-les - tam se - nec - tu - tem, nos ha-be - bit, hu - mus,

And in age our joys are dead, Then the dust doth claim us,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.

Then the dust doth claim us.

ff

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere ?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

6 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum ?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

7 Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

8 Vivat et republica
Et quæ illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

9 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atqus irrisores.

"Gaudeamus." Conclude

Translated

2 Where have all our Fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the god's serene abode—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood—
There they dwell forever.

3 Brief is this our life on earth,
Brief—nor will it tarry—
Swiftly death runs to and fro,
All must feel his cruel blow,
None the dart can parry.

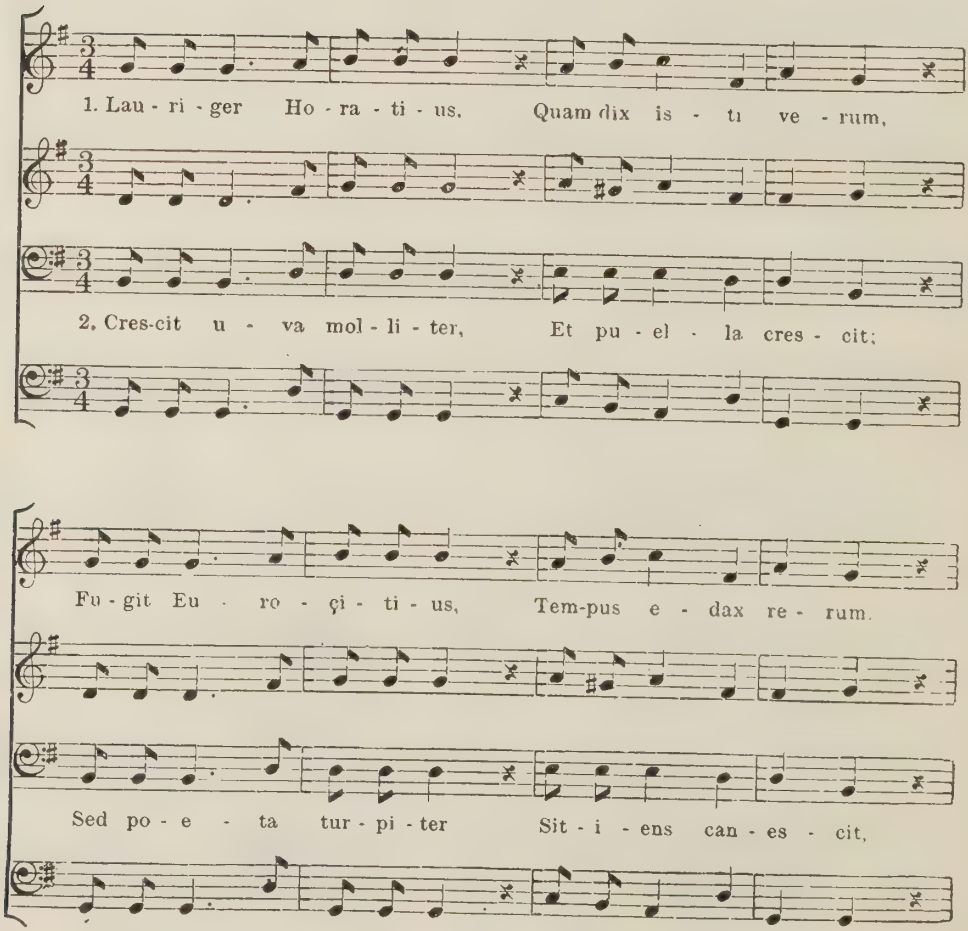
4 Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each Professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

5 Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling

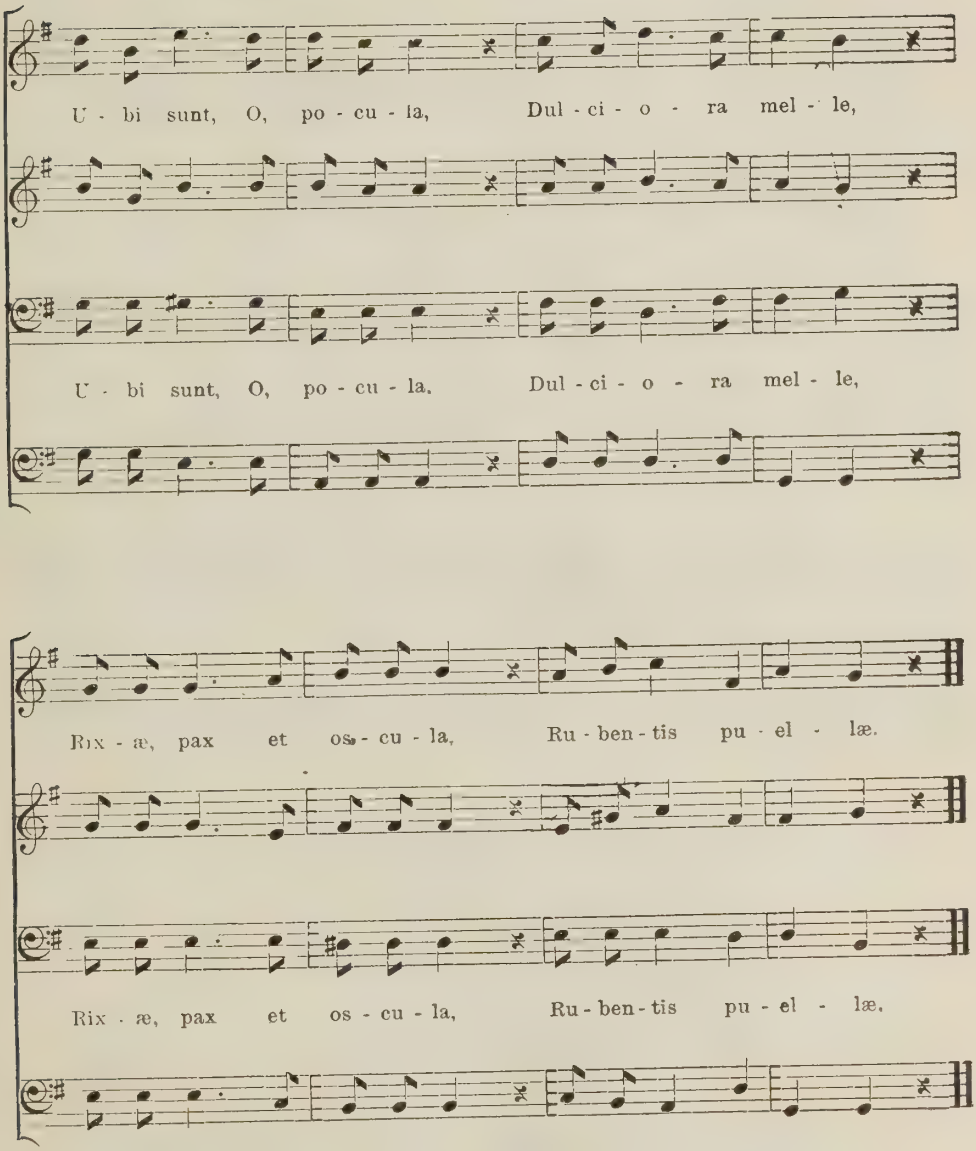
6 May our land forever bloom
Under wise direction;
And this lovely classic ground,
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

7 Perish sadness, perish hate,
And ye scoffers leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine too
That would fain deceive us.

Lauriger Horatius.



Lauriger Horatius. Concluded.



3 Quid juvat æternitas
Nominis, amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare!
Ubi sunt, O, pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ, pax et oscula,
Rubentis pueliæ.

Royal Victoria College Song.

Winifred Leighton Birkett, Arts, '22. Henry Smart.

1. Daughter of our Al-ma Ma-ter, Dear to all who bear thy name, Wise in-spir-er
of all know-ledge Thee our pa-tron we ac-claim, Lead-er of the high in spir-it
Of our coun-try's wo-man-hood, Symbol of their great i-de-als Ev-er for the general good.

II

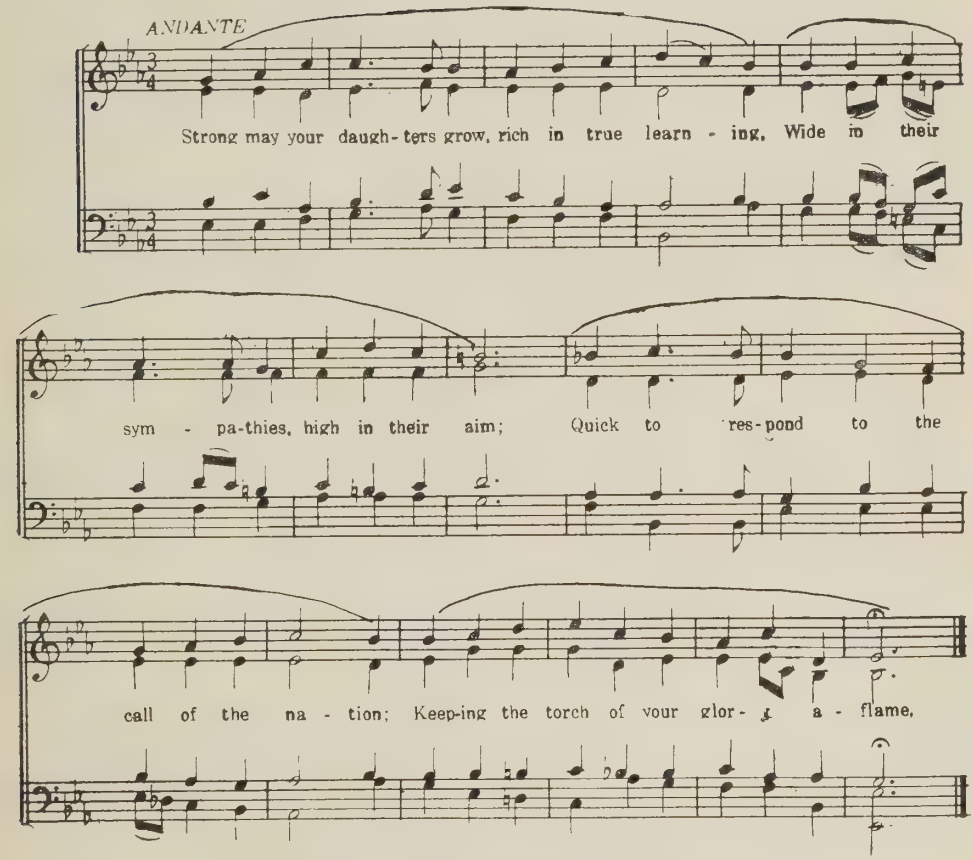
Those who trod these halls before us
Leave the honours they have won;
May our heritage be as noble
For those yet to follow on.
In our sport and in our learning
Bear we laurels in thy name;
And with faith unbroken may we
Ever after bring these fame.

III

Constant as a guardian beacon
Thou shalt ever be our guide;
In the hearts that thou didst nourish
Thou still standest as their pride.
Glorious in unfading greatness,
To thyself be ever true;
And may they that afar behold thee
Swell thy praise with songs anew.

Royal Victoria.

Allie V. Douglas, M. Sc. Harold Eustace Key.



Queen of all Colleges, Royal Victoria
This is the pledge that we offer
to thee:
Words of deep gratitude, lives
of true service
All to thine honour, belov'd R.V.C.

Copyright by Harold Eustace Key.

McGill.

Words by C. W. Colby, Ph.D. Air. *"The Gay Cavalier."*

Lively.

mf

Should the res - er - voir break, And its ef - flu - ence take, A pre -

cip - i - tous course down the hill, . . . The wa-ters might co-ver, They

McGill. Continued.

ten.

nev - er could smother, Our dear old Moth-er Mc - Gill. . . . Should her

stocks go to smash, Should her bonds and her cash. Be pur -

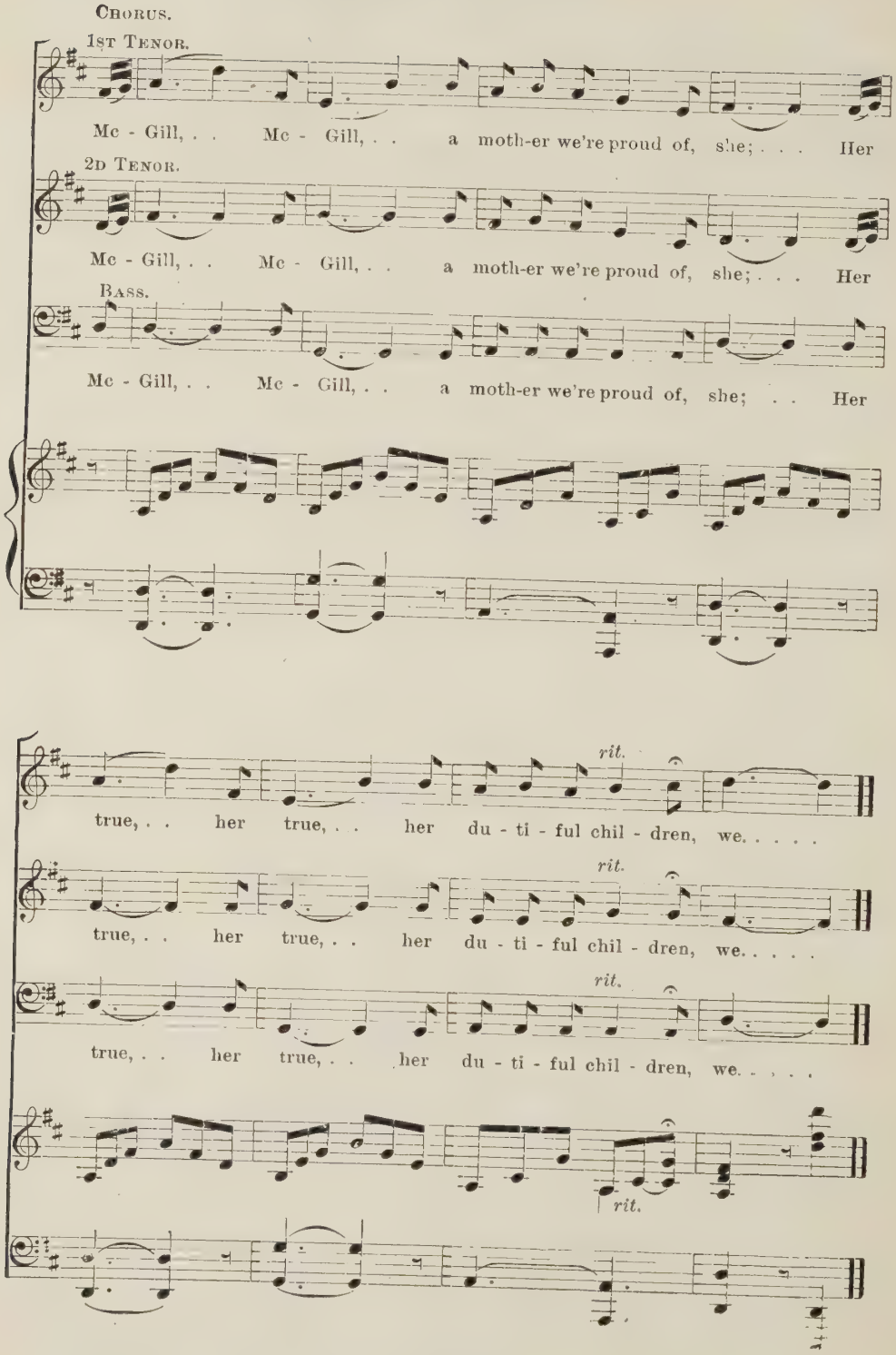
rit. *a tempo.*

loined from the Gov - ern-or's till, . . . There still would be plen - ty, Fair

ten. *rit.*

maid - ens of twen-ty, Less sought than old Moth - er Mc - Gill. . . .

McGill. Continued.



McGill. Concluded.

2 Should the lightning come down,
On her weather-beat crown,
Should the flames batten on her at will,
'Mid sorrow we'd praise her,
From ruins we'd raise her,
We'd rally round mother McGill
E'en imperious Time
Has accounted it crime,
To use her, as he uses us, ill;
The years make *us* hoary,
But only bring glory
And homage, to mother McGill.

McGill, McGill a mother, *etc*,

3 She has given us more
Than a tarnishing store
Of treacherous, beggarly gold;
She has given us treasures
Of labors and pleasures,
And friends who will never grow old.
We will echo her fame,
And our lineage claim,
And exalt her, embellish, caress;
To her throughout æons
Shall rise joyful pæans,
From voices of thousands who bless.

McGill, McGill, a mother, *etc.*

McGill Student's Song.

Words by W. N. Evans.

Allegro moderato.

1. When a Fresh - man I sought old Mc - Gill's class - ic
I trem - bled with fear at the learn - ing dis -
That I vow from thy pre - cincts I near - - ly had

p

Chorus.

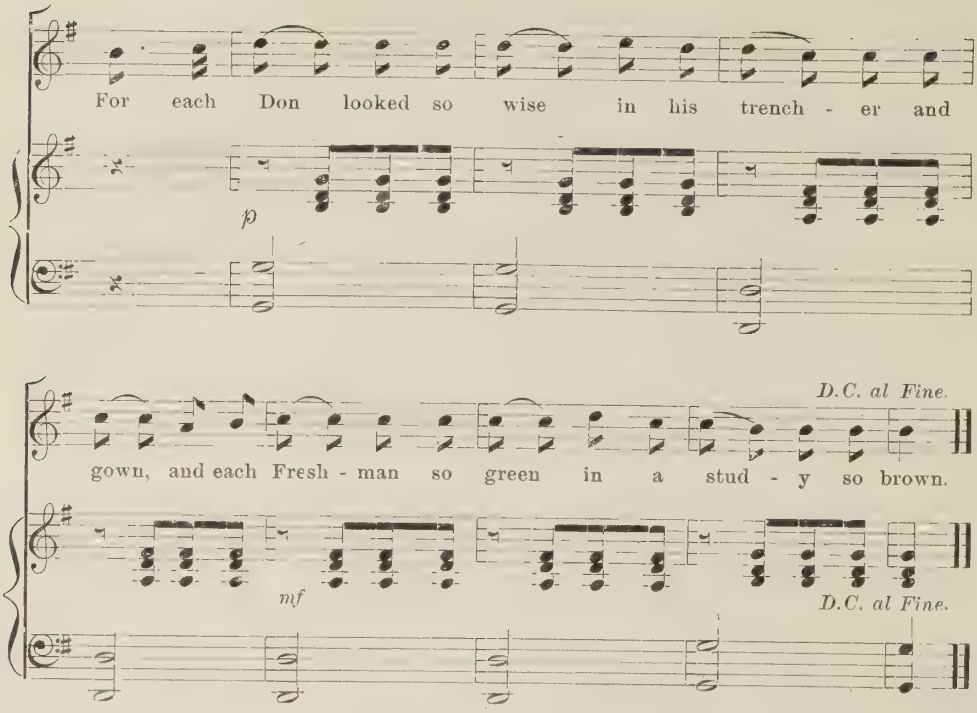
Fine.

shade. O Mc - Gill! Al - ma Ma - ter Mc - Gill! . . . . . .
played,
flown,

mf

Fine.

McGill Student's Song. Concluded.



2 In due time behold me a bold *Sophomore*,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.,
When I chaffed all the Freshmen who envied my lore,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
Then I tried to forget that I'd e'er been a boy,
But manhood came slowly my pride to annoy.
And I lounged through thy halls a great hobble-de-doy;—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.

3 Next a *Junior*, I learned that for each undergrad.,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
By hard work alone true success can be had,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
So with ardour supreme I at last "buckled to,"
And the true sweets of learning came clearly to view,
And I quaffed the rich nectar that's furnished by you,—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.

4 Can I tell the pride of my *Senior* year?
Chorus.—O McGill! etc.
How I dangled so long between hope and great fear?
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
But exam's soon all over, and shortly I see
That I've passed with due honor and gained my degree;
Then I say as the fair sex look smiling on me,
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!—

5 Here's a song for the *Founder*, who'll ne'er be forgot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! live for ever, McGill!
Here's the *Chanc'lor* and *Gov'nors*, the whole jolly lot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, McGill!
Here's our good *Benefactors* — benevolent elves,
Here.s the *Deans* and *Professors* and *Old Grads.* themselves,
And last, but not least, here's *our own noble selves.*—
Chorus—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!

Song of the Old Boys.

McGill Revisited.

Words by Prof. John Cox.

German Air.
Arr. for McGill University Song Book.

With dignity.

1. Hail! our dear old seat of learn - ing! Dear - er still to us re - turn - ing, Af - ter years of toil and strife, Man - ly struggle, vig - 'rous life. Sal - ve, Al - ma Ma - ter!
2. How it warms our ve - ry coc - kles, To re - mem - ber old Soph - ô - cles, Aes - chy - lus and Eurip - ī - des, Xen - o - phon and Thucydides, Pla - to, Ar - is - to - tle!

3 Here we grubbed up Mathematics,
Euclid, Algebra and Statics,
Sines, Cosines, Tangents, Secs,
Calculus of Z, Y, X,
Logarithmic Tables.

4 Lawyers here acquired acumen,
Such as is vouchsafed to few men,
Argued the knotty case,
Practised each legal grace,
Judges in futuro.

5 Doctor's trained to dose and pill us,
Diagnosed each bad bacillus;
Here we dissected Jones,
And studied up our bones,
Muscles, nerves and tissues.

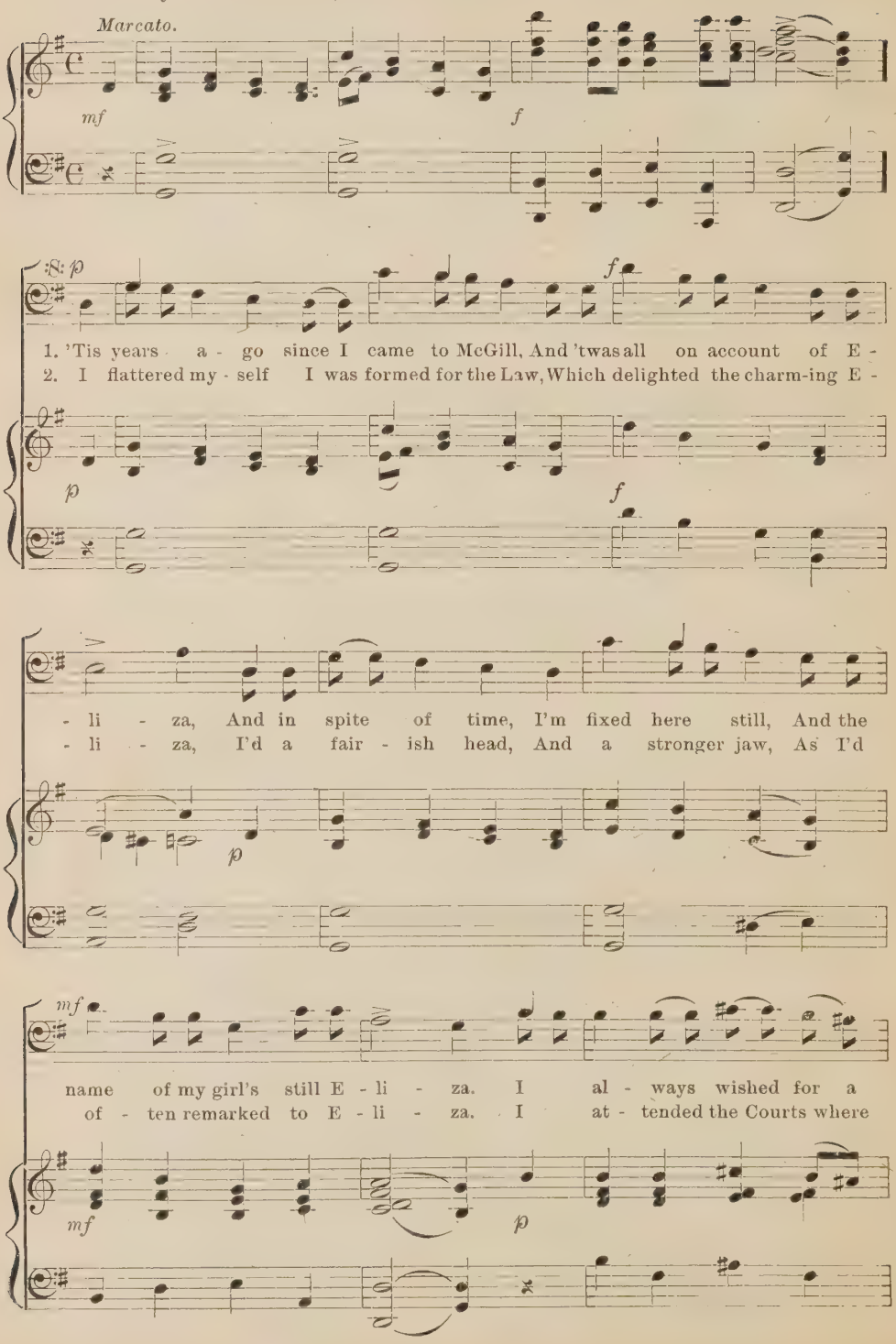
6 Here's the smithy brightly burning,
Lathes and engines wildly turning,
Arc-light here, and Dynamo,
Turbine too, and water-flow,
Emery and Wickstead.

7 Next we trot around the campus,
Puffing now alas! like grampus,
Fight again the football field,
Tell of tugs where none could yield,
Many a mighty record.

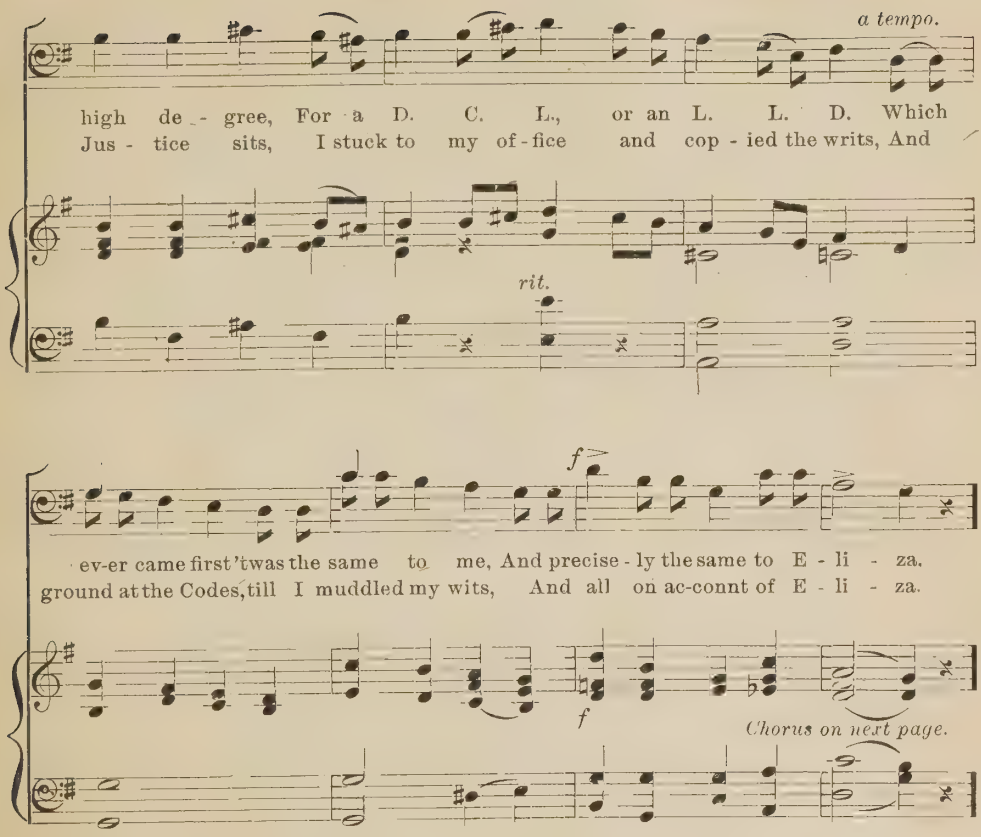
8 Dear to us the well-known places,
Dear the old familiar faces.
So, ye sons of old McGill,
Rouse the chorus with a will:
Salve, Alma Mater!

Eliza.

Words by Wm. McLennan, *Law* '80.



Eliza. Continued.



3 I found in time that the Law was dry,
Although approved by Eliza;
I found that before the Court I was shy,
Although not so with Eliza.
So I said—"My love, you must clearly see,
I've a soul above a lawyer's fee,
Now what do you say to a real M. D ?"
"All right, my dear", said Eliza.

Cho. All right my dear, all right my love,
All right, my dear, said Eliza,
M. D. appears much higher than B,
C. L., responded Eliza.

4 So I cut and sawed with a hearty will—
And all on account of Eliza;
Although at first I was often ill,
To the great distress of Eliza.
I wore a skull in a black necktie,
I smoked when 'twas wet, and I drank when 'twas dry,
But at the Exam I was "plucked on the fly,"
Which I couldn't explain to Eliza.

Cho. 'Twas so hard to explain, I could hardly explain,
I couldn't explain to Eliza, [fly,"
So the reason why I was "plucked on the
Is still unexplained to Eliza.

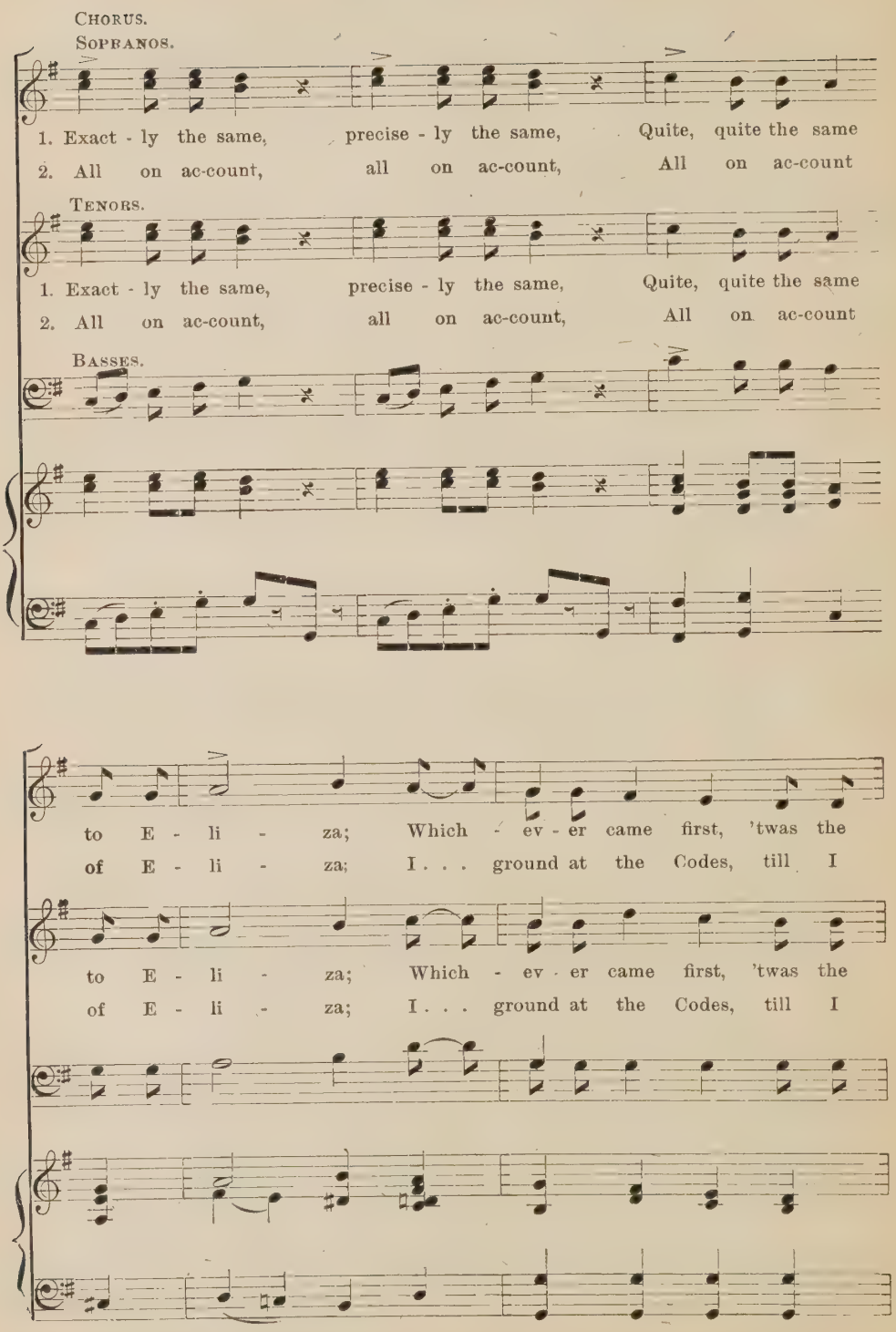
5 Having thus been left by the Meds. in the lurch,
To the great disgust of Eliza,
I determined to have a go at the Church,
And was well backed up by Eliza.
I gave up the world, and the flesh, and the D–
Which never had any temptations for me,
For a thorough Parson now I'd be—
And all on account of Eliza.

Cho. All on account, all on account,
All on account of Eliza,
For a thorough Parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

6 But I found alas! that the world was fair—
Which was due somewhat to Eliza;
That linen as a shirt was better, than hair—
"And cleaner too," said Eliza.
So I cut the Church, and now I'm free,
To take B. A. or some other degree,
And I'm sure you'll all agree with me—
If I leave the choice to Eliza.

Cho. "Eliza, my dear! Eliza, my girl!
Now's your chance, my Eliza!
You've got the choice, you're entirely free—
So put him through, dear Eliza!"

Eliza. Continued.



Eliza. Concluded.

:8:

same to me, And pre-cise - ly the same to E - li - za.
muddled my wits, And all on ac-count of E - li - za.

same to me, And pre-cise - ly the same to E - li - za.
muddled my wits, And all on ac-count of E - li - za.

f *ff*

Our College Home.

p Andante.

1. Mc - Gill, boys, is the home we prize; We'll lift her
Chorus. We'll ne'er for - get these hap - py days; Though soon, a -

glo - ry to the skies; Where-e'er we go, we'll speak her
las, their spell is o'er; Where-e'er we meet in days to

M.C. Chorus.

name, Re - cord it on the book of fame.
come, We'll be, as now, good friends once more.

2 We love her walls, we love her halls,
Though oft we've met with funks and falls;
The road to learning, well we know,
Is hard, and must be travelled slow.—*Cho.*

3 We love our grave and generous profs,
For them no bitter taunts or scoffs;
But patience as a virtue rare,
We sometimes give a chance to air.—*Cho.*

4 Long may our *Alma Mater* stand,
Her worth be known in every land;
And may her sons remember still,
To love and honor old McGill.—*Cho.*

The Proctor and the Dons.

Words and Music by J. G. *Montreal.*

Allegro.
SOLO. *f* CHORUS. SOLO.

1. Oh! the Proc - tor and the Dons and the Sophs; And the Sophs; Took an

f

f CHORUS. SOLO.

ear - ly morn - ing walk for their coughs; For their coughs; And they

f

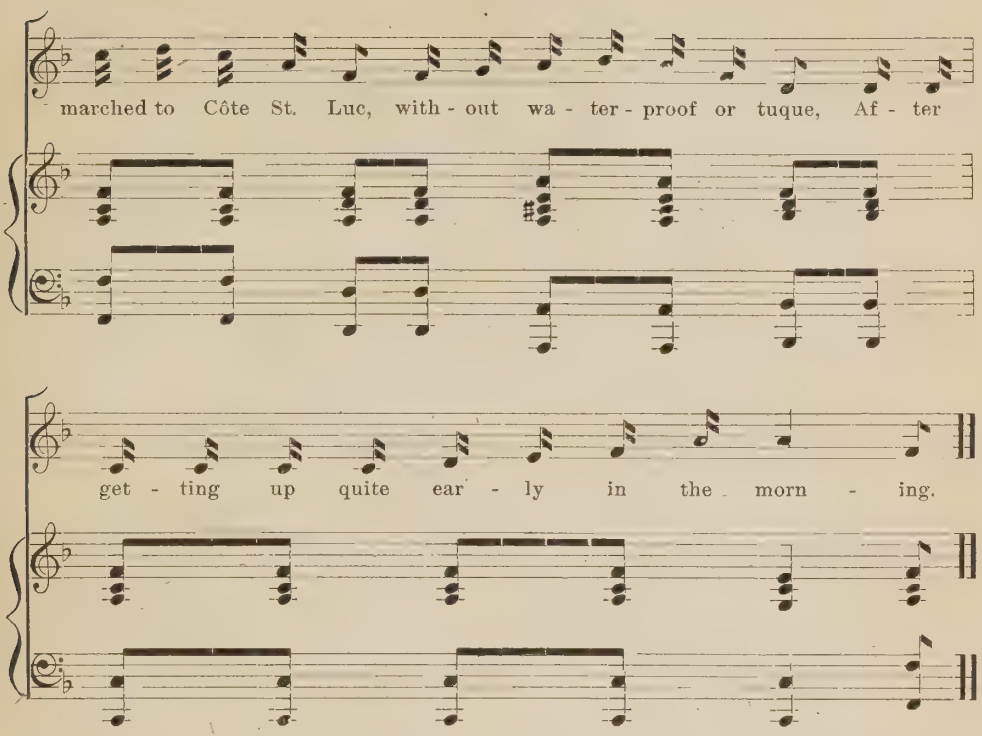
marched to Côte St. Luc, With - out wa - ter - proof or tuque, Af - ter

f CHORUS.

get - ting up *quite* ear - ly in the morn - ing. And they

f

The Proctor and the Dons. Continued.



2 Oh, they marched to Côte St. Luc in "exc'lent form,"
"Exc'lent form,"
Never dreaming of a fierce impending storm,
'Pending storm;
Till a rumbling in the West
Stirred the doughty Proctor's breast,
After getting up quite early in the morning.

Cho.—Till a rumbling in the West, etc.

3 "Gentleman," said he, "this storm we must evade,
Must evade;
Let us seek the classic shelter of a shade,
Of a Shade;
For a wetting through would be
An extreme calamitie,
After getting up quite early in the morning."

Cho.—For a wetting through, etc.

4 "An *extreme* calamitie," the Proctor said,
Proctor said;
"We should have to ask the assistance of a Med.,
of a Med.;
And he'd stuff us at his will
With his bolus and his pill,
After getting up quite early in the morning.

Cho.—And he'd stuff us, etc.

The Proctor and the Dons. Concluded.

5 Then the Proctor and the Dons and the Sophs.,
And the Sophs.,
Much regretted having ventured with their coughs,
With their coughs;
And although they ran "in form,"
They were "picked up" by the storm,
After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—And although they ran, etc.

6 Oh, the Proctor "spurted" up to forty-two,
Forty-two,
But the *aqua pura* wet them through and through,
Through and through;
And they had to fetch a Med.,
Who soon dosed them into bed,
After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—And they had to fetch, etc.

* *Moral.* 7 Now let every gentle Soph. of McGill,
Of McGill,
Shun the stony-hearted Meddy with his pill,
With his pill;
Never march to Côte St. Luc,
Without waterproof or tuque,
After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—Never march, etc.

* The word *Moral* to be spoken.

A Professor's Lot.

Words by W. McLennan, Law '80.

Air—"Policemen's Chorus, Pirates of Penzance.'

I.

When we see a lazy student overworking,
When he only talks of "Honors in the Call,"
In our breast a grave suspicion is a-lurking,
And we feel it's mostly gammon after all.
If you want to raise the whirlwind, only tax him
With what he most improperly calls "fun,"
And then you'll feel the full force of the maxim—
"A Professor's lot is not a happy one."

Chorus

When any cribbing duty's to be done,
A Professor's lot is not a happy one.

II.

When he's finished with his wild and foolish courses,
Some say the hardest studies he'll affect,
And seek the stream Pierian at its sources,
But we hardly think the statement is correct.
And as for "overpressure," all that croaking
Is the greatest fraud that's underneath the sun,
And they all make with their wooden-headed joking
A Professor's lot a most unhappy one.—
Chorus.

III.

Still, bless their hearts! we don't bear any malice,
And, when they're playing foot-ball on the "grig,"
We say, "Well, Old McGill is not a palace,
And we'd sooner have a student than a "prig."
In the holidays from May until September,
When we "loaf" and take it easy in the sun,
Who would or could at such a time remember
A Professor's lot is not a happy one.
—Chorus.

One Song Before We Part, Boys.

Words and Music by A. Weir, Sc. '86.

Moderato

1 One song be - fore we part, boys, And let the ech - oes,
2 An oth - er race is run, boys, On learn - ing's rug - ged
3 We'll sail the heel - ing yacht, boys, Or fish in sil - very

ring, It comes from ev ery heart, boys, And that's the way to sing. An -
way, And now the rush is done boys, We'll have a lit tle play. Good -
brooks, Or seek when days are hot, boys, The wood land's sha - dy nooks. The

1st time Solo, Repeat in Chorus.

oth - er year has pass'd a - way, An oth - er grind is o'er And we are go - ing
bye to ev - 'ry pond'rous tome Whose contents make us ill We're off to taste the
rug - ged hill sides we will climb, Or pic - nic in the glen And, boys, we'll have a

1st. 2d.

home to - day, Are go - ing home once more. An more.
joys of home, Fare - well, fare - well, Mc - Gill. Good Gill
jol - ly time, Be - fore we meet a - gain. The gain.

1st. 2d.

D

The Christmas Graduate.

Moderato e tranquillo.

1. A poor lit - tle Fresh-man lay dy - ing, And

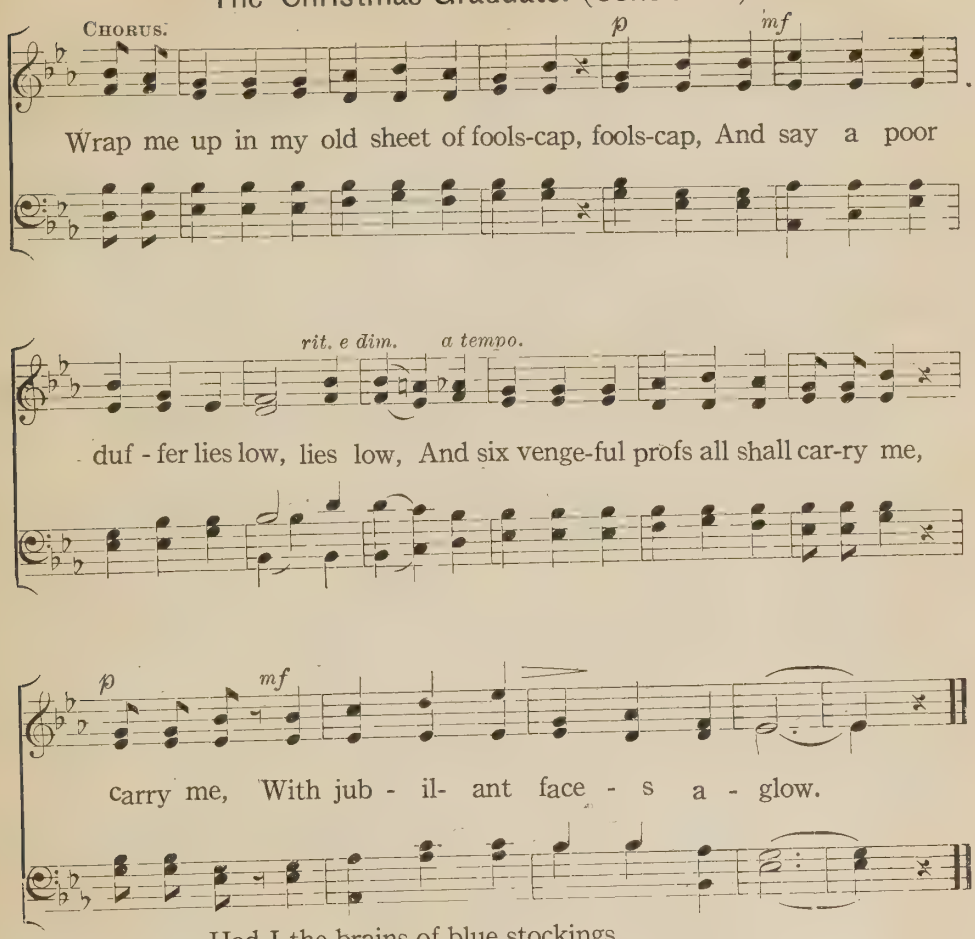
p

as on his death - bed he lay, To the

stud - ents a - round him all sigh - ing, These

last dy - ing words he did say:

The Christmas Graduate. (Concluded)



Had I the brains of blue stockings,
To honours first-class would I soar,
Straight for the Chapman Gold Medal,
A classical genius what's more.
Cho.—Wrap me up in my Latin Lambics, etc.

Then get you my poor, plucky papers,
Put them down at my head and my toe,
And an "Eversharp" get you and scratch there,
"Here lies a poor duffer below".
Cho. Wrap me up in my old greek alcaics, etc.

And write you no odious odes now,
The horrors of Horace I know,
And get you six jolly good students,
To elegize duffers below.
Cho. Wrap me up in my vapid Greek proses, etc.

And then in the rush of next session,
While April Exams. hover near,
And the horrors of failing appal you
Warning take from this poor duffer here.
Cho. Wrap me up in my old sheets of foolscap, etc.

It's a Way We Have at McGill, Boys.

Allegro moderato.

ADAPTED.

p

cres. *f*

AIR.

1, It's a way we have at Mc - Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc

TENOR.

1. It's a way we have at Mc - Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc

BASS.

p

FINE.

- Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc- Gill, boys, To drive dull-care a - way

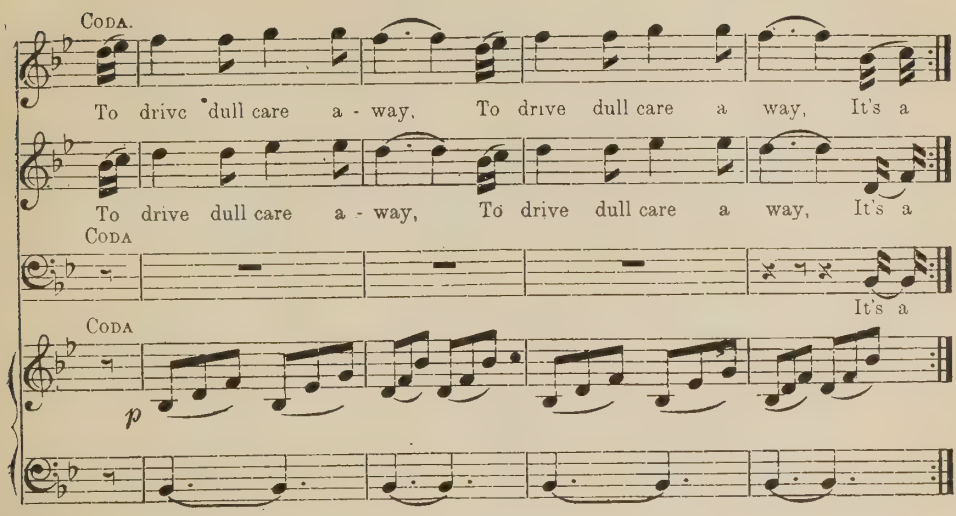
Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc- Gill, boys, To drive dull care a - way.

FINE

FINE.

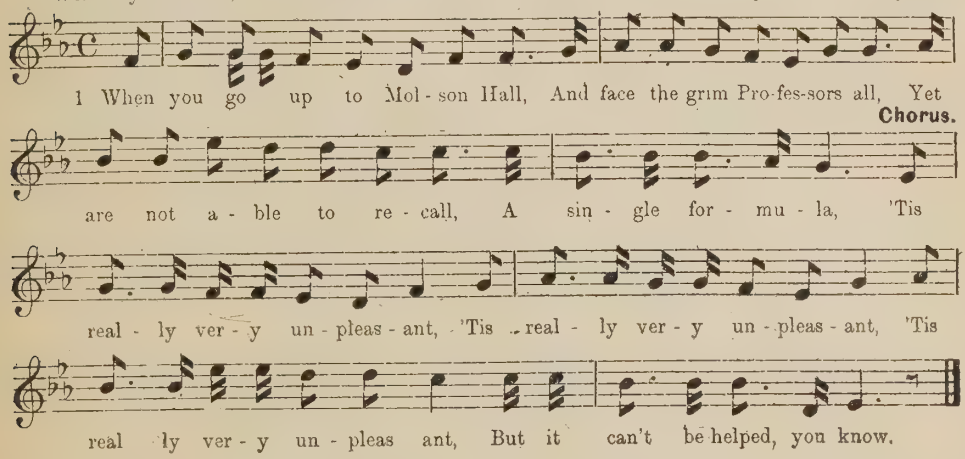
f

It's a Way We Have at McGill, Boys. Concluded.



'Tis Really Very Unpleasant.

Words by A. Weir, Sc. '86. Air.—*So early in the morning*



II.
When we are wandering home at night,
Singing our songs with all our might,
We wake the people who delight
To hear our serenade.—*Chorus.*

III.
And when the policeman leaves his beat,
And dashes wildly down the street,
He'll hear some "freshies" nimble feet
Ring out the wild reply.—*Chorus.*

IV.
When on the frozen pond you skate,
And it gives way beneath your weight,
You'll find—but only when too late—
There's water underneath.—*Chorus.*

V
And if you see a hornet s nest,
I think you'll find it much the best,
To plot a curve a little west
Of that exciting spot.—*Chorus.*

VI.
You see a yelling, panting pack,
Tear o'er the ice and poke and whack,
And knock some fellow on his back—
This is a hockey match.—*Chorus.*

VII.
And if you venture in ungowned
Where P. holds sway, it will be found
That his sweet accents will resound—
"A stranger's in the room."—*Chorus.*

To the Past Now Turn Your Faces.

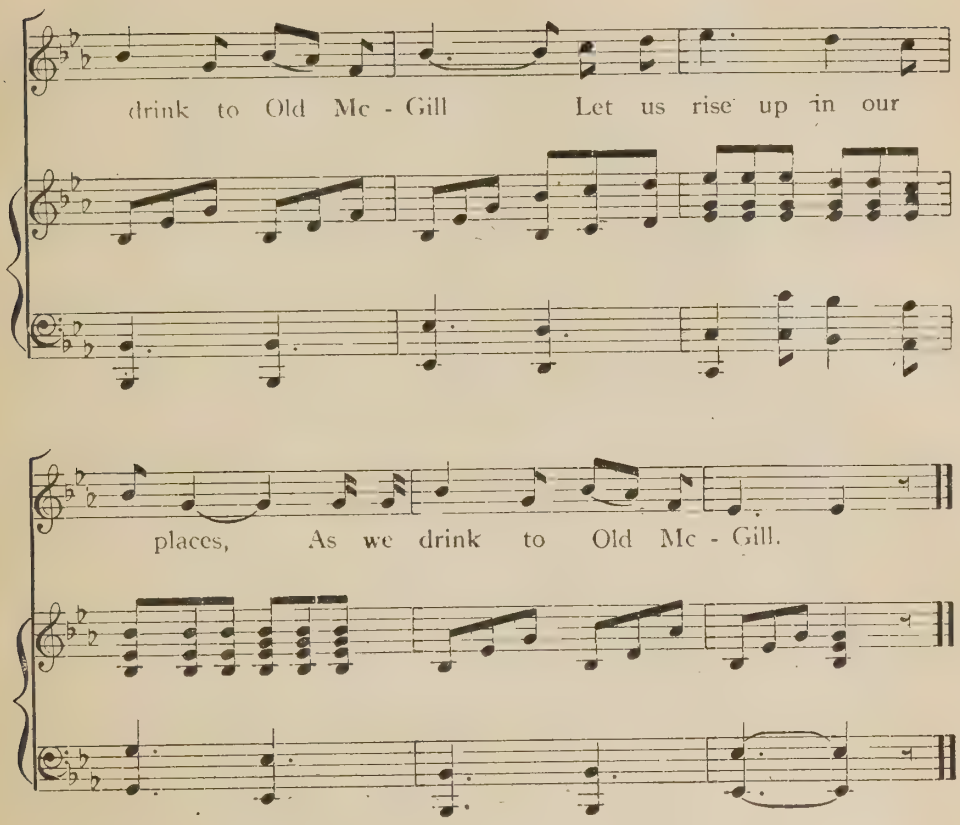
Lively.

To the past now turn your faces. To the dead your glas - es

fill. While a reverent hand now traces... The name we hon-our

still. Let us rise up in our places. As we

To the Past Now Turn Your Faces (Concluded)



2

We'll sing of our gracious Mother,
Let "McGill! McGill!" resound,
May she e'er have sons to love her,
May her name and fame redound,
With a future bright above her.
And her faithful sons around.

3

And now that our song has crown'd her,
We'll sing of the well-tried few,
Who, when troubles have gathered round her,
Have borne her safely through;
And we join with the praise of the Founder,
One name that is ever true.

Founder's Festival.

Harold Eustace Key.

ALLEGRO

mf Come sing we now right mer - ri - ly the praise of old Mc - Gill. To the

hon - our of its Foun - der full bump-ers let us fill. Let all our voic - es

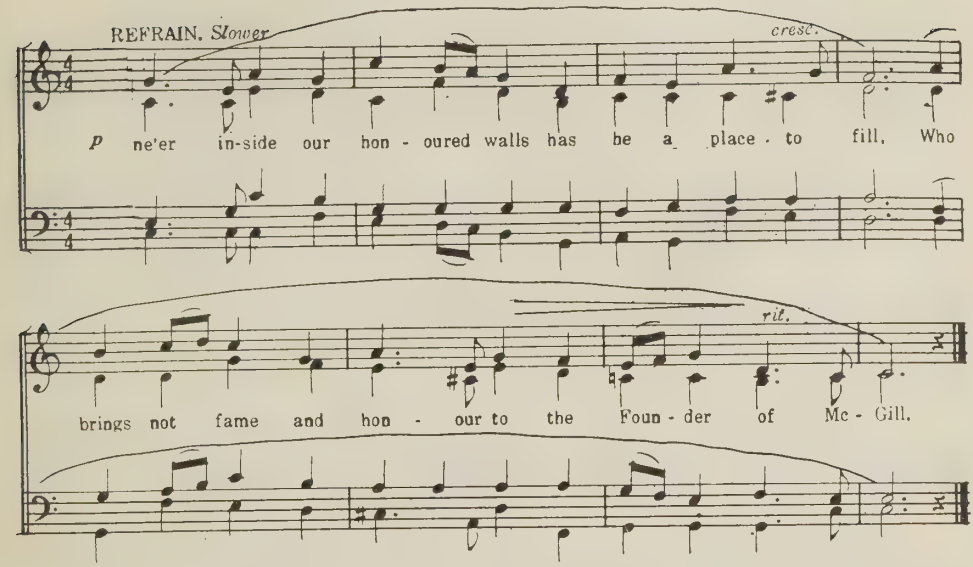
join, his mer - its to ex - tol. Who to Ac - a - dem - us' shades has left free

ac - cess to us all; Nay, let there be none lack - ing, whilst thus our prais - es

ring. But let each one a loy - al heart to Al - ma Ma - ter bring. For

Copyright by Harold Eustace Key:—

Founder's Festival. (Concluded)



But once a year we gather and celebrate the day,
In song, good cheer and gladness, and hearty student's lay;
Old friends we meet and welcome back with jovial hearts once more,
For they bring to fond remembrance the happy days of yore.
So the day we E'er shall cherish which unites us to the past;
And in the hearts and minds of all long may its memories last.

REFRAIN.

Then in three hearty ringing cheers our voices we'll up-raise
And sound the honour of McGill and our old founder's praise;
Wide may all our Collegians' fame abound throughout the land;
And may our friends both near and far extend a bounteous hand,
That the students of some future years may richer blossoms reap,
And worthier of our Founder his festal day may keep.

REFRAIN

Come Fill Your Glasses

Arranged by H. E. K

1. Come, fill your glass- es up to Mc - Gill, Mc - Gill, Mc-
2. Come, sing a joy - ous song to Mc - Gill, Mc - Gill, Mc-

-Gill, Come drink a lov- ing cup to Mc - Gill, Mc-
-Gill, Sing as we march a - long to Mc - Gill, Mc-

-Gill, Mc - Gill, We will drink the wine to - night,
-Gill, Mc - Gill We will meet them on the field,

Drink the wine that makes hearts light, Come, fill your
We will make our riv - als yield, Vic t'ry shall

glass - es up to Mc - Gill, Mc - Gill, Mc - Gill,
crown the shield of Mc - Gill, Mc - Gill, Mc - Gill,

Stars of the Summer Night.

Specially arranged for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Moderato.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps,

GUITAR.

Hide Hide your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

pp

She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

rall.

pp

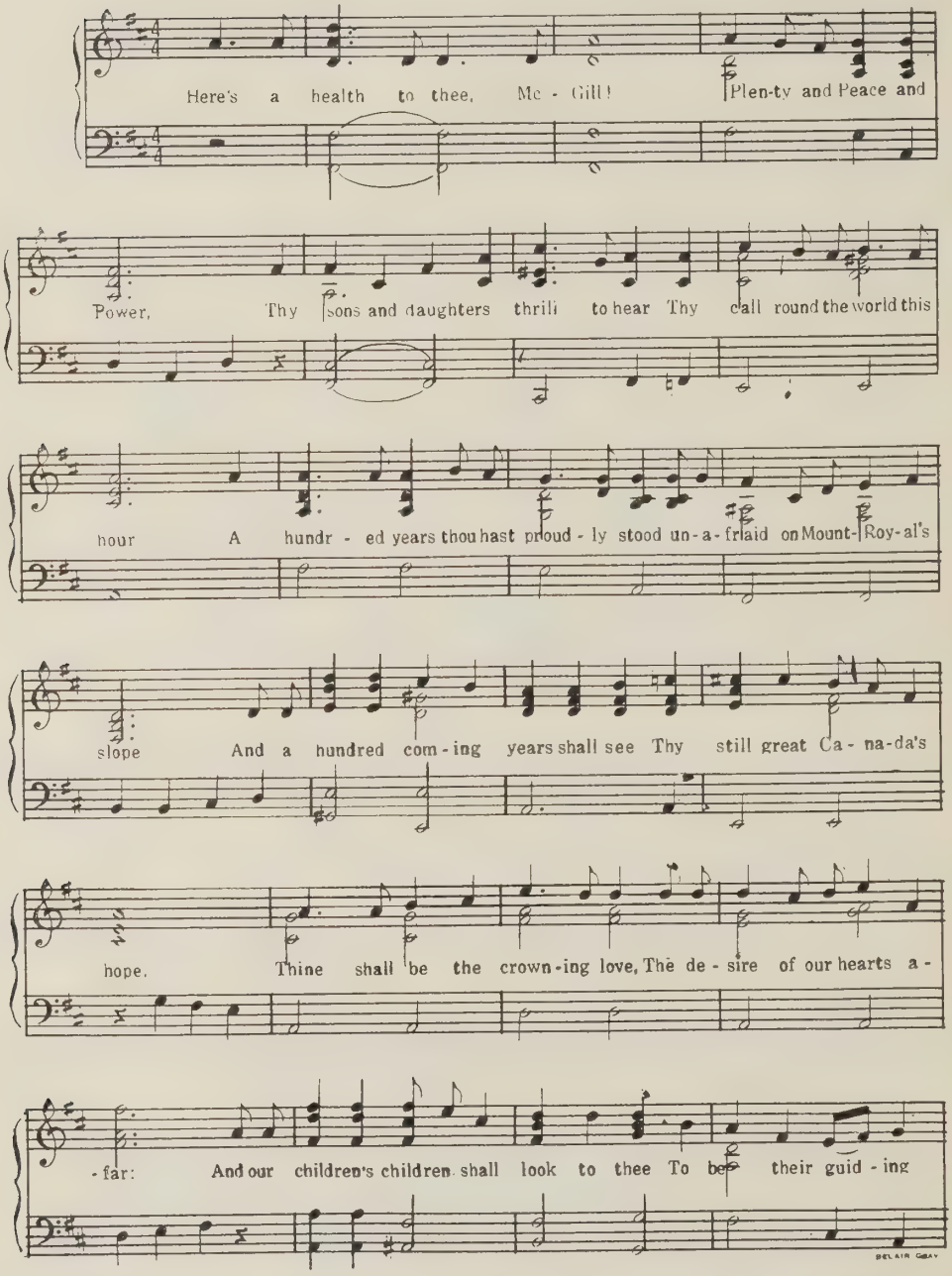
2 Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3 Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps
Fold, fold your pinions light:
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

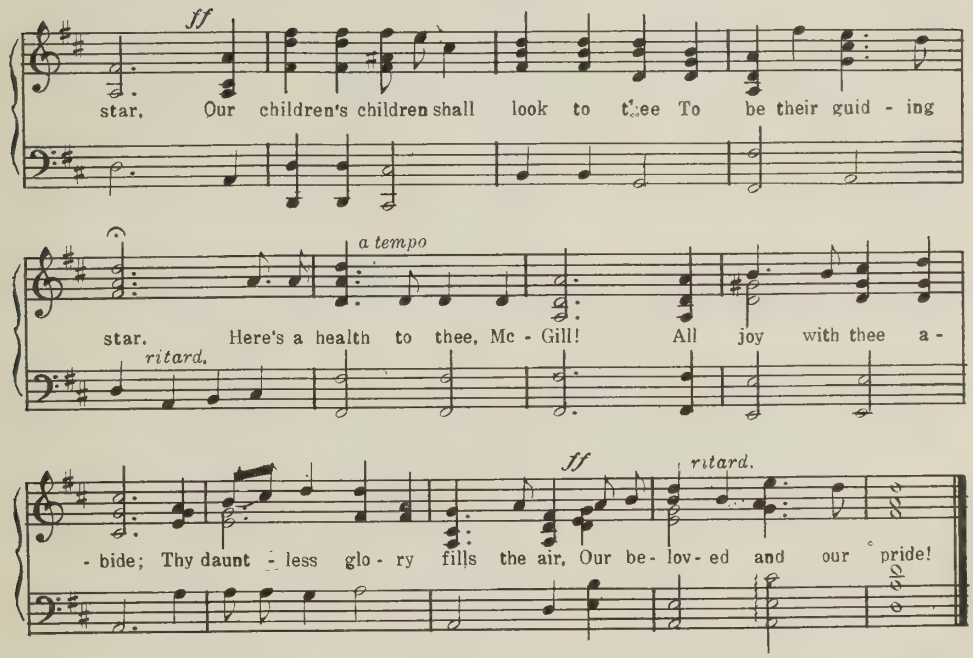
4 Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Here's a Health to Thee, McGill.

Words and Music by Lucy Elenor Jewett.



Here's a Health to Thee, McGill. (Continued)



A hundred years thou hast proudly stood
Unafraid on Mount Royal's slope
And a hundred coming years shall see
Thee still great Canada's hope

Thine shall be the crowning love,
The desire of our hearts afar:
And our children's children shall look to thee
To be their guiding star.

Here's a health to thee, McGill,
All joy with thee abide;
Thy dauntless glory fills the air,
Our beloved and our pride.

The 'Varsity Under the Hill.

Words and Music by J. G. (Montreal.)

1. I've trav-elled a bit since the days When I laboured and delv d at Mc -

Gill, . . . But where ev - er I've been, no place have I seen Like the

'Var - si - ty un - der the Hill, . . . Oh, the halls with the queer lit - tle

cu - po - la, The spot we all know as Mc - GILL! . . You may

The 'Varsity Under the Hill. Concluded.

go where you like, no place can you strike Like the 'Varsi - ty un-der the Hill! . .

CHORUS.

Oh, the halls with the queer lit - tle cu - po - la, The

spot we all know as MC - GILL! . . . You may go where you like, no

place can you strike, Like the 'Var - si - ty un - der the Hill! . .

2 I've visited lands afar off,
Their pleasures enjoyed at my will;
But my heart ever yearned, as my thoughts to it turned,
For the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

3 To Oxford and Cambridge I've been,
St. Andrews and Dublin, but still,
I'm free to confess, I think none the less
Of the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

4 I visited Heidelberg, too,
Ferrara and Berne and Seville,
Vienna and Pesth, but still I love best
The 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

5 So we'll pledge her in bumpers to-night,
The pride of our heart, Old McGill!
And our glasses shall clink as we lovingly drink
To the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

Song of The Faculty of Arts

Words and Music by E. Wallace Willard, Jr., (Arts. 23) Edited by H. E. K.

When James McGill set out to found a Un - i-ver - sit - y, He

-oft en used to won - der just what sort of place t'would be. But

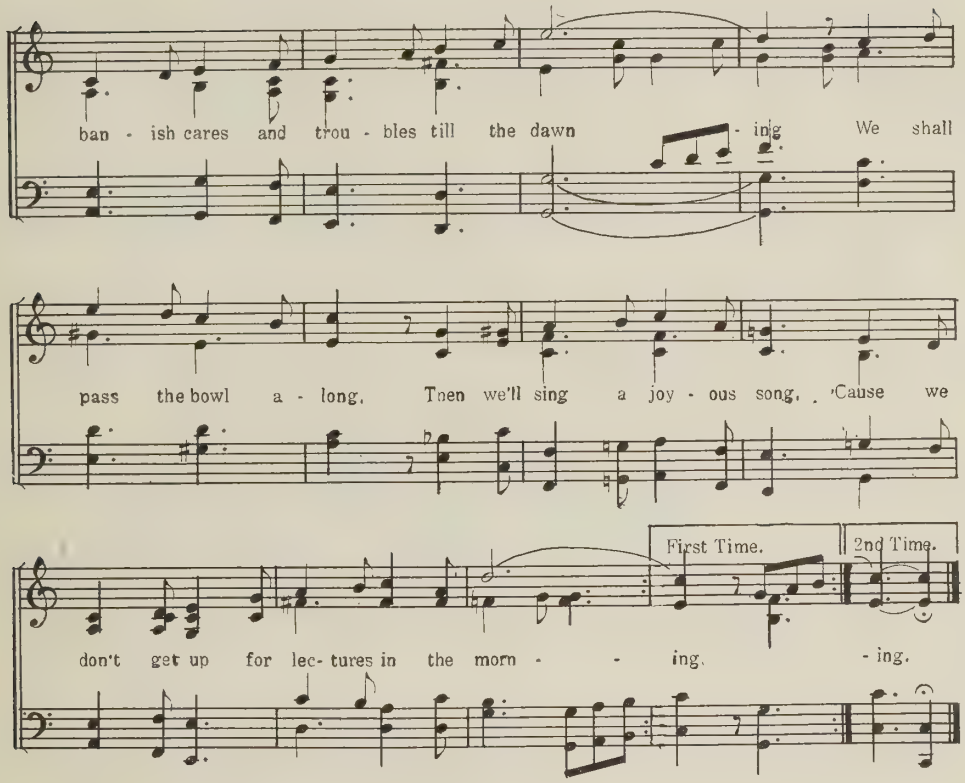
when he rea - soned to himself with in his heart of hearts, He

knew the proud est thing would be the Fac - ul - ty of Arts.

CHORUS

Arts, Arts, a won-der-ful place is Arts. So

Song of The Faculty of Arts (Concluded)



II

In Law the students all attempt to learn to try a case.
In Science men are taught just how to fill a plumber's place.
The Meds are out to heal the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the blind,
While Arts men with hypotheses all leave the world behind.

III

Arts is the centre of all things, the pivot-pin, the key,
Queen-regnant of the Faculties in this our 'Varsity.
So do not cavil, breth-e-ren, when we our glasses fill
To drink a rousing health to Arts, the hub of Old McGill.

Art's Song.

Words by Wm. M. MacKeracher, *Arts* '80.

Vivace.

f *p* *ff*

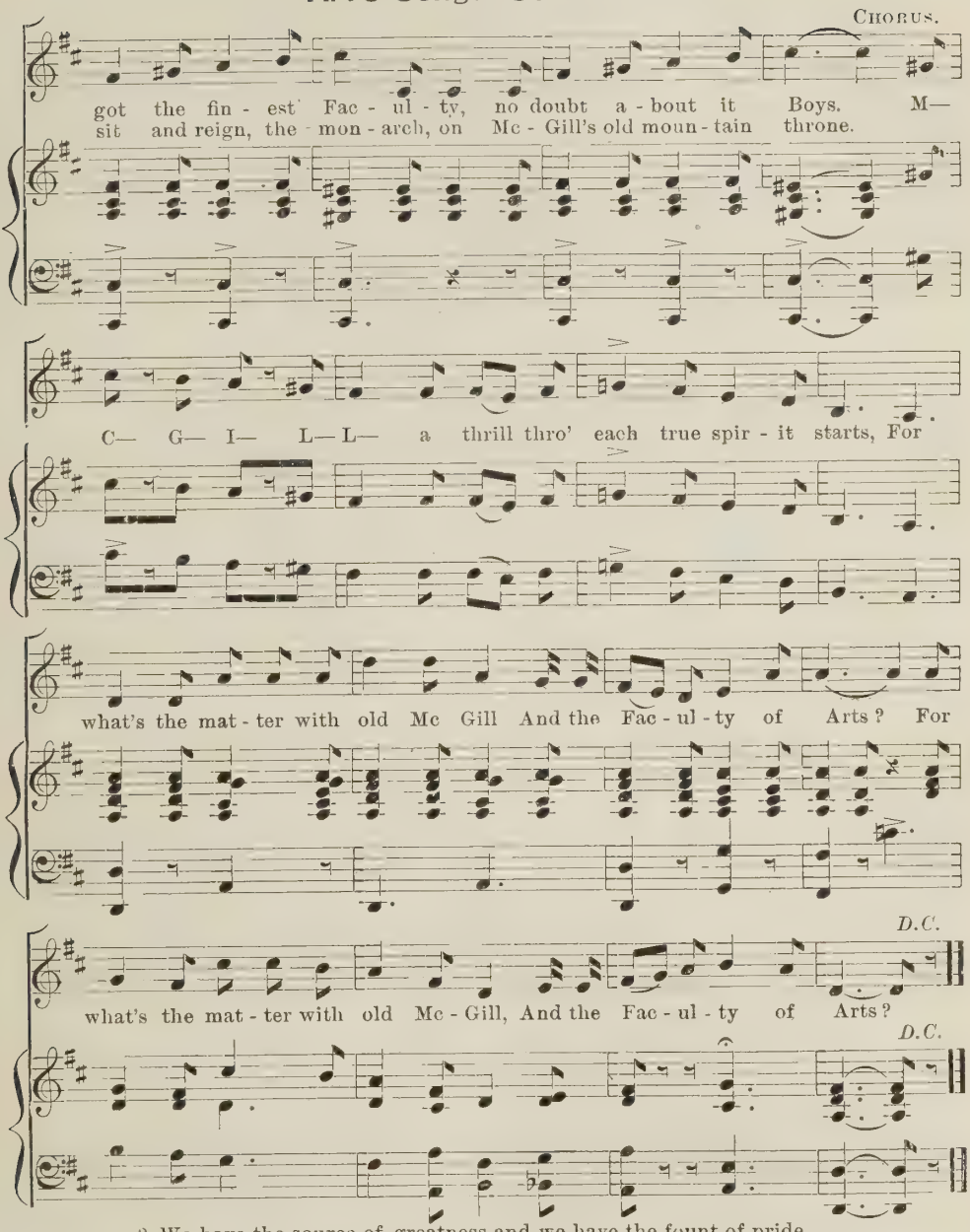
1. Let oth - ers vaunt their Fac - ul-ties and boast their bet-ter parts, But
2. We've got McGill's time-hallowed halls, her childhood's home, where first Her

mf

we will sing, our tri - bute bring, to the Fac - ul - ty of Arts, And
glow - ing gen - ius spar - kled and her stur - dy strength was nursed; Our

we con - sid - er, we've a right to make a lit - tle noise For we've
col-lege flag, her country's flag, 'tis ours to guard and own As we

Art's Song. Concluded.



3 We have the source of greatness and we have the fount of pride
As we have the spring that bubbles from the mountain's rocky side,
That gentle scholar knight who's worth a score of dukes and earls;
We've poets and philosophers, and then—we have the girls.—*Cho.*

4 The wonders of the universe let Science still reveal,
Let Medicine, by Nature taught, all mortal ailments heal,
Let Law advance, by Justice led, by Liberty confined—
'Tis ours to train the Faculties, 'tis ours to form the mind.—*Cho.*

5 We have no feud with Medicine, with Science, or with Law;
They've all of them the finest lot that college ever saw:
The boys of all the Faculties, we greet them with goodwill,
For we're fellows, and we're brothers, and we're sons of Old McGill.—*Cho.*

Applied Science.

Allegretto moderato.

mf e leg.

8va

f

1. I love to walk a - bout th' town, and watch the pass - ers

p

by: . . . . . I love to chaff a snob who thinks, he

Applied Science. Continued.

owns the earth and sky: . . . . . I love to have the

ready cash, when duns per - sis - tent call, ... But

Sci - ence, won - drous Sci - ence, I love a - bove them

all! . . . . . Then, cheer, boys, cheer! . . . . . He's a

mf

Applied Science. Continued.

trai - tor who dares to say no! . . . . And still up-on Sci-ence, We'll

place our re - liance, For Sci - ence is now all the go! . . . .

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

Cheer boys, cheer! . . He's a trai - tor who dares to say no! . . . And

ALTO.

TENOR.

Cheer boys, cheer! . . He's a trai - tor who dares to say no! . . . And

BASS.

Applied Science. Concluded.

still up-on Science, We'll place our reliance, For Sci-ence is now all the go! . . . . .

still up-on Science, We'll place our reliance, For Sci-ence is now all the go! . . . . .

8va . . . . . .

f

2 Old Zeus hurled forth his thunderbolts, and split the rocks and trees,
We put the bolts in harness now, and work them as we please.
His lightning played above the clouds; we catch them on the fly,
And run them under oceans deep, and over mountains high!— *Cho.*

3 Some read about old Vulcan; his skill and might they praise;
But if he saw our Workman shops, he'd stagger in amaze.
A weary wight, he worked till night, from morning's earliest beam:
We sing with joy as time goes by, for now we work with steam! — *Cho.*

4 Oh sweet is the analysis of Virgil's classic lines:
Here lies the graceful dactyl, and the spondee there reclines;
But while some scan each flowing line, and ponder o'er the verse,
We coolly analyze the stars, and weigh the universe! — *Cho.*

5 Though Alexander was a swell of glory and renown,
He couldn't run a level, nor yet lay a roadbed down;
And when he sighed for other worlds to conquer, don't you see
He couldn't build a steamer that would bear him o'er the sea: — *Cho.*

6 "Solomon's Mines" were all a hoax; but what could be expected?
There was no "Science Faculty", so training was neglected,
But send a graduate from McGill, and quicker than you knew,
He'd find the mine and precious stones, and p'rhaps old Solomon too! — *Cho*

7 Still we are not a boastful race, but simple, honest fellows;
So come along, our "Artist" friends, and prithee don't be jealous.
We'll give three cheers for old McGill, our Alma Mater true,
And one more cheer for Science dear, before we say adieu! —*Cho.*

Come and see our Halls of Science.

Music by B. J. Harrington, Ph., D.

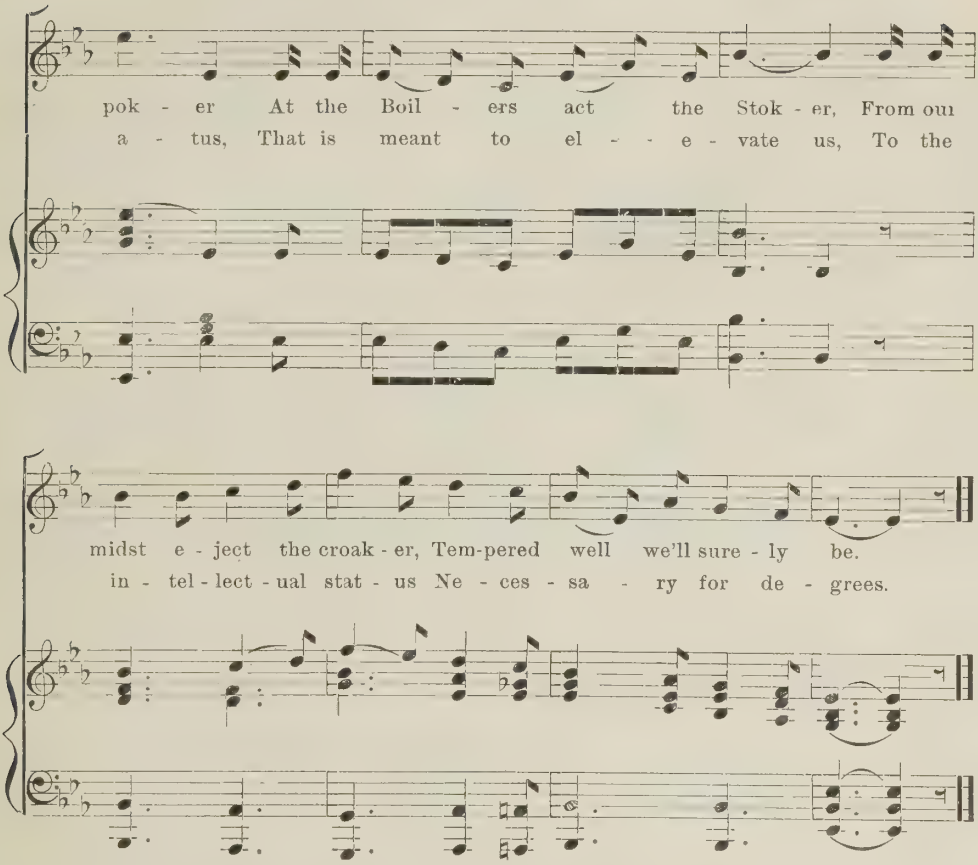
With vigor.

1. Come and see our Halls of Sci - ence, Fit-ted up with each ap - pli - - ance, For teach - ing self - re - li - ance to the youth - ful en - gin - eer.

2. Round the for - ges play at twen - - ty, Lathes to turn out gob - lets emp - - ty, And wâr - rant - ed not to sell. Chorus. All the cost - ly ap - par -

3. Drills and plan - ers here are plen - ty, Saws and ham - mers more than

Come and see our Halls of Science. Concluded.



II.

1. Monstrous Engines, steam and gaseous
Wait us, if we walk audacious—
Standing black and grim, O gracious!
In the "Lab." called "Thermodyme."

2. For those who are Bucolics
There is nothing like Hydraulics,
With tanks not made for frolics,
And pipes not made to smoke.

3. Now, for fear we make frail Bridges,
Only fit to carry midges,
Or construct them too prodigious,
We test these bits of iron.—*Cho.*

III.

1. Oh! What would have said our Grandpères,
If they heard of Volts and Ampères?
Their courage would be *Nowheres*
Before our Dynamo.

2. Accurately can we measure
The effect of every pressure
And, if we've sufficient leisure,
Of an inch the millionth part.

3. Without a palpitation
We determine Gravitation
And discover each relation
Of Litre and Metre and Gramme.—*Cho.*

IV.

1. Physic's Building over yonder,
With attention let us ponder,
Up and down and round let's wander,
In search of Lecture Hall.

2. Come on, you'll be astounded
How noise can be expounded,
Light and Heat kept unconfounded
By experiments made here,

Final Chorus.

Now to turn out men of cunning,
Were ever Halls so stunning?
By noble men kept running
Hurrah for Old McGill!!

T. J. A. M.

The Meds of Old McGill.

Words by F. M. Feron. J. Wilson.

Allegro moderato

Solo.

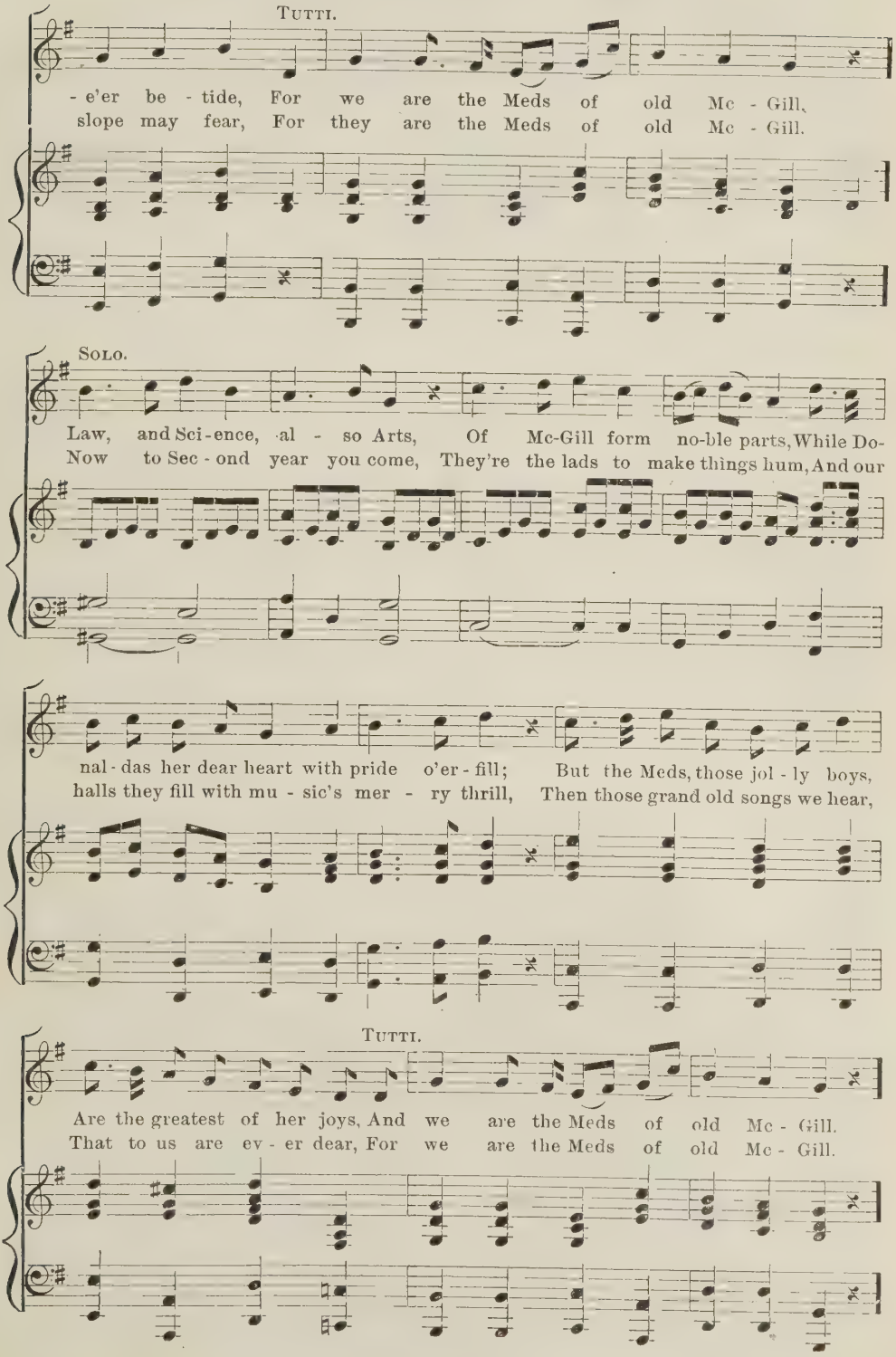
1. At Mount Roy - al's no - ble feet, There you'll find our grand re - treat, For we are the Meds of old Mc - Gill,
2. We will in - tro - duce you here, To our jol - ly Fresh - man year, And we are the Meds of old Mc - Gill,

Tutti.

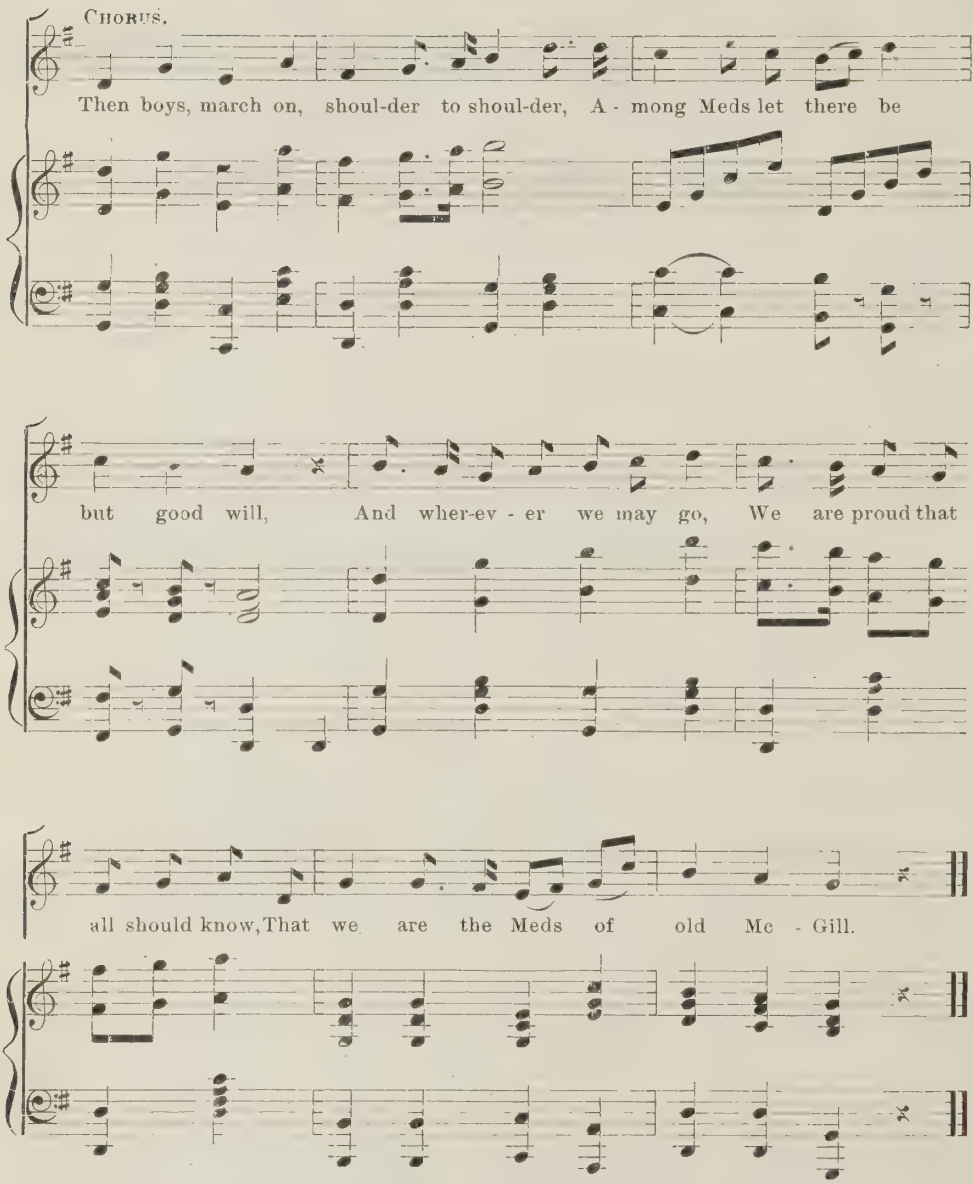
Solo.

By our Al - ma Ma - ter's side, We will stand what - ever
When their cries sound loud and clear, Then the Profs a

The Meds of Old McGill. Continued.



The Meds of Old McGill. Concluded.



3 Here our Third year you behold,
By past victories made bold,
And they are the Meds of old McGill.
Though once more they must retreat,
From a front to a back seat,
Yet they are the Meds of old McGill.
Both their songs and talk are gay,
They from lectures slope away;
How they broke through prim'ry's shell, tell you, they will,
Though the Profs are not to blame,
Still they got there just the same.
For they are the Meds of old McGill.–*Cho.*

4 Now the last ones to appear,
Are the boys of our Fourth year,
And they are the Meds of old McGill.
Though they leave us in the Spring,
With true pride they'll ever sing,
That they are the Meds of old McGill.
You will always find them true
To McGill boys and to you,
And your Souvenir their hearts with joy shall fill;
Still their first thoughts e'er shall be,
Dear old Medicine of thee,
For they are the Meds of old McGill.–*Cho*

Madelin.

"Venetian Air." Arranged for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

1. Our ship is light - ly bound - ing, Ma - de - lin, Ma-de - lin, The mer - ry winds are bound - ing, Ma - de - lin, Ma - de - lin. The fad - ing shore is gone, Now the sun is shin-ing brightly, And the waters dancing gone, light - ly, Ma - de - lin, Ma - de - lin, Ma - de - lin. lin. Ma - de - lin,

2 When high the waves are rolling,
Madelin!
When loud the storm is howling,
Madelin!
Oh! then I'll think of thee
When the billows high are raving.
And the danger I am braving,
Madelin!

3 When o'er the swelling ocean,
Madelin!
I view with warm emotion,
Madelin!
My own dear native shore;
To thy cottage, beaming brightly,
I will haste with footsteps lightly,
Madelin!

Mary Jane.

By W. MCLENNAN, *Law* '80.

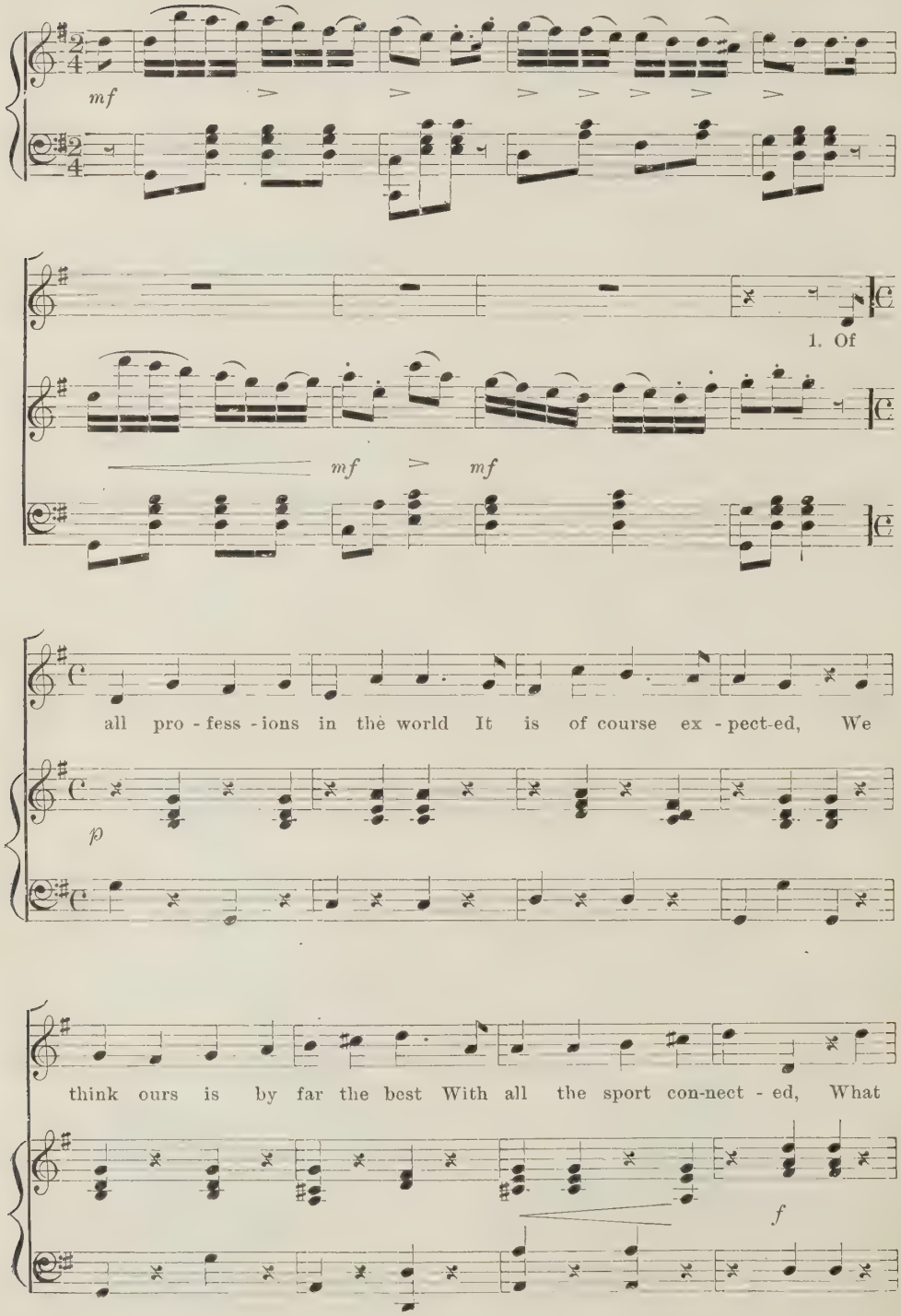
1 My head is lightly bounding,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
My dexter ear is sounding
As in pain, Mary Jane.
My college year is gone:
I am done with cribs and swotting,
Early prayers and lecture trotting
Mary Jane, Come again!

2 When the bowler, fiercely bowling,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
With a facer sends you howling
In your pain, Mary Jane.
Oh *then* I think of thee!
When the cribber at his cribbing
'S caught and finds no good in fibbing.
Do you catch? Mary Jane.

3 Now a prodigal I'm stumping
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
And I'm not exactly humping
O'er the plain, Mary Jane.
To home and parents stern.
You can bet your boots, my honey
It doesn't *now* seem funny
To be plucked! Mary Jane.

Dentistry

Words and Music by Cecil French, *Classics* '94.



Dentistry Concluded

eye and judg-ment it re - quires, As well as nerve and mus - cle, When

mf

CHORUS.

we sometimes in haste are called, With e - quine strength to tussle. We're

mf

Dents Dents - Dents And proud of our pro - fess - ion, We'll

rall.

drink our fill to old Mc - Gill, With joy at ev - 'ry sess - ion.

Dentistry. (Concluded)

2 Now there's the cheeky Freshman,
With his eye the "Sophs" a scanning,
While in his light and empty head
An answer he is planning.
He knows it all, he's sure of that
At least down home they told him;
He makes a break, gets left, and thinks
That Silence oft is golden.—*Cho*

3 The "Soph." he's quiet, he's wiser now,
He finds he doesn't know it:
He's sobered down, he's lost his cheek,
At least he doesn't show it.
He's got to plug, he know just that,
It pays best to be steady,
And when the balmy Spring comes round,
Exams will find him ready.—*Cho.*

4 The senior year of well-tried men
New theories are exploring,
And, with the wings of zeal outspread,
In realms of Science soaring.
When graduating, thoughts will rise
Of parting on the morrow,
But consciousness of honors won
Will drive away all sorrow.—*Cho.*

5 Alas, so many fail to think
Our poor, dumb friends have feeling,
When with jaws stuffed with cotton-wool
They ask us for our healing.
So let us do all things with tact,
Made by McGill thus wiser,
Gently a molar to extract
Or plug up an incisor.

All Hail MacDonald.

Moderato — ANON.

1. All hail, Mac-don - ald! We sing to thee.
Fair - est of col-leg-es: Give her three times three! Long may we cher- ish her,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Faith - ful we'll be. Mac - don - ald's the Col-lege for you and me.

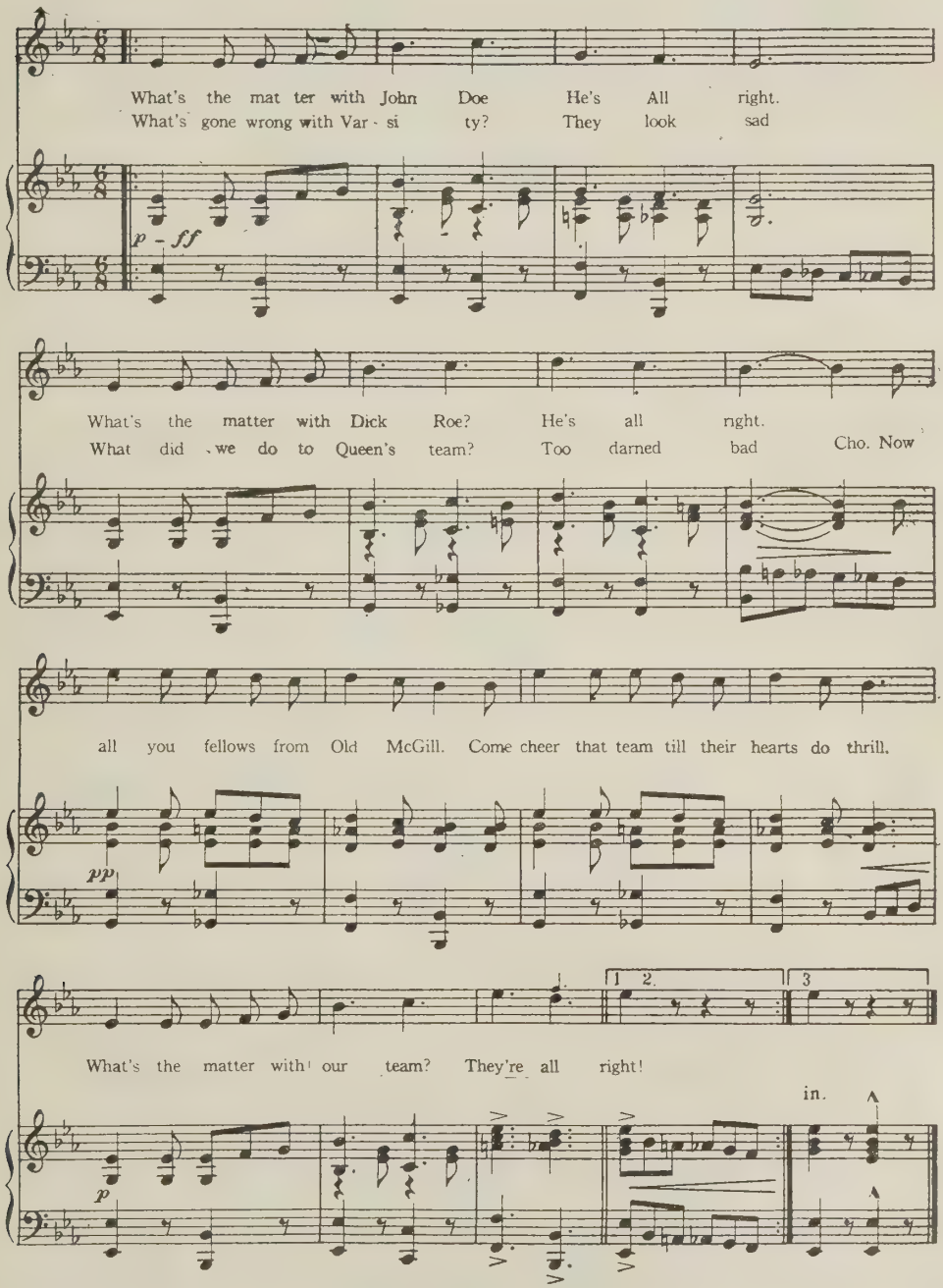
2. Strong as the Ottawa past thee doth flow,
Forth from thy portals shall thy children go,
Never forgetting thee or thy good fame.
Macdonald, we'll conquer by force of thy name.

*3. All hail, Macdonald! Though gone from thee,
Sweetest of memories always thou wilt be.
Thou gav'st us knowledge, courage, and friends,
And though we have left thee thy gift never ends.

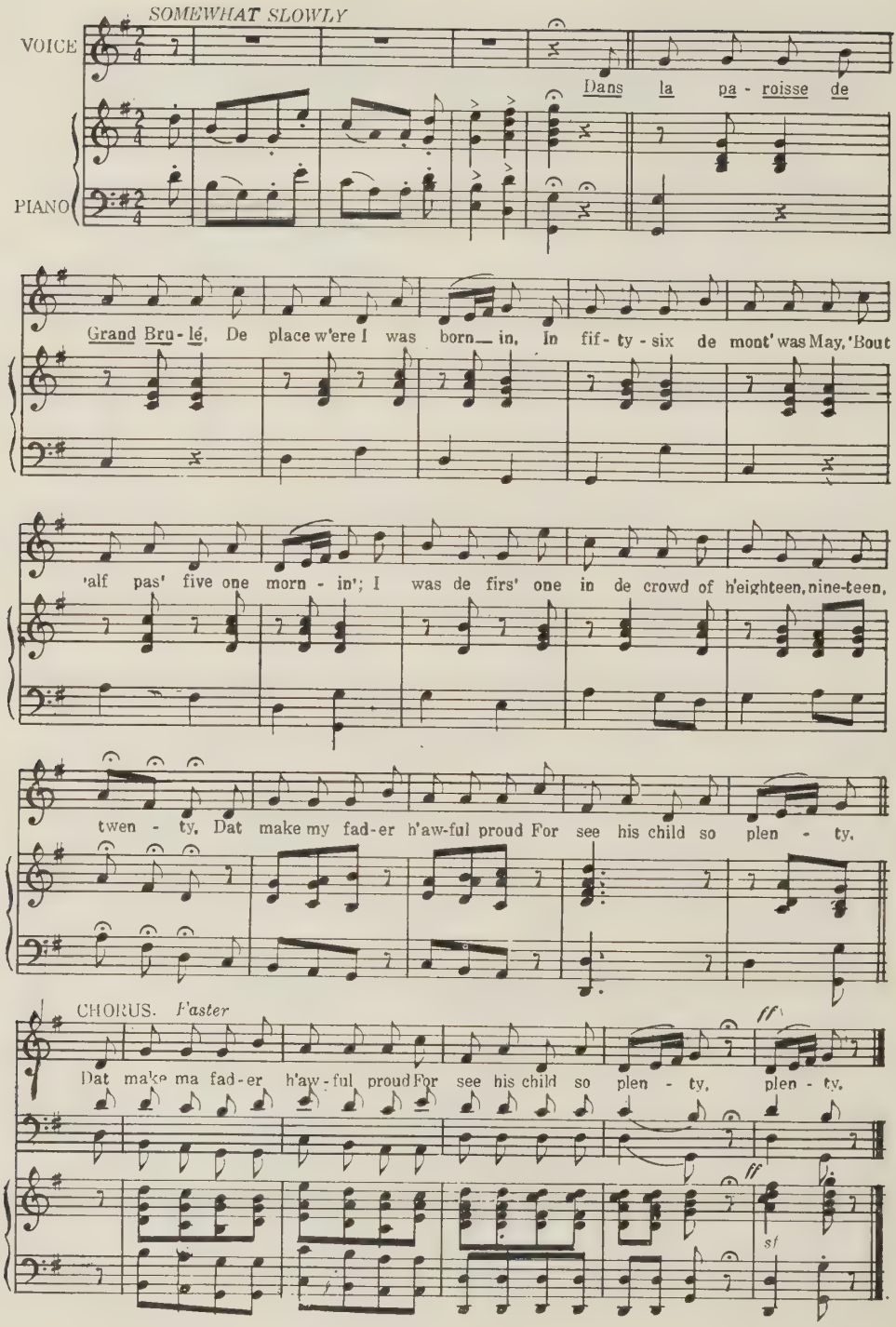
(Graduation ceremonies, or Alumni gatherings.)

What's the Matter with our Team?

Air:- "What's the matter with Father." Specially Arranged for the McGill Song Book.



Split The Difference



Split The Difference (Concluded)

II.

W'en I go hup for make my law
  I don' go h'on Laval, sir,
Dat make me row wid my *papa*
  Mais ça, ça, m'est égal, sir.
Bagosh! I soon make h'up my min'
  De h'English, *dats* de knowledge
An' dats the reason dat you fin'
  Me 'ere, on McGill College.

CHORUS :—An' dats de reason dat you fin'
  Me 'ere, on McGill College.

III.

My gran'modder she h'always say....
  'Er name's Malvina Claire....
"Jean Louis Pouliot, you'l don' forget
  You're *enfant de ton père!*
Your fadder 'e's no gentleman
  'E work one day to h'odder,
'E pay 'es way so long 'e can,
  An' den 'e never bodder."

CHORUS :—'E pay'es way so long 'e can
  An' den 'e never bodder.

IV.

Laval, McGill, McGill, Laval
Mey bot, was dead an' bury ; —
Je crois pour eux, c'est bien égal
  Now dey are 'cross de Ferry.
A. B., B. A., w'atever way
  You spell 'im dat spells trouble;
An' s'pose you'll not work 'ard to-day
  To-morrow you work double!

Chorus :—An' s'pose you'll not work 'ard
  to-day.
  To-morrow you work double!

V.

My h'oldes' son I guess 'e'll went
  To college on Laval, sir,
Dat make de h'ol' man pleasurement,
  Et ça, ça m'est égal, sir.....
'Urrah, 'Urrah, jus' one more *coup*
  To wet de tree of knowledge.
'Ere's luck to you w'en you get t'rough
  No matter w'at your college!

Chorus :—'Ere's luck to you w'en you get
  t'rough
  No matter w'at your college!

Of Course.
(Parody)

Words by JULIET WILBUR TOMKINS, *in the Vassar Miscellany.*

Music by DR. B. J. HARRINGTON.

Allegro.

SOLO.

1. A

f *p*

CHORUS. SOLO.

cul - tured youth came to Mc-Gill. Of course..... All
prof. soon cast a glad some eye. of course..... Up
- A - min - a - tion time came round. Of course..... The

f *sfz* *sfz*

CHORUS. SOLO.

day. He toiled with daunt-less will. Of course..... he
- on this in - fant prod - i - gy. Of course..... They
brain - y in - fant slum-bered sound. Of course..... Be -

mp

f *mp*

Of Course. Concluded.

(Parody)

ne - ver had learned the taste of beer, and looked on things world-ly with
pat-ted his shoul der, and told him to try, To be grea - ter than New-ton, to
- neath the green turf, for he tried to stretch His - in - fi - ni - tes - i - mal

f *f* CHORUS.

naught but a sneer, so his fel - lows con-sid-ered him slight - ly queer; Of
un rav - el pi, and wiped the tear from his schol-ar-ly eye; Of
brain poor wretch And the ob-vi-ous hap-pened when sol-ids you stretch Of

f

1st SOLO. *last verse.*

course! course! course!

2. Each course!
3. Ex - course!
course!

f *p* *rit.* *ff* *ff*

James McGill

Air:— "Tammany"

Specially Arranged for McGill University Song Book

1 James Mc - Gill! James Mc - Gill!
2. An der - son! An der - son!

p-f

Peace ful ly he slumbers there Blissful though we're on the tear
at the prac - tice yes - ter - day Had his shirt tail torn a - way

James Mc - Gill! James Mc - Gill!
An - der - son! An - der - son!

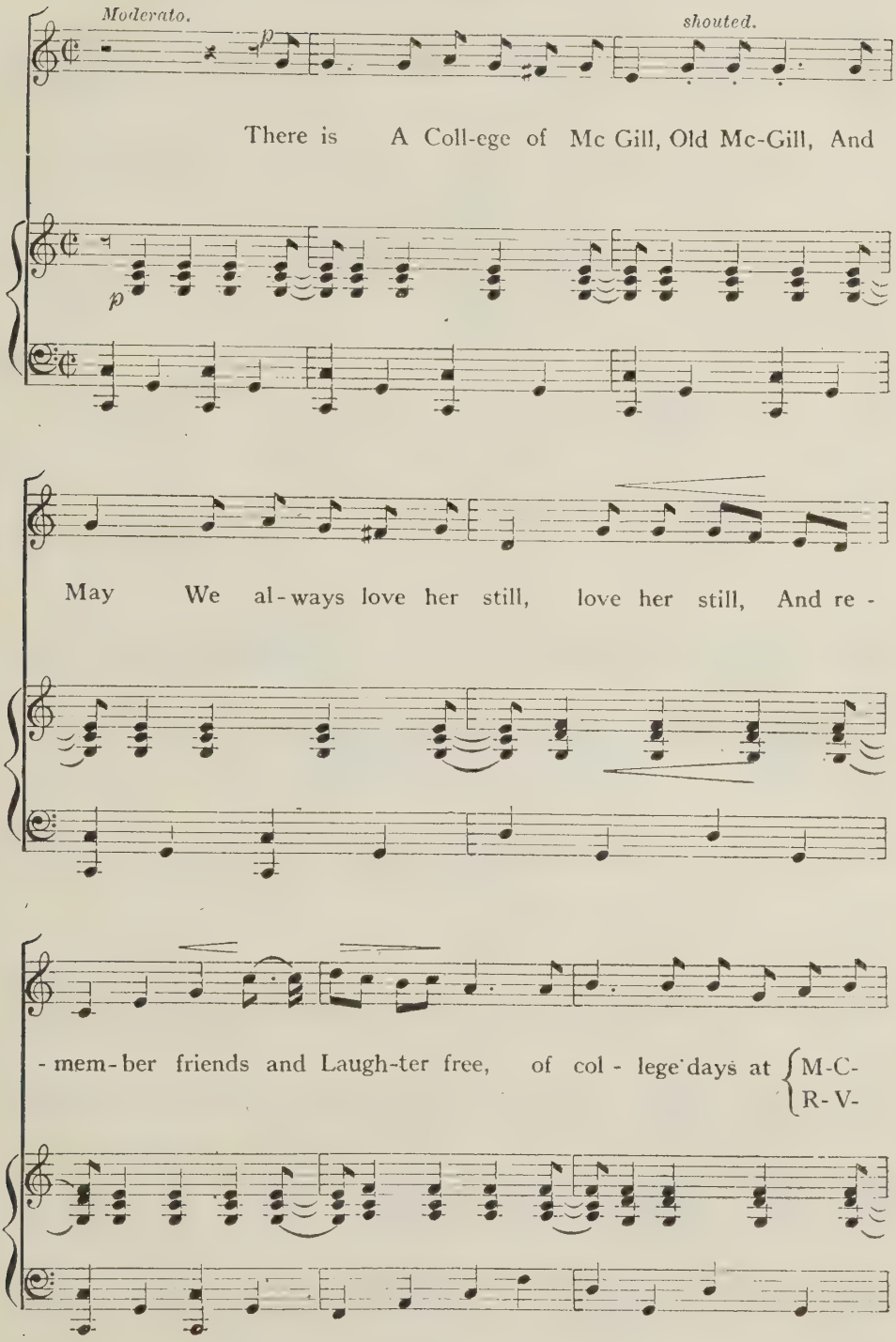
He's our fa - ther, well yes ra - ther James Mc - Gill!
Shim - my, Shim - my, hold your Shimmy. An - der - son!

fz D.S.

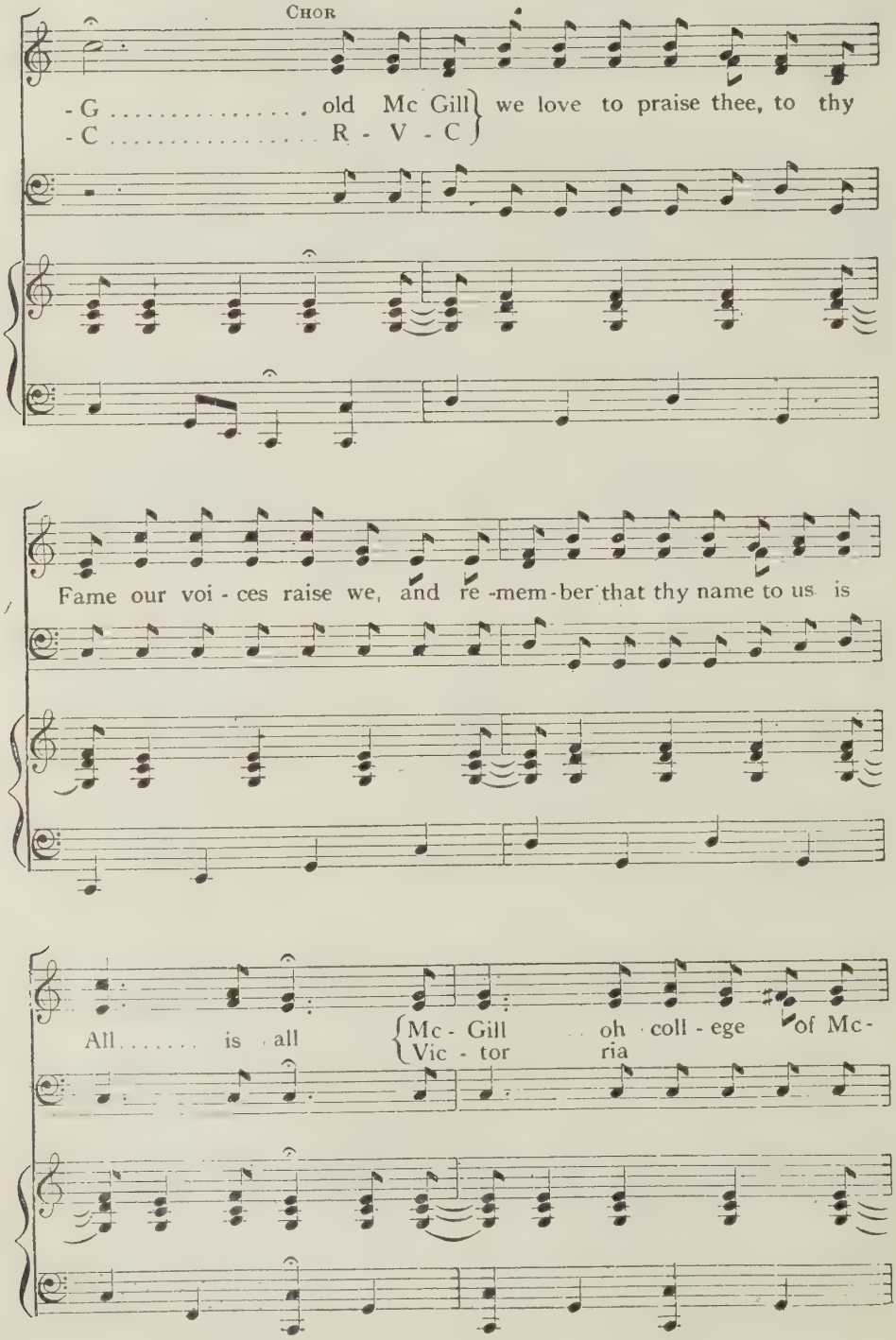
Arthur C., Arthur C.
He both make our College run,
Takes no "guff" from anyone,
Arthur C., Arthur C.
Held "the Corps" then;
Hold the floor then,
Arthur C.

Steven L., Steven L.
Though he knows a lot of "biz"
Novels made him what he is
Steven L., Steven L.
Economics,
Steven L. Public tonics,

There is a College of McGill.



There is a College of McGill. (Continued)



There is a College of McGill

- Gill, oh old, Mc Gill; .. our hearts .... with love - of thee do

fill hearts do fill, we'll sing thy praise, and we'll five a rous-ing cheer for

1st & 2nd.

thee, our al ma ma-ter dear Dear

rit.

Ma-ter dear, dear Ma-ter dear

rit.

The Student of McGill.

Words by R. D. McGibbon, Law, '79

Allegro.

1 The he - ro of my hum - ble song Was a stu dent of Mc

Gill. ..... And down with in, the Law School You may

hear the sto - ry still— He had no oth er

aim in life Than to pass his ses - sion - als free, And be

some - times *in*, at the En - quête Room, And some - times *out*, on a

poco rit.

poco rit.

The Student of McGill. Concluded.

Chorus.

f a tempo

spree..... That Stu dent of Mc - Gill,..... That Stu - dent of Mc

f a tempo

Gill,..... That rust y, must y, dust y, fust - y Stu - dent of Mc - Gill.

That rust y, must - y, dust - y, fust y Stu - dent of Mc - Gill.

II.

When first he came to grind up Law
  He was a freshman green
He'd never been to Town before,
  No vices had he seen
But evil communi-ca-ti-ons,
  Our catechisms say,
Are *rather* apt to lead our minds
  From Virtue's paths away.—*Chorus.*

III

This student wandered out one night
  Some medical friends to see,
And with those self-same Med-i-cals
  He got on a roaring spree.
And the Bobbies straight did run them in;
  Though the next day they got free
By paying ten-dollars-and-thirty-one cents
  To the City Treasurer.—*Chorus.*

IV

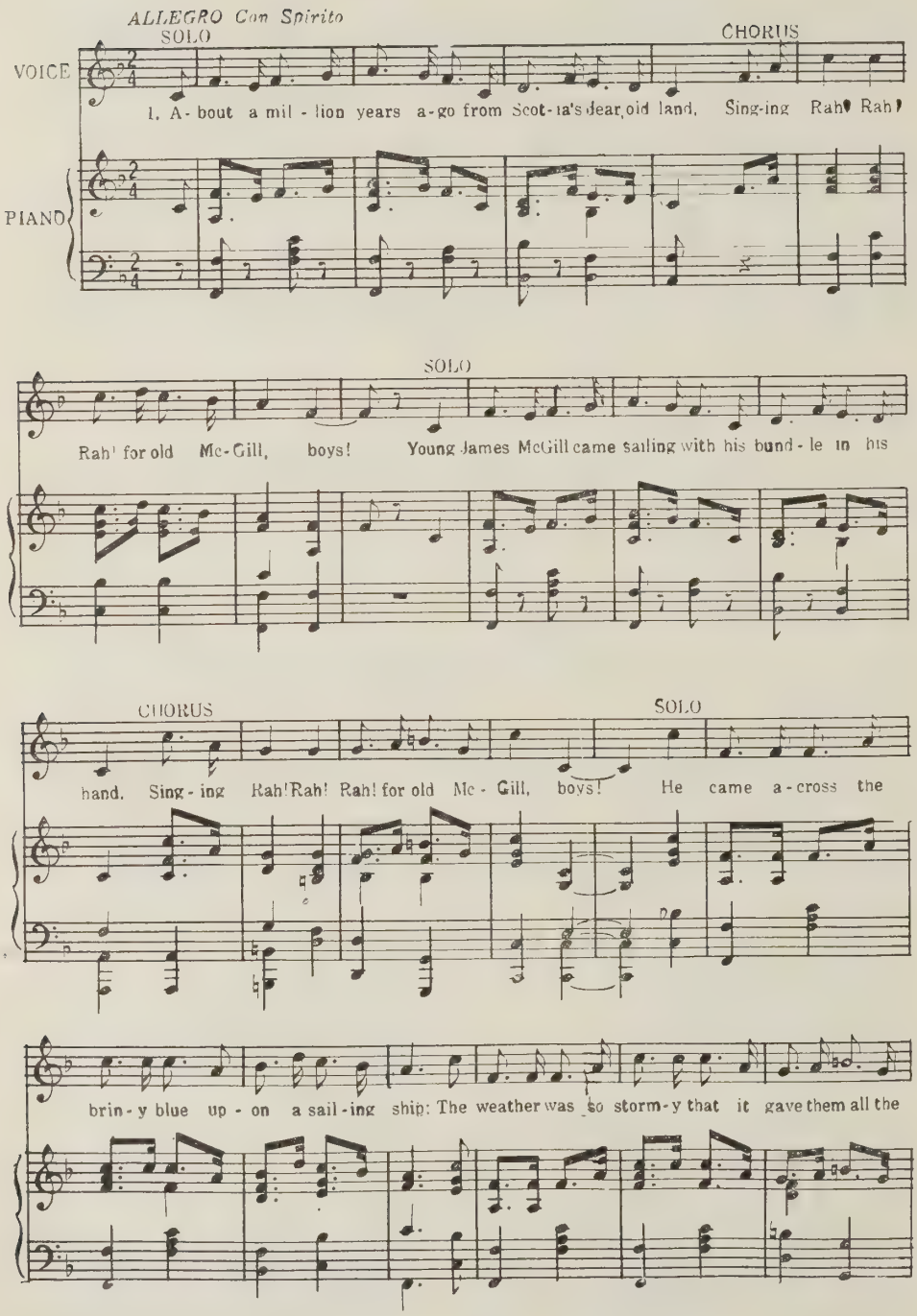
This student then neglected Court
  And his lectures didn't attend.
So the Dean informed the wayward lad —
  "You will have your ways to mend,
For *quoad* this, and *quoad* that,
  We will you rusticate,
So ponder it o'er, my dear young man,
  Before it is too late."—*Chorus.*

V.

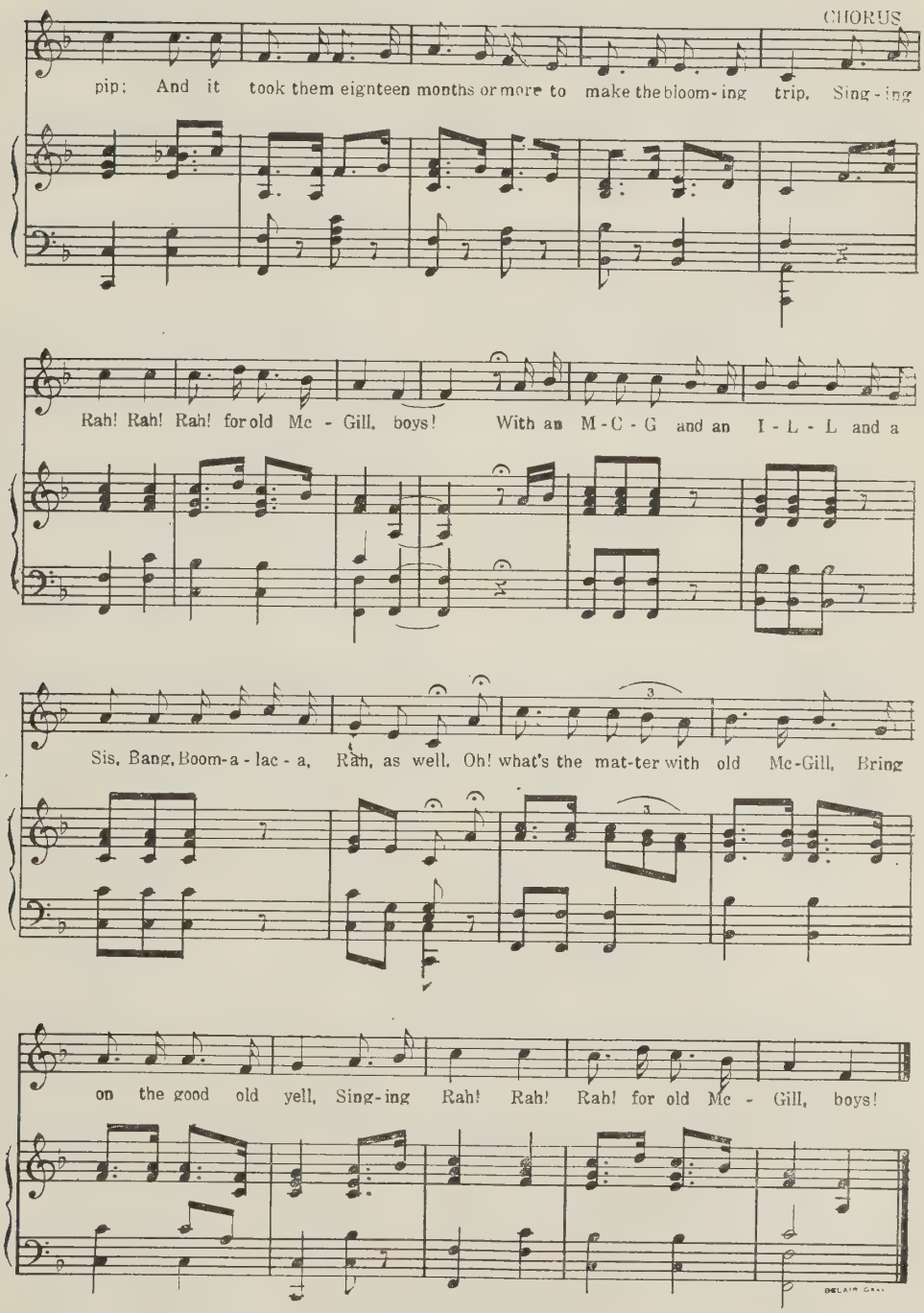
So the student took these words to heart,
  And determined to repent.
On the World, the Flesh and the Arch-Enemie
  His money no longer spent;
And now he's turned a "Theolog."
  And he gets free grub and clothes.
And along the street with a white neck-tie
  And a sanctified air he goes.—*Chorus.*

About A Million Years Ago.

W. F. Steedman



About A Million Years Ago (Continued)



About a Million Years Ago (Concluded)

About a million years ago, from Scotia's dear old land
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys),
Young James McGill came sailing with his bundle in his hand
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys),
He came across the briny blue upon a sailing ship;
The weather was so stormy that it gave them all the pip
And it took them eighteen months or more to make the blooming trip
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

Chorus.

With an M-C-G and I-L-L
And a Siss-Bang-Boomalaca-Rah as well,
Oh, what's the matter with Old McGill
Bring on the good old yell,
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

He landed at Three Rivers—or perhaps it was Quebec—
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys),
But though he left the ship he still was very much on deck
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

He found the place he'd landed in was just a trifle small;
His mind was broad—for little things he didn't care at all,
So he gathered up his duds and hit the trail for Montreal
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

Chorus—With an M-C-G-, etc.

And when he got to Montreal he started up a store
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)
Where he peddled prunes and toy balloons and other things galore,
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)
He dealt in soap and sausages and chicken feed and mash,
And coal oil and molasses and a lot of other trash—
And he made a lot of money, for his terms were strictly cash
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

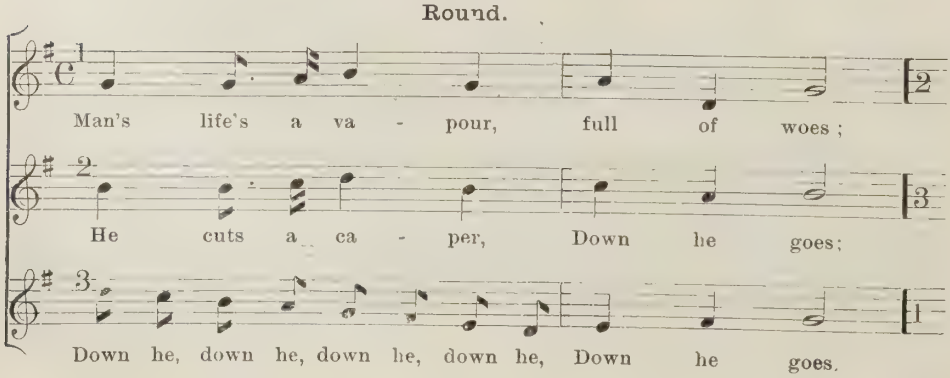
Chorus—With an M-C-G-, etc.

And now, when Jim took hold of things he did them up in style
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)
And it wasn't many years before he'd made a goodly pile,
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)
And when he died and went above, as people somehow will,
He left his pile of stone and mortar that we call our own McGill—
(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

Chorus—With an M-C-G-, etc.

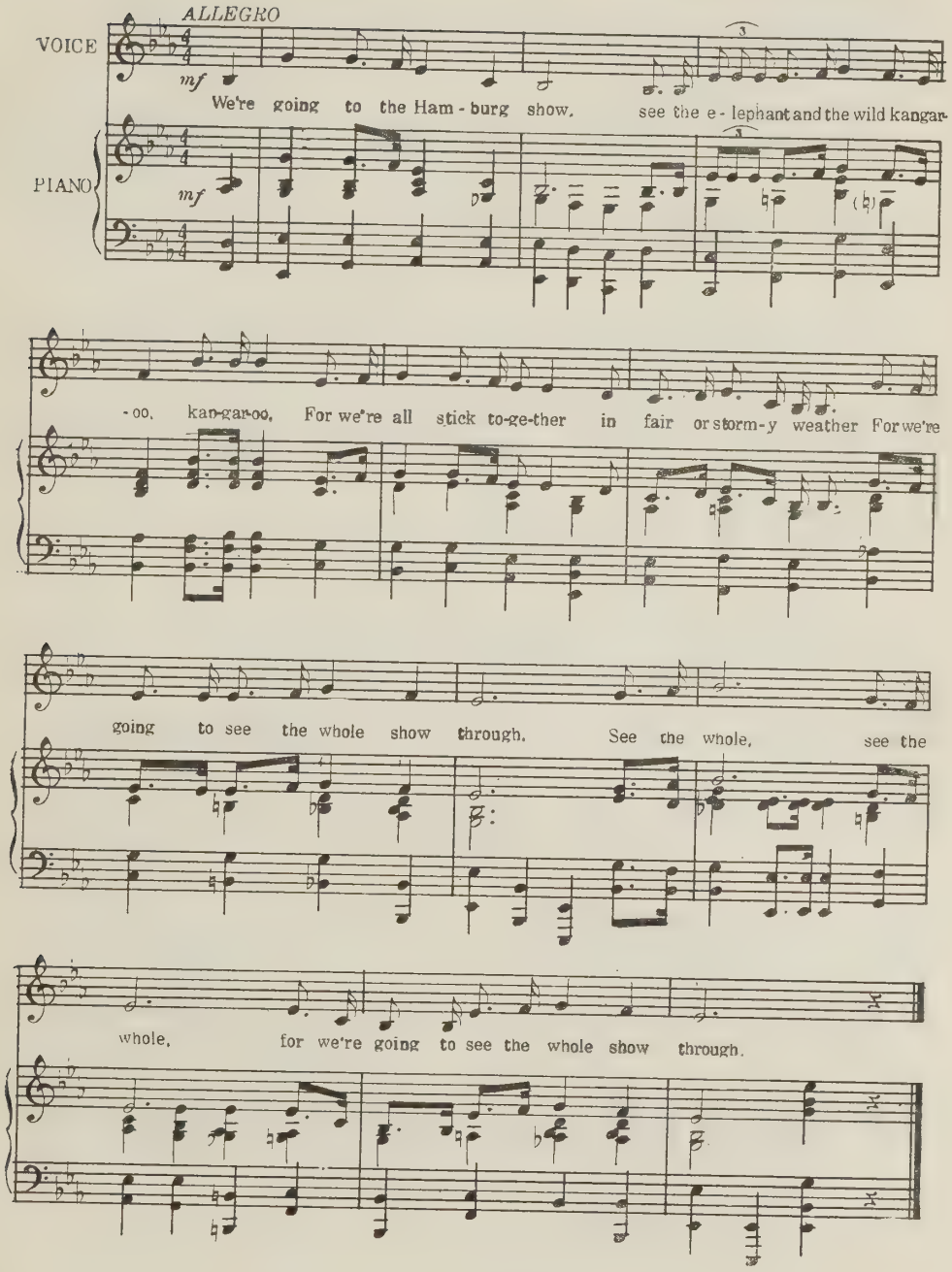
Man's Life's a Vapour.

Round.



Hamburgh

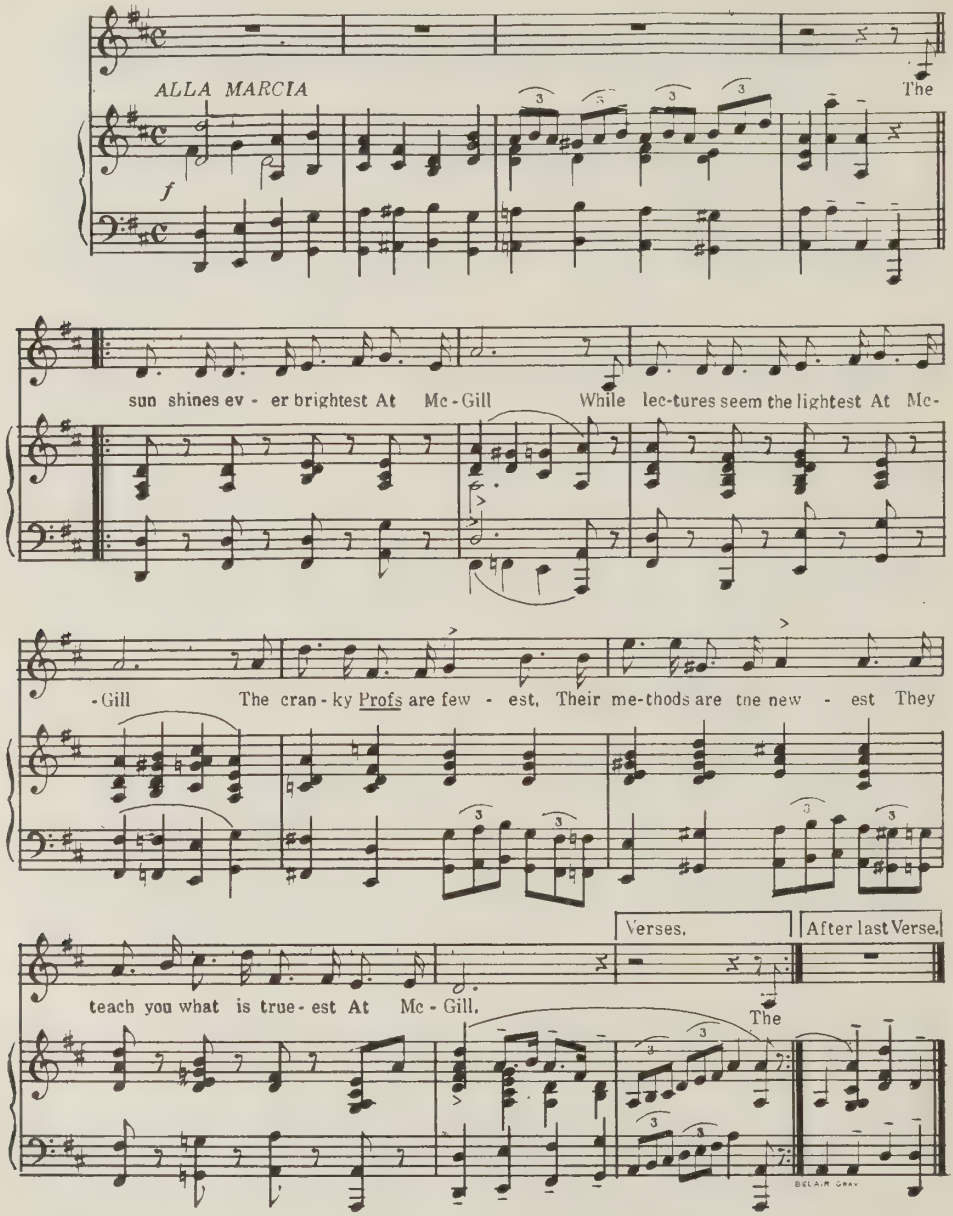
Arranged by *E. A. Sherrard*



At McGill.

Words by T. J. Kelly, B.A., Law '17

Arranged by Harold Eustace Key



At McGill (Continued)

The Campus is the grandest
At McGill
Officials are the blandest
At McGill
The players are the keenest,
They play the game the cleanest,
The Freshmen are the greenest
At McGill

The co-eds eyes are softest
At McGill
They really smile the oftest
At McGill
Their blood is of the bluest,
Their little hearts beat truest,
And plain girls are the fewest
At McGill

The teams are winners ever
At McGill
For they are vanquished never
At McGill
The boys are all the fliest,
E'en when exams are nighest,
But they come out the highest,
At McGill

The Doctors tower proudest
At McGill
The lawyers thunder loudest
At McGill
Their friendship is the strongest,
Their friendship lasts the longest,
But wrong is always wrongest
At McGill

How Softly She Nestles

A. A. Bramley-Moore, M. D.

How softly she nestles, below the hill,
Old McGill, Old McGill;
While poetry, painting, and arts and prose,
Numberless Ologies nobody knows;
Gently exert their benificient sway,
Paving for science and commerce the way.
At the fount of learning now take your fill
Bubbling and gushing from under the hill
Old McGill, Old McGill,

Chorus

Your bumpers fill, while you can still;
And drink a health to old McGill;
She lives and grows, and nobody knows
How deep and how far her influence flows.
Old McGill, Old McGill.

The medical faculty flourishes still,
Old McGill, Old McGill;
Although the great Osler has passed away,
We still can rejoice in the present day;
In lights that are shining while night is dark,
Guiding and kindling of learning the spark;
And many come seeking their lamps to fill,
At the glorious college beneath the hill.
Chorus.

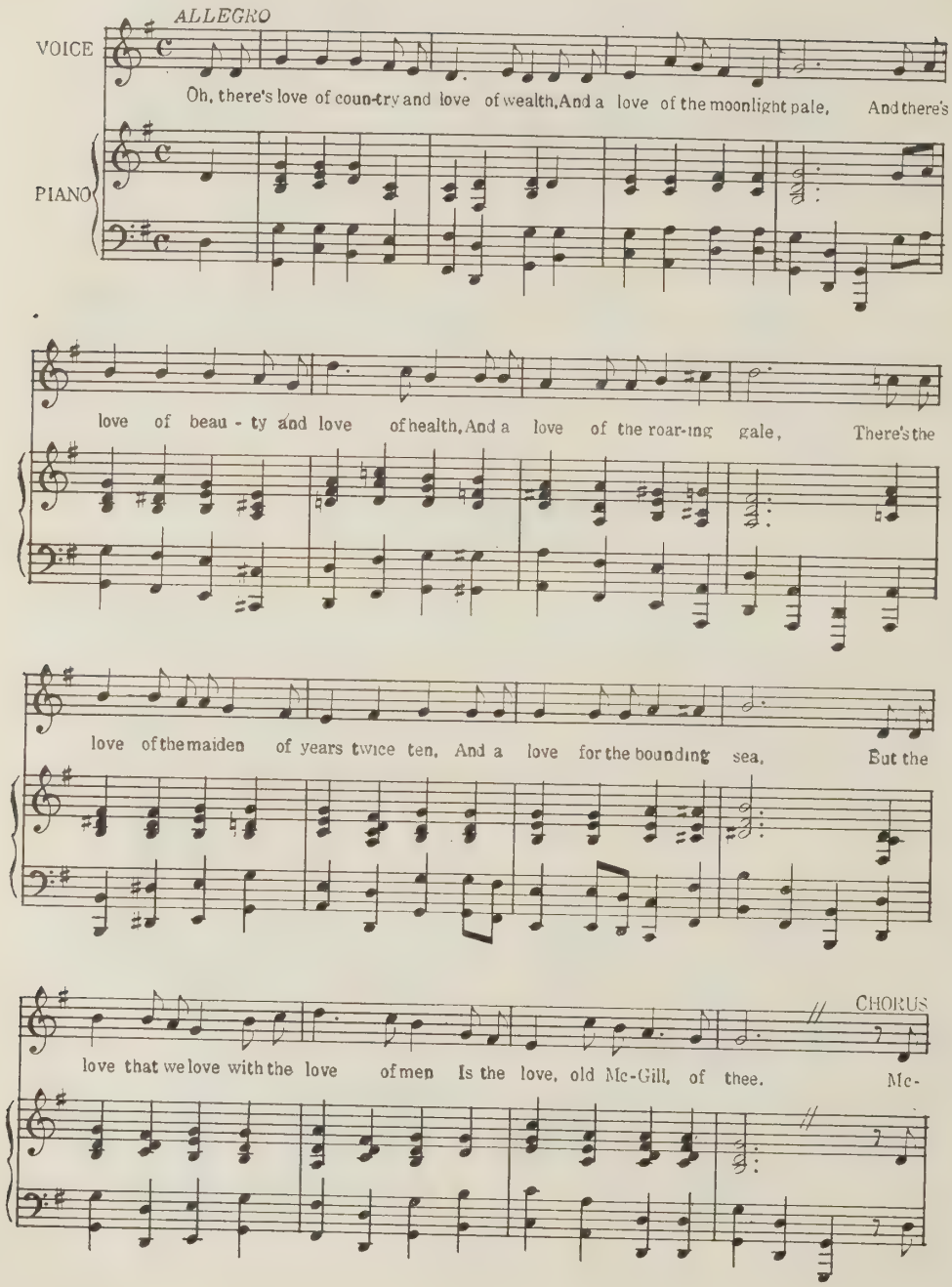
O science can never find rest until,
Old McGill, Old McGill;
Has digged her secrets from old mother earth,
And numberless riches has brought to birth;
Opened the mines, and the wilderness torn.
Till from its barreness plenty is born.
Science still gains from her power and will;
Long may she flourish there under the hill.
Chorus.

Although the centenary mark does fill,
Old McGill, Old McGill;
With a conscious pride in a glorious past,
With hope to the future our eyes we cast;
All are extolling her learning and worth,
Her glory and fame shall encircle the earth:
While dentistry, commerce, and law help fill,
The temple of learning below the hill.
Chorus.

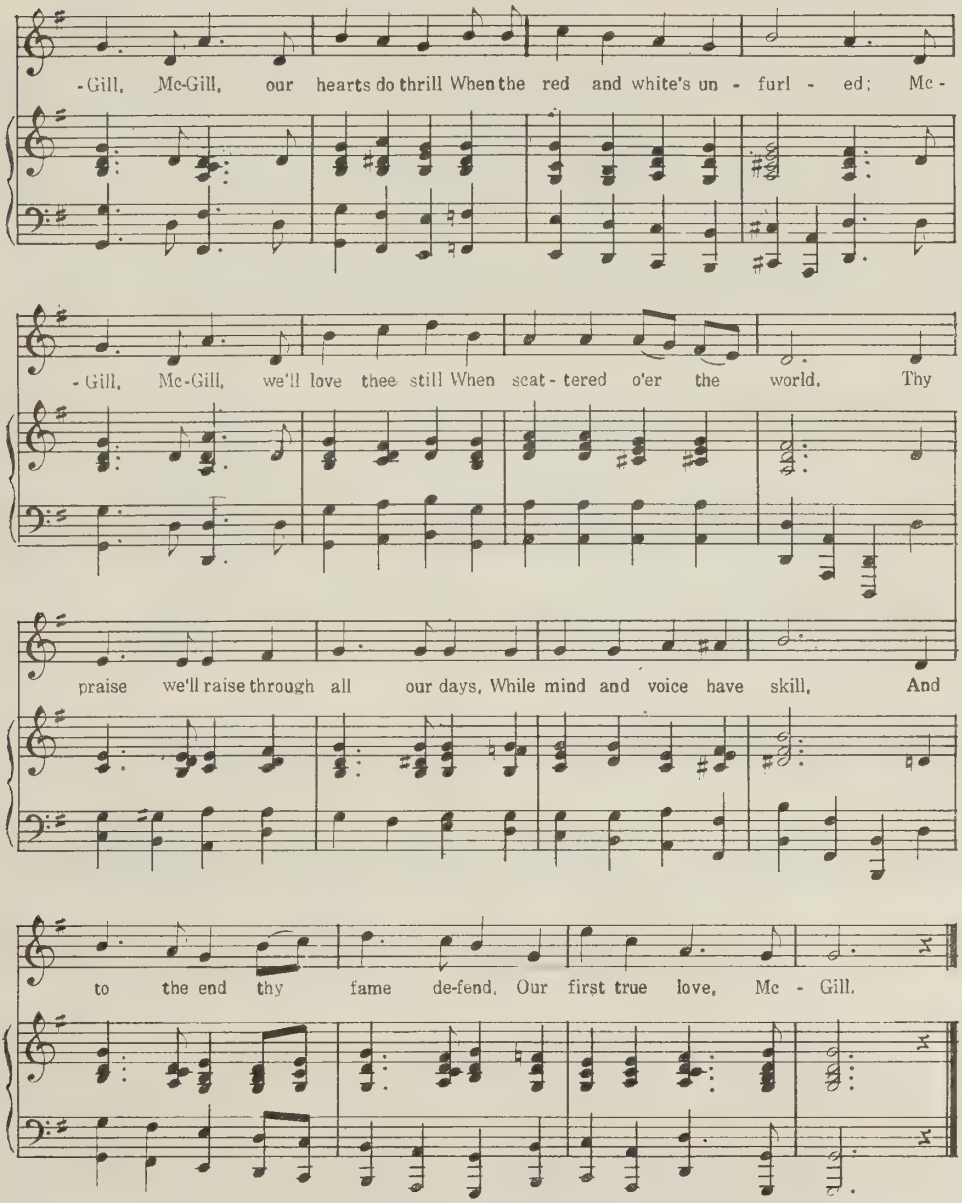
Toast all the heroes who gaze on us still,
Old McGill, Old McGill;
Bravely they went for their country to fight,
Never O never their memory slight;
Failing to live as our honour demands;
Ever enduring their memory stands.
We must endeavour their places to fill,
The courage they gained was under the hill.
Chorus.

Our First True Love.

Mac. B. Davidson, .03.



Our First True Love. (Continued)



2

There's the love of milkmen for water pure,
And the love of the drunk for booze,
There's the love of tramps for the great rest cure,
And the love that you can't refuse;
There's the love of the consummate liar for truth,
And the love of old maids for their tea;
But the love that we love with the love of youth
Is the love, old McGill, of thee.
Chorus, etc.

Whence Comes this Joyous Throng

Air, "ElCapitan"

ALLEGRO Con Spirito

VOICE

PIANO

Whence comes this joy - ous throng, These stud-ents whence come they? With voi - ces blithe and strong so full of mirth and laugh - ter gay.

They'll tell us whence they come, From the class rooms and the camp - us of Mc - Gill. Her child - ren, ev' - ry

Whence Comes this Joyous Throng (Continued)

man. Gaze on the col-ours that we wear. Not-ice the ban-ners that we

bear. Mis - take us if you can. Sure-ly you'd

re - cog-nize us, we de - clare.

Old McGill

Air "In Old New You"

In Old McGill, in Old McGill,
The Campus Crop is Fine. Sure.
On bleachers chill, the people thrill
When the Red and White's in line.
I've seen the teams
That come from Queens
Likewise from Varsity.
They're pretty fair
But can't compare
With M-c-G (McGill Yell)

Put on Your Red and White Sweater.

Air;- "Put on your old Grey Bonnet". Specially Arranged for McGill Song Book

CHORUS.

Put on your Red-and-White sweater, For you'll have none better, and we'll open up an other keg of beer For it's not for knowledge that we came to Col - lege but to raise Cain all the year.

S. C. A.

Air:—"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"

Oh, we are, we are, we are, we are
McGill Y. M. C. A.
We do, we do, we do, we do
Exactly as we say,
So what the h——l do we care,
What other people say?
For we are, we are, we are, we are
McGill Y. M. C. A.

THE BLUE AND WHITE.

Words by Rev. CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX, '08.

Music by CLAYTON E. BUSH, '07.
Arr. by J. D. A. Tripp.

1. Old To - ron - to, moth - er ev - er dear, All thy sons thy ve - ry name re -
2 Soon our col - lege days will all be past, Du - ty bids us part from friends at

vere Yes, we hail thee, Ne'er will fail thee But will seek thy glo - ry with our might, (yes
last But we'll se - ver, Trust - ing ev - er Love for 'Var - si - ty may us u - nite (u -

we are) Ev - er loy - al, faith - ful, frank and strong, We will sound thy prais - es in our
nite us) Then we'll serve the moth - er of us all, And the mer - ry days of youth re -

song, Aye, and cheer both loud and long, The Roy - al Blue and White.
call, While, what - ev - er may be - fall, We'll flaunt the Blue and White.

CHORUS.

To - ron - to is our Un - i - ver - si - ty Shout, oh shout, men of ev - 'ry fac - ul - ty *Ve - lut*

ar - bor ae - vo, May she ev - er thrive O God for - ev - er bless our Al - ma Ma - ter.

Litoria.

Adapted.

Allegretto scherzando.

SOLO.

1. Our College is a jol - ly home;

p

Swe - de-le-we-dum bum. We love it still, where'er we roam, Swe-de - le-we-dum

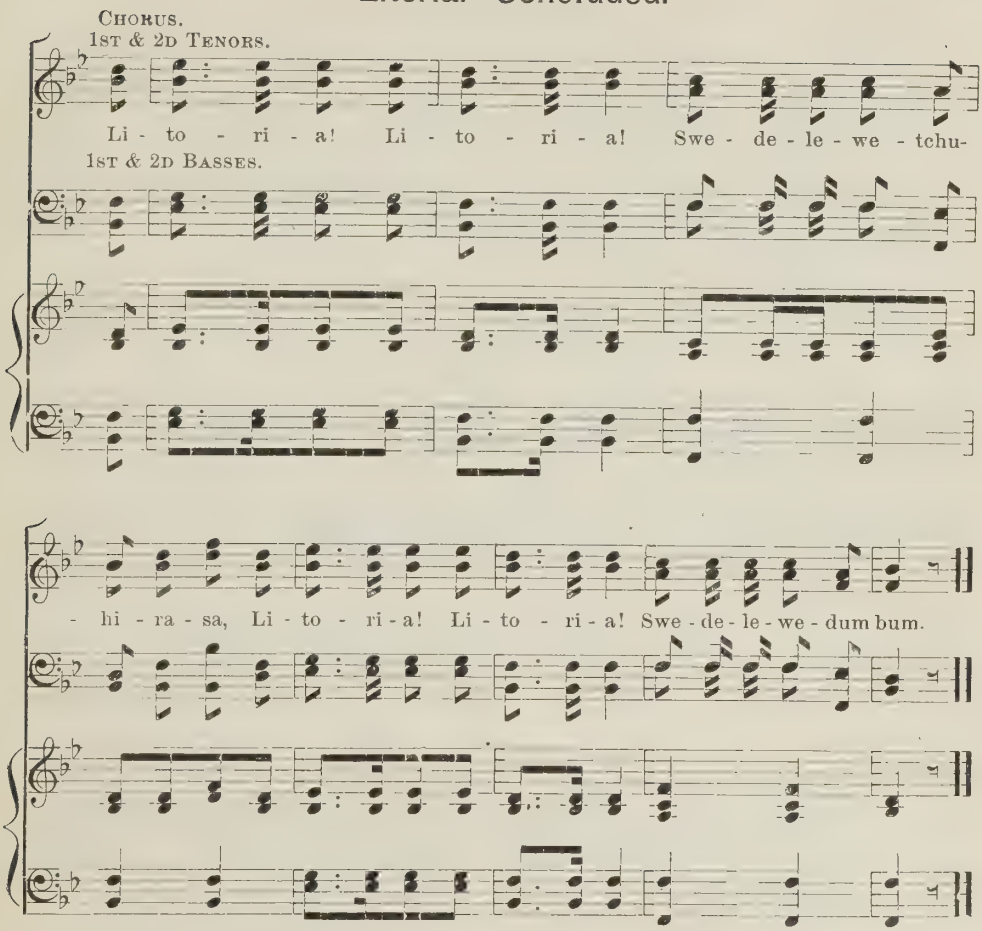
DUET.

bum. *mf* The ve - ry songs we used to sing, Swe - de - le - we tchu -

- hi - ra - sa, 'Mid memory's ech - oes long shall ring, Swe - de - le - we - dum bum.

f

Litoria. Concluded.



2 As freshmen first we come to Queens Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
Examinations make us ill, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
But when we reach our Senior year, Swe-de-le- we tchuhirasa,
Of such things we have lost our fear, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum—*Chorus.*

3 As Sophomores we have a task, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
'Tis best performed by torch and mask; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum;
For subjects dead, the students weep, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
And snatch them while the sextons sleep, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

4 In Junior year we take our ease, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum;
When college life begins to swoon, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
It drinks new life from the wooden spoon, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

5 In Senior year we act our parts, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
In making love, and winning hearts; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
The saddest tale we have to tell, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
Is when we bid our friends farewell, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

6 And when into the world we come, Swe-de-le-we- dum bum,
We've made good friends and studied some; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
And while the seasons' moons shall fill, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
We'll love and reverence Old Queens Swe-de-le we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

SOLOMON LEVI.

Allegretto.

FRED SEAVER.

VOICE

PIANO

My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my store on Chatham Street, That's
2 And if a bum - mer comes a - long To my store on Chatham Street, And

where you'll buy your coats and vests, And eve - ry-thing that's neat; I've se-cond-hand-ed
tries to hang me up for coats And vests so ver - y neat; I kicks the bummer right

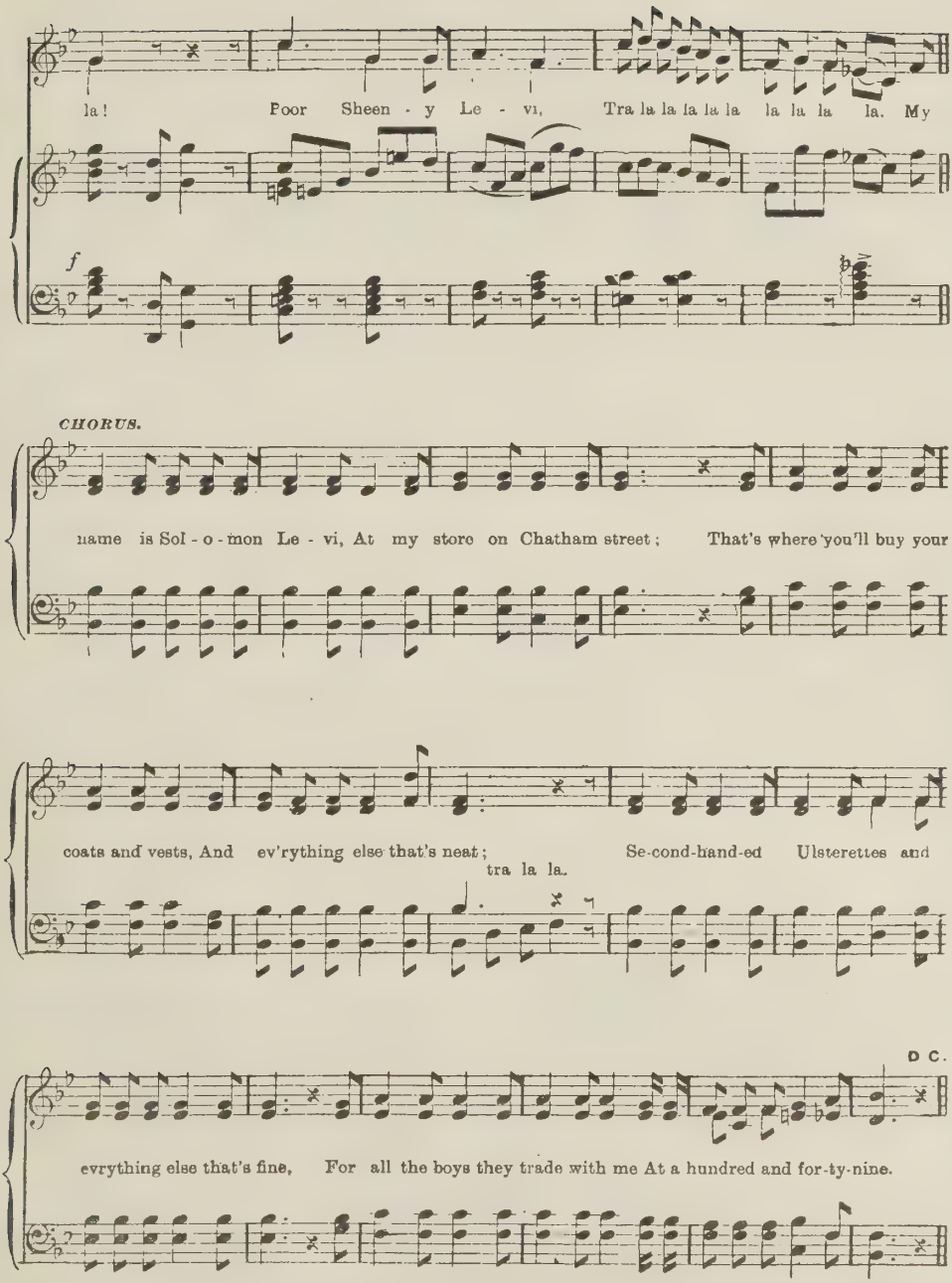
Ul-ster-ettes, and everything that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a
out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I won't sell clothing to an - y man Who

CHORUS in unison.

f

hundred and for - ty nine O Sol - o-mon Le - vi! Le - vi! tra la la
tries to set me up.

SOLOMON LEVI.



3. The people are delighted to come inside of my store,
And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the floor.
He is a blood among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all,
And his clothes they fit him just like the paper on the wall.—*Chorus.*

Meerschaum Pipe.

mf Espressivo.

1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh, who will smoke my meer-schaum pipe, When I am far a - way?

BASSES. Meerschaum pipe, Meerschanm pipe, Al - lie Ba - zan! BAD MAN!!!

mf

Unison. ff

2 Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!

3 Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!

4 Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan!

5 Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan!

6 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

7 Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!

8 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

† For last stanza only.

Integer Vitæ.

Andante.

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ sce - le - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac -
3. Nam - que me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na Dum me - am -

Mau - ris jac - u - lis nec ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis
tu - rus per in - hos - pi - ta - lem Cau - ca - sum vel quae
can - to Lal - a - gen, et ul - tra Ter - mi - num cu - ris

gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra,
lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam bit Hy - das - pes.
va - gor ex - pe - di - tis Fu - git in - er - mem,

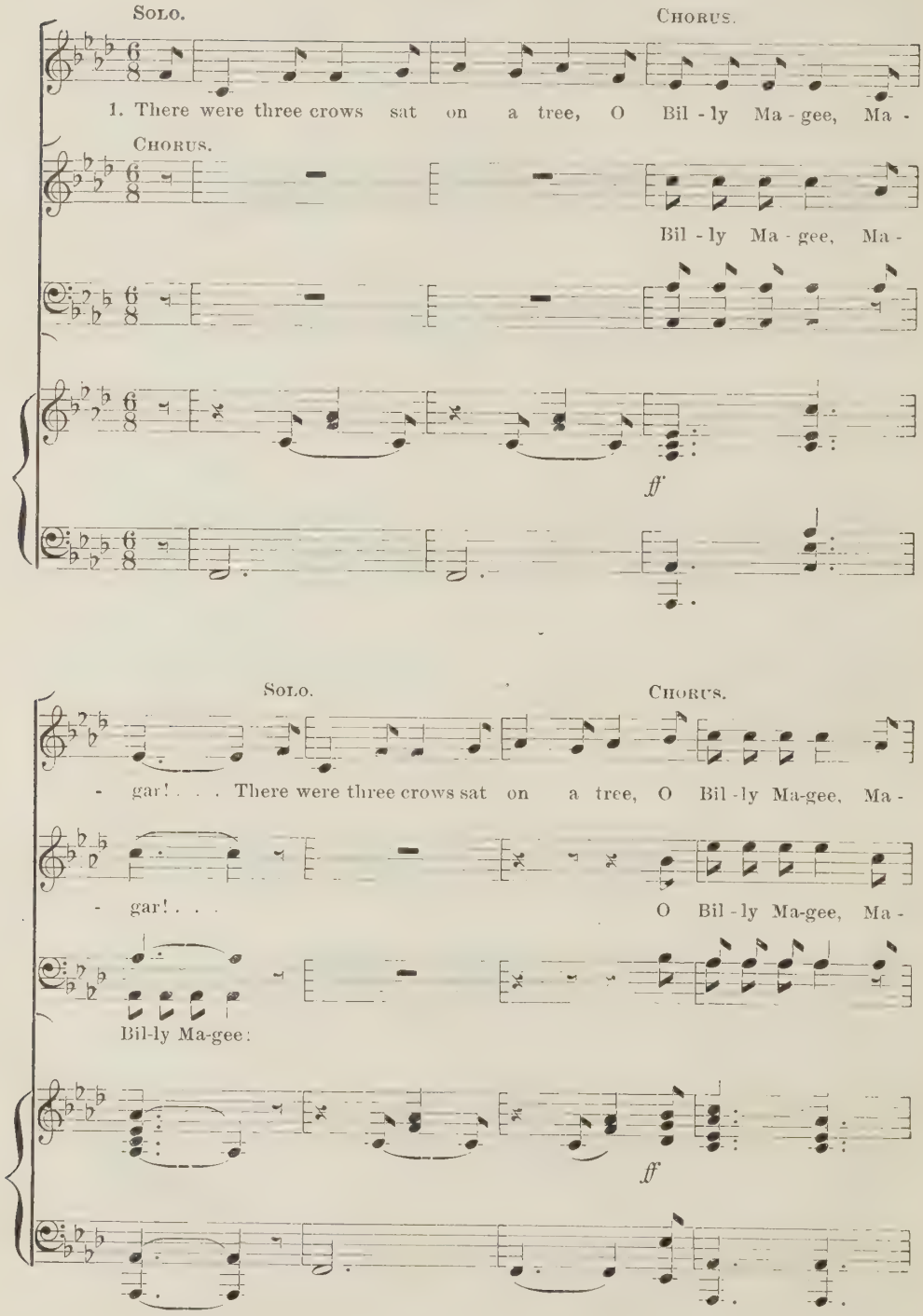
4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

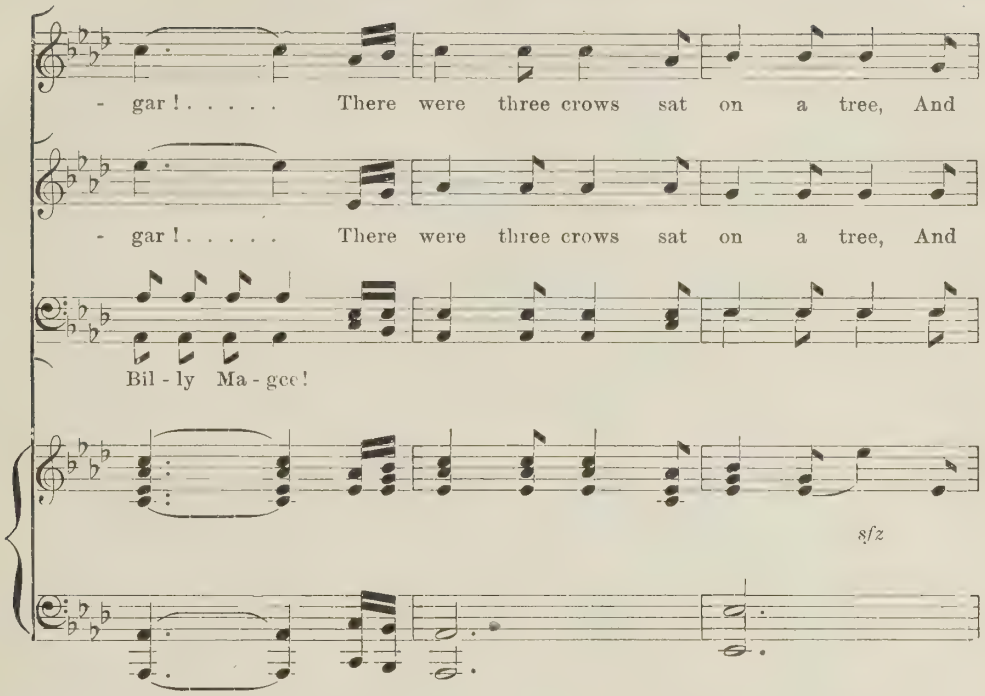
6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentum Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

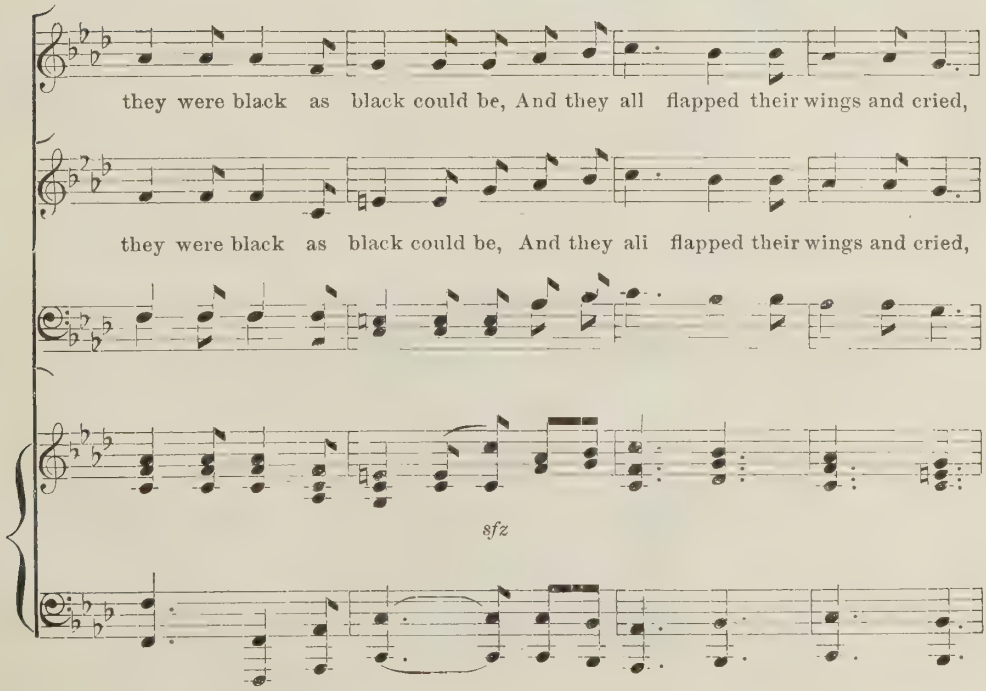
The Three Crows.

Arranged for McGill University Song Book.

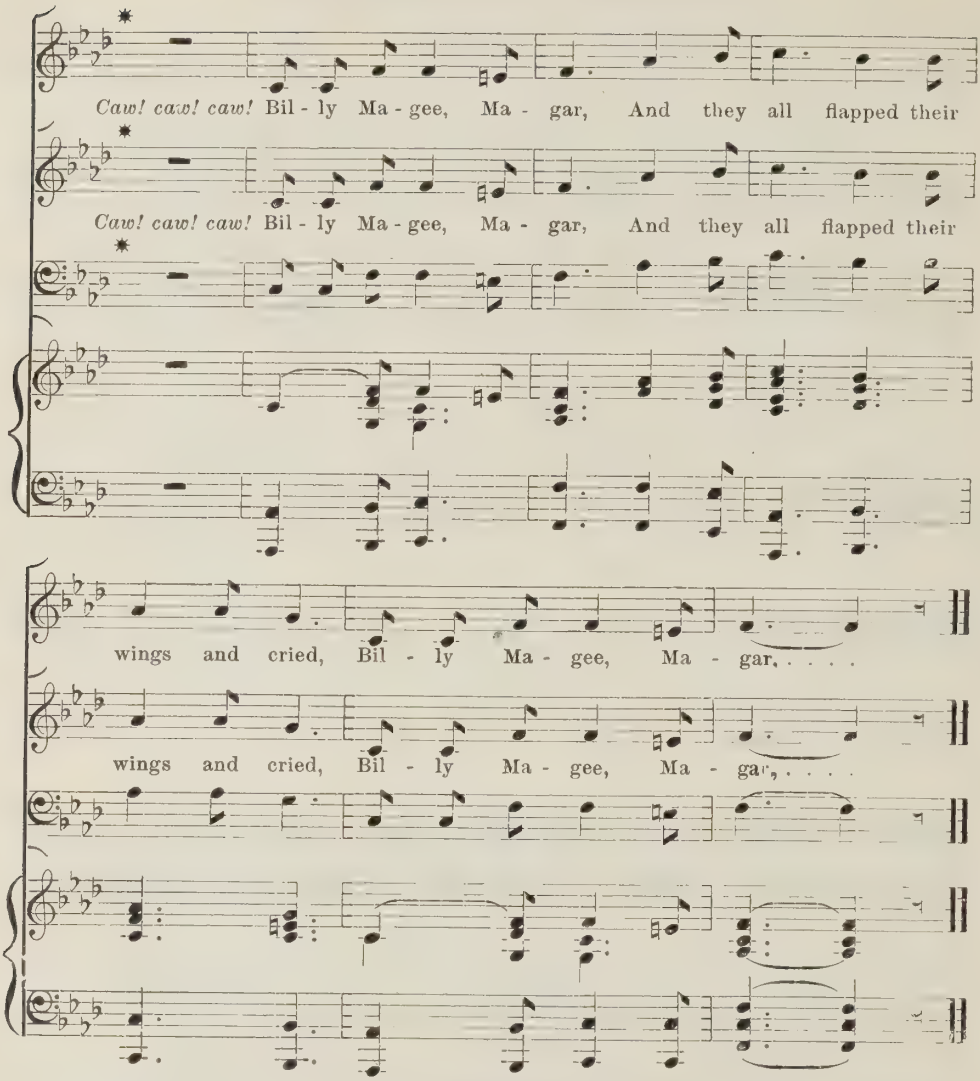


The Three Crows. Continued.





The Three Crows. Concluded.



2 Said one old crow unto his mate,
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! } (*bis.*)
Said one old crow unto his mate,
"What shall we do for grub to eat."—*Chorus.*

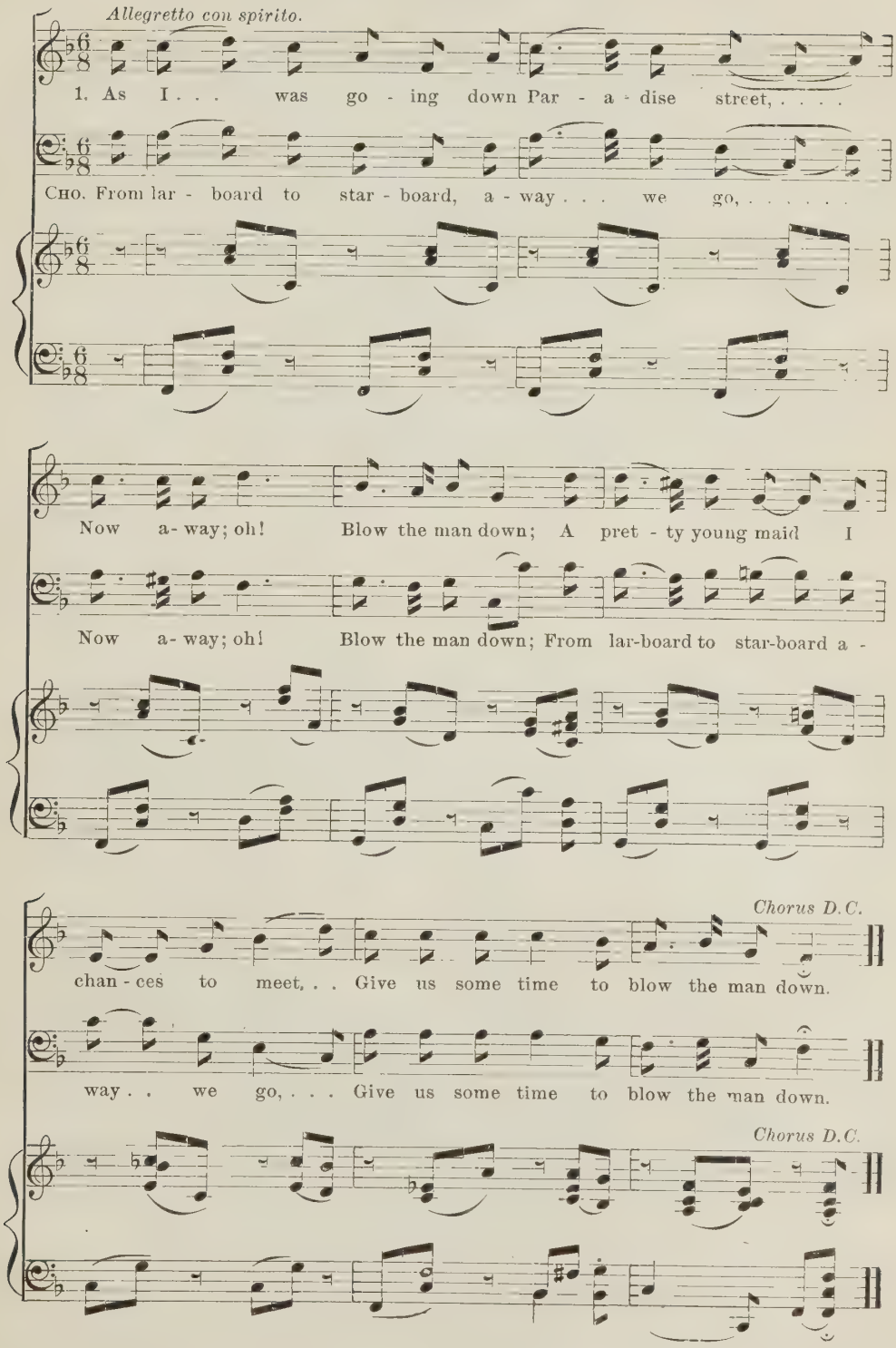
3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,"
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! } (*bis.*)
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."—*Chorus.*

4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,"
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! } (*bis.*)
"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."—*Chorus.*

5 "The meat we'll eat before it's stale,"
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! } (*bis.*)
"The meat we'll eat before it's stale,
Till nought remains but bones and tail."—*Chorus.*

* *Imitate crows.*

Blow the Man Down.



Blow the Man Down. Concluded.

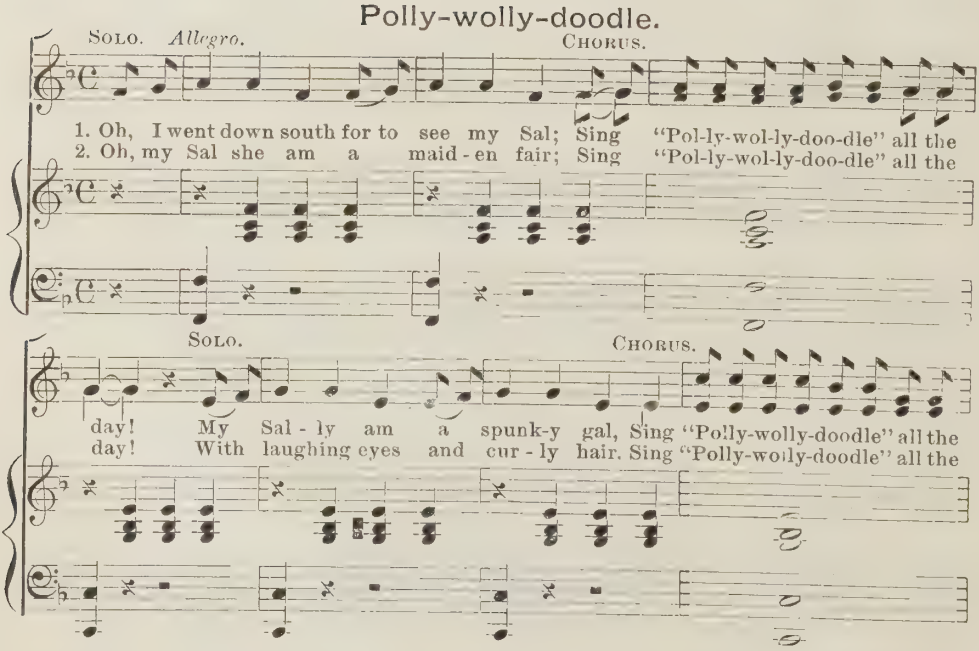
2 Said I to her, "what is your trade ?"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid,"
Give me some time to blow the man down.

3 "Oh where are you going, my sweet pretty maid ?"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

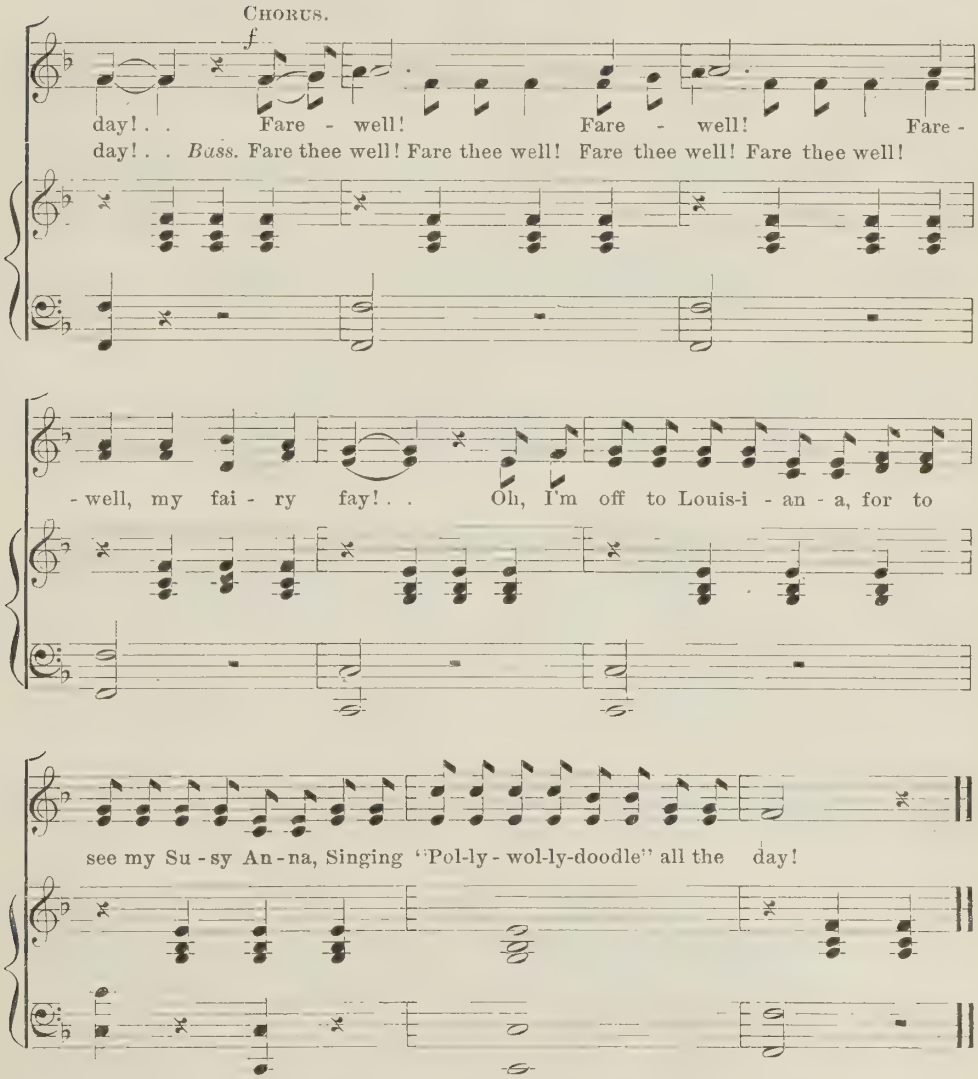
4 "Oh what is your fortune, my sweet pretty maid,"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

5 "Then I can't marry you my pretty maid,"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Polly-wolly-doodle.



Polly-wolly-doodle. Concluded.



3 Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

4 Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

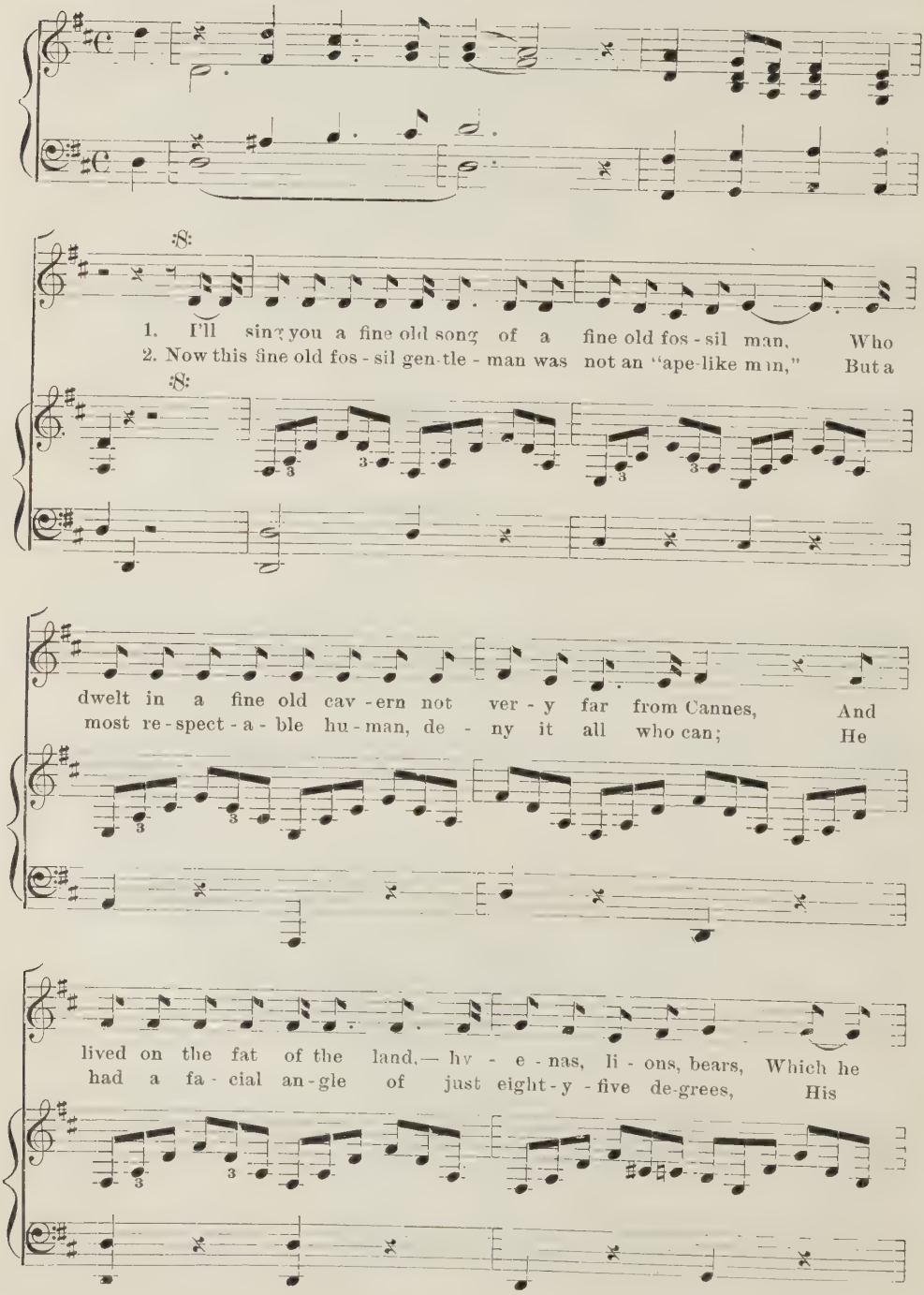
5 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all he day.

6 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

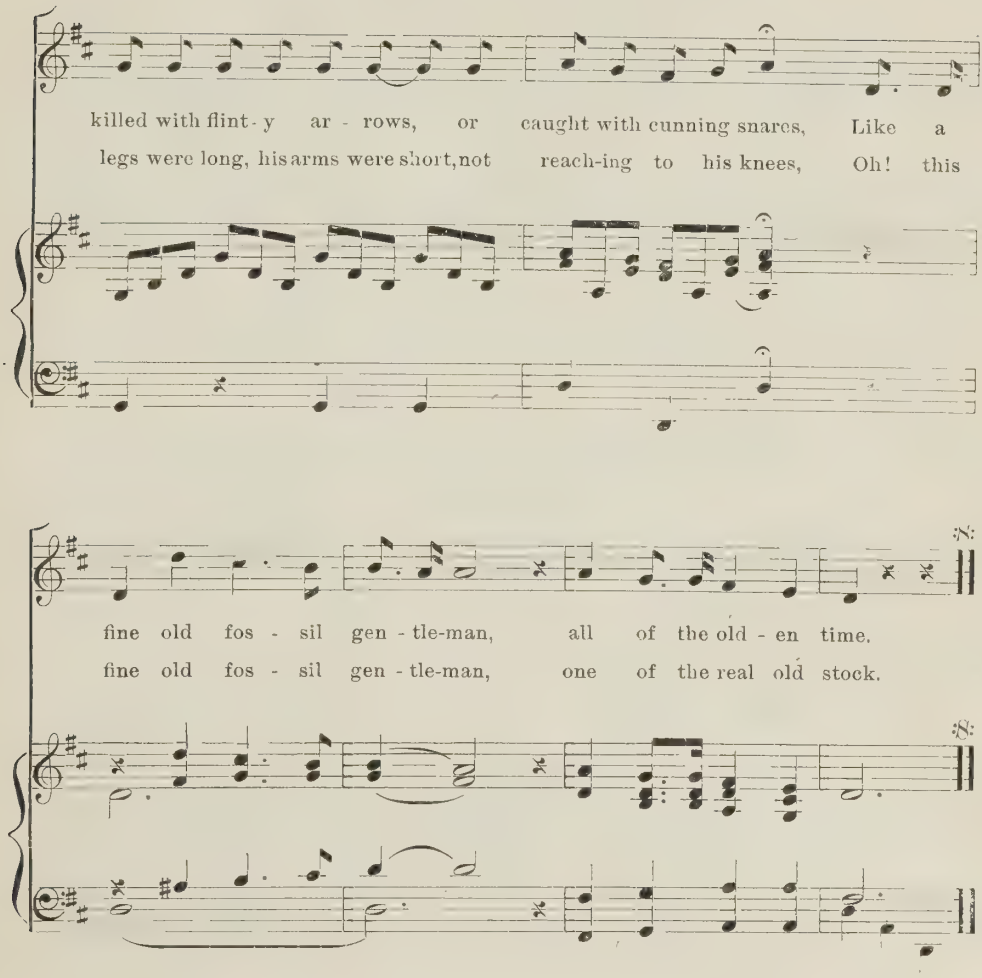
The Man of Mentone

A Palæolithic Ditty.

Words by B. J. Harrington, Ph. D.



The Man of Mentone. Concluded.



3 Now this fine old fossil gentleman, he never went to college,
He never burnt the midnight oil in search of useless knowledge,
He never kicked a football, and he never played lacrosse,
And yet for occupation he was never at a loss,
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, one of the olden time.

4 He chipped his stony arrow-heads, he shaped his flexing bow,
He scoured the gloomy forests from dawn till sun sank low;
And many a fierce encounter with mammoth brute had he;
Oh! his was a wild, rough life, indeed, but he lived it manfully,
Like a fine old fossil gentleman, one of that stormy time.

5 Now this fine old fossil gentleman got weary of this life;
Or, possibly—for who can tell?—got weary of his wife,
He laid him down in peace and slept within that ancient cave,
And there he would be while I sing, had no one robbed his grave.
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, his bones are now at Paris.

The Animal Fair.

Specially arranged for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Allegro.

I went to the an - i - mal fair, . . And the birds and the beasts were

there, . . . And the big ba - boon, by the light of the moon, Was

comb-ing her au - burn hair, . . The mon - key he got drunk, And

climbed on the el - ephant's trunk. The elephant sneezed, And fell on his knees, And

The Animal Fair. Concluded.

that was the end of the mon - key, mon-key, mon-key, mon-key, I mon - key.

Discouraging.

(Pick-me-up)

Words by D. C. Brewer.
in the "Williams Argo."

Music by Dr. B. J. Harrington.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle maid - en Trip - ping thro' the snow,

Let me be your es - cort? Maid - en answered, "No!"

2 Pretty little maiden,
Do you love me less
For thus importuning?
Maiden answered, "Yes!"

The Menagerie.

SOLO.

1. Come all and lis ten to me, And as you stand a-round, I will

f

show you the greatest men - ag - erie That ev - er was in town; We are

here in a great cloth tent, With ca - ges round the sides,

There is the El - e - phant Em-e - line o - ver there, That ev - 'ry bod - y rides.

The Menagerie. Continued.

Chorus.

The El - e-phant will now move round, The mu sic be-gin to play, Those

The El e-phant will now move 'round, The mu-sic be-gin to play, Those

boys a - round the Mon - keys' cage will please to keep a way.

boys a - round the Mon - keys' cage will please to keep a - way.

II.

Van Amburgh is the man
  That owns all these 'ere shows,
He'll get into the lion's den
  And show you all he knows.
He'll put his head in the lion's mouth,
  And hold it there awhile,
He'll take it out again pretty soon,
  And then look round and smile.—*Chorus*

III.

That Leopards never change their spots
  He'll prove to be a blunder,
He'll make them lay in this 'ere spot,
  Then change to that spot yonder.
He moves among the savage brutes
  Not fearing any harm,
They may growl and snarl all that they please,
  But he don't care a——cent.—*Chorus.*

IV.

With the wonderful Rhino-noceros
  The programme does begin.
He wades in the water up to his knees,
  And then wades out again.
That horn on the top of his nose
  Is a tooth-pick he cannot use.
Except to pick up human beings
  And shake 'em right out of their shoes.—*Chorus.*

V.

Here's the Giraffe Camel Leopard,
  With a great long spotted throat,
His head's so high and out of town,
  That he aint allowed to vote.
With fore legs long and hind legs short,
  He scampers o'er the plain,
And his long legs often rest themselves
  Till the short catch up again.—*Chorus.*

VI.

Here's the wonderful Dromedary,
  Double breasted in the back;
You see his toes are cracked in two,
  So he always toes the crack;
When in Noah's ark, they got him mad,
  And drove him round and round,
The Drommy "got his back up,"
  And never got it down.—*Chorus.*

VII.

And here's the Golden Eagle,
  America's proud bird,
They say he "shouts for liberty,"
  But he never says a word.
He puts his head beneath his wing,
  Makes seventy-six gyrations,
Then whistles Yankee Doodle,
  And shrieks the variations.—*Chorus.*

VIII.

That Zebra standing in the next cage, there,
  Too sleepy to kick or bite,
Has a thousand marks across his back,
  And nary one alike,
The skin on his face is drawn so tight,
  And covered up with marks,
That when he gapes he's sure to wink,
  And when he winks he gapes.—*Chorus.*

IX.

The next, the African Polar Bear,
  Often called the Iceberg's Daughter,
Has been known to eat ten tons of ice,
  Then call for soda water.
The performance can't go on,
  There's too much noise and confusion,
Ladies, don't give those monkeys fruit.
  It will injure their constitution—*Chorus,*

The Menagerie. Concluded.

X

That speckled snake in the blanket there
Noted for great longevity,
Is Anna Maria Condor Boa Constrictor Snake,
Called Anaconda for brevity
She will tie herself in thirteen knots,
And eat with great voracity,
Swallow her head, turn inside out,
And go backward with great alacrity.—
Chorus.

XI

That Kangaroo that is hopping about,
And cuffing his little brother
Is not to blame for doing so,
For he learned it of his mother
He measures eighteen feet you see—
I measure with this cane—
He's nine feet long from head to tail,
And nine feet back again —*Chorus.*

XII

Now, John stir up those monkeys,
And Jimmy feed the bear,
Make Christopher Columbus and Washington fight,
And pull one another's hair
Here is the monkey "Drooping Lily,"
Of all her friends bereft,
The Ourang Outang is looking love at her,
With his right hand "over the left,"—*Chorus.*

XIII

Here is the Crying Hyena, of the insect tribe,
Most wonderful of all,
He makes night hideous and daylight too,
By his everlasting squall
With tearful eyes he roams about,
And shaps at all the boys,
And once in fifteen minutes
Make this remarkable noise. (Yell)—*Chorus.*

XIV

The last is the Vulture—awful bird—
From the highest mountain tops,
He stuffs himself with little birds,
And here his history stops
The audience will please retire,
The Hyena is getting mad,
The boys have got the monkeys cross,
And Emeline's feeling bad.

In Ancient Times the Pantomimes.

WORDS BY A. WEIR, Sc. '86. AIR:—*Yankee Doodle.*

I.

In ancient times the pantomimes
Were played by jolly friars;—
They'd heaven and hell, and earth as well,
As every play requires.

Chorus.

Flutist, toot upon your flute,
Fiddler, swing your bow-ow,
Pianist, play the pianay,
And blow, Trombonist, blow-ow!

II

They had a Vice which wasn't nice
For such religious persons,
Who plagued the devil and helped the revel,
By causing great diversions.—*Chorus.*

III.

They had a whale on a giant scale,
For Satan's private dwelling,
That worked one jaw and from its maw,
Belched smoke sulphurous smelling.—*Chorus.*

IV.

They'd virtues, too, that overthrew
The devil and his legions,
That with a yell in terror fell
Into the nether regions.—*Chorus.*

Good Night, Ladies!

Sostenuto.

1. Good night, la - dies! . . Good night, la - dies! . . Good night,

la - dies, . . we're going to leave you now. . . . .

Allegro.

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long,

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

2 Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.

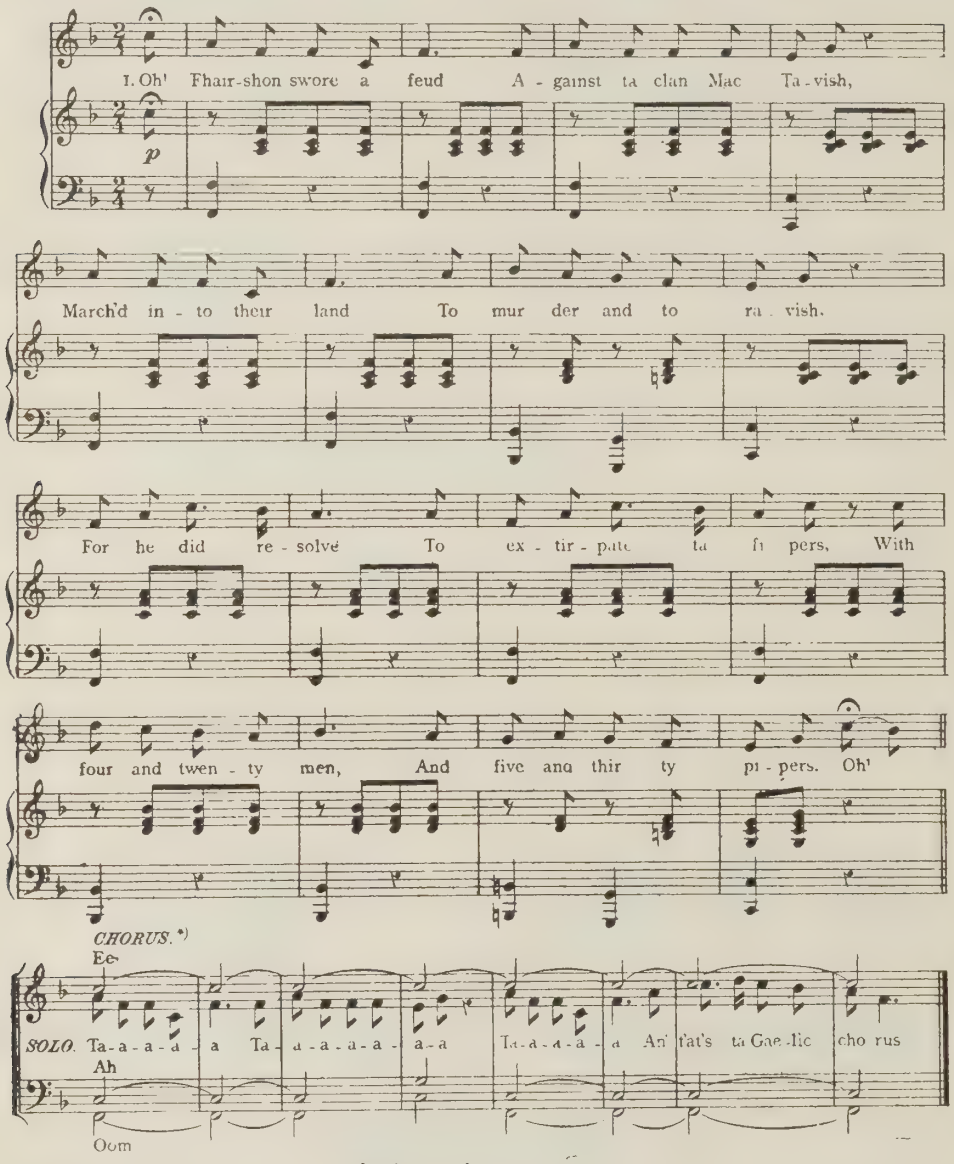
3 Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.

THE MASSACRE OF MACPHERSON.

A Highland Legend

(from the Gaelic)

Words from "The Bon Gaultier Ballads."



*) Both Solo and Chorus must be sung in a droning, nasal manner

THE MASSACRE OF MACPHERSON.

Oh! Fhairshon swore a feud
  Against ta clan Mac-Tavish,
March'd into their land
  To murder and to ravish;
For he did resolve
  To extirpate ta fipers,
With four and twenty men,
  And five and thirty pipers. Oh!
Chorus.

2.

But when he had gone
  Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
  Just three were remainin';
They were all he had
  To back him in ta battle,
All the rest had gone
  Off to drive ta cattle.
Chorus.

3.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
  "So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
  Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
  Comin' wi his fassals,
Ghillies seventy-three
  And sixty Dhuine-wassails."
Chorus.

4.

"Coot tay to you, sir;
  Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you comin' here
  To fisit any person?
You're a plackguard, sir!
  It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
  Since my glen was plundered."
Chorus.

5.

"Fat is tat you say?
  Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
  Fat is coot pehaviour!
You shall not exist
  For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
  Or stap you with my claymore."
Chorus.

6.

"I am fery glad
  To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
  Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
  Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
  An' stuck it in his powels.
Chorus.

7.

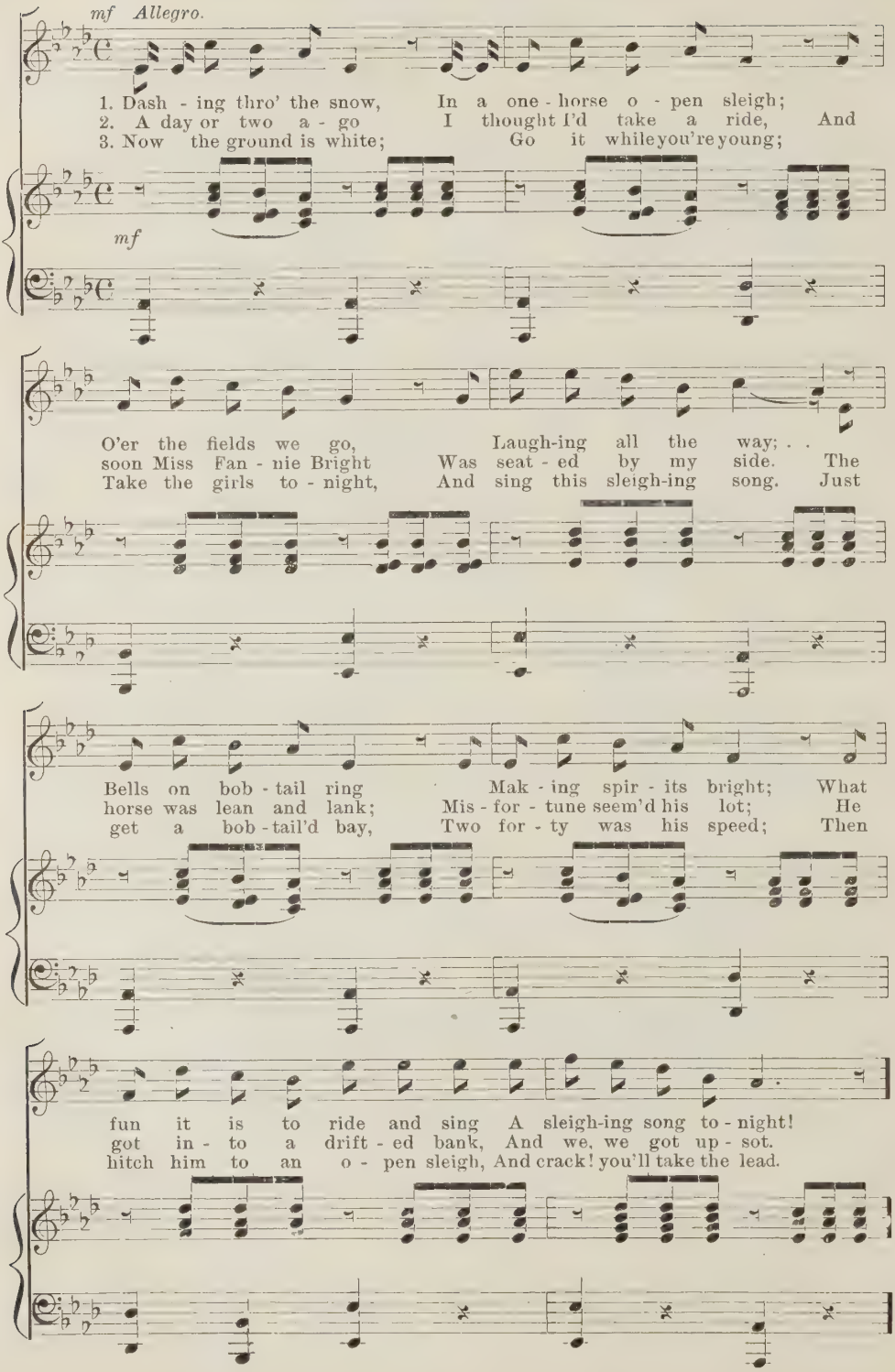
In this fery way
  Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
  A most superior person.
Fhairshon had a son
  Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood
  By trinking up ta water.
Chorus.

8.

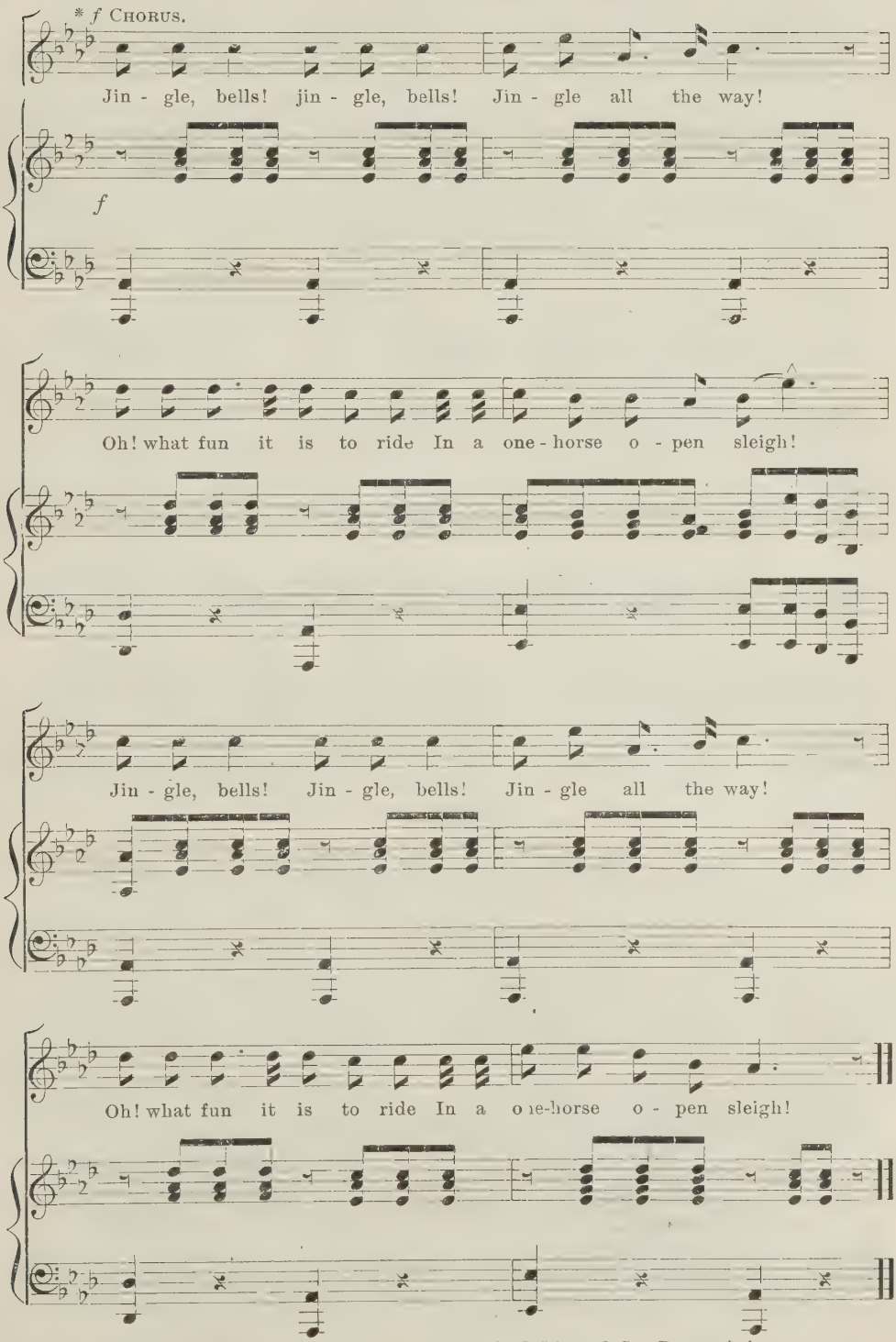
Which he would have done—
  I, at least, believe it—
Had ta mixture peen
  Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale;
  Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye.
Here's your fery coot healths,
  And tamn ta whusky duty!
Chorus.

Words included by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, publishers of "The Bon Gaultier Ballads."

Jingle, Bells.



Jingle, Bells. Concluded.



* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

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AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

Tune—"The Mouse and the Frog." DR. ARNOLD.

Voice

Piano

1. A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass, As a ce - dar tall and slend - - er. Sweet cow - slip's grace is her nom-in - ative case, And she's of the fe - mi - nine gen - - - - der.

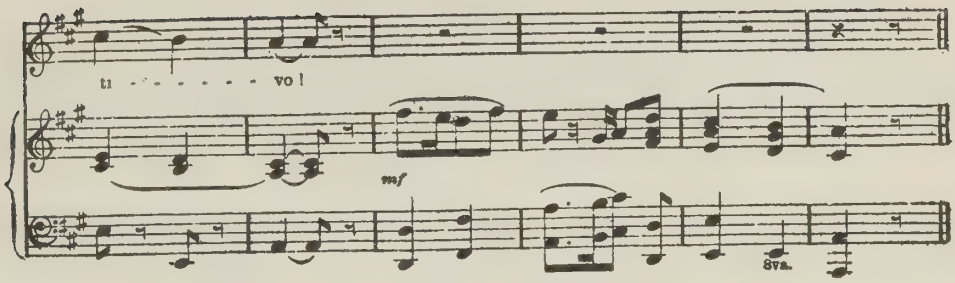
2 Oh, how bel - - la my pu - - el - - la, I'll kiss se - cu la se - cu - lo - - rum. If I've luck, sir, she's my ux - - or, O di - - es be - - ne - dic - - to - - - - rum!

CHORUS.

Ro - rum, Co - rum, sunt di - - vo - rum, Ha - rum, sca - rum, di - - - vo;

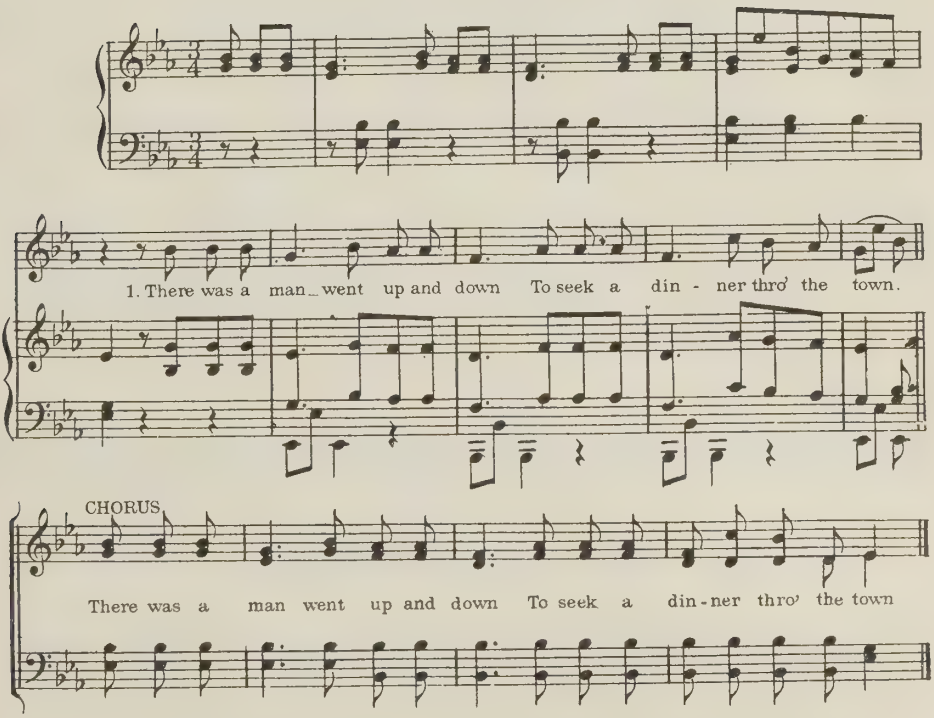
Tag rag, merry derry, per - i-wig and hat - band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.



THE LONE FISH-BALL

A Harvard Song in 1855.



2. What wretch is he who wife forsakes
   Who best of jam and waffles makes.
3. He feels his cash to know his pence
   And finds he has but just six cents.
4. He finds at last a right cheap place,
   And enters in with modest face.
5. The bill-of-fare he searches through,
   To see what his six cents will do.
6. The cheapest viand of them all
   Is "Twelve and a half cents for *two* Fish-ball."
7. The waiter he to him doth call,
   And gently whispers, "*One* Fish-ball."
8. The waiter roars it through the hall:
   The guests they start at "*One* Fish-ball."
9. The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
   "A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
10. The waiter roars it through the hall,
    "We don't give bread with *one* Fish-ball."

MORAL

11. Who would have bread with his Fish-ball
    Must get it first or not at all.
12. Who would Fish-balls with fixin's eat,
    Must get some friend to stand the treat.

(Each stanza is repeated as a chorus).

The Bull Dog.

Harvard Song.

Moderato. *mf*

SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull - dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull - dog stooped to catch him,

SOLO. 2ND BASS.

And the bull-frog in the
And the snapper caught his

SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

SOLO. 2ND BASS. *rit ad lib.*

pool, And the bull-frog in the pool.
paw, And the snap - per caught his paw.

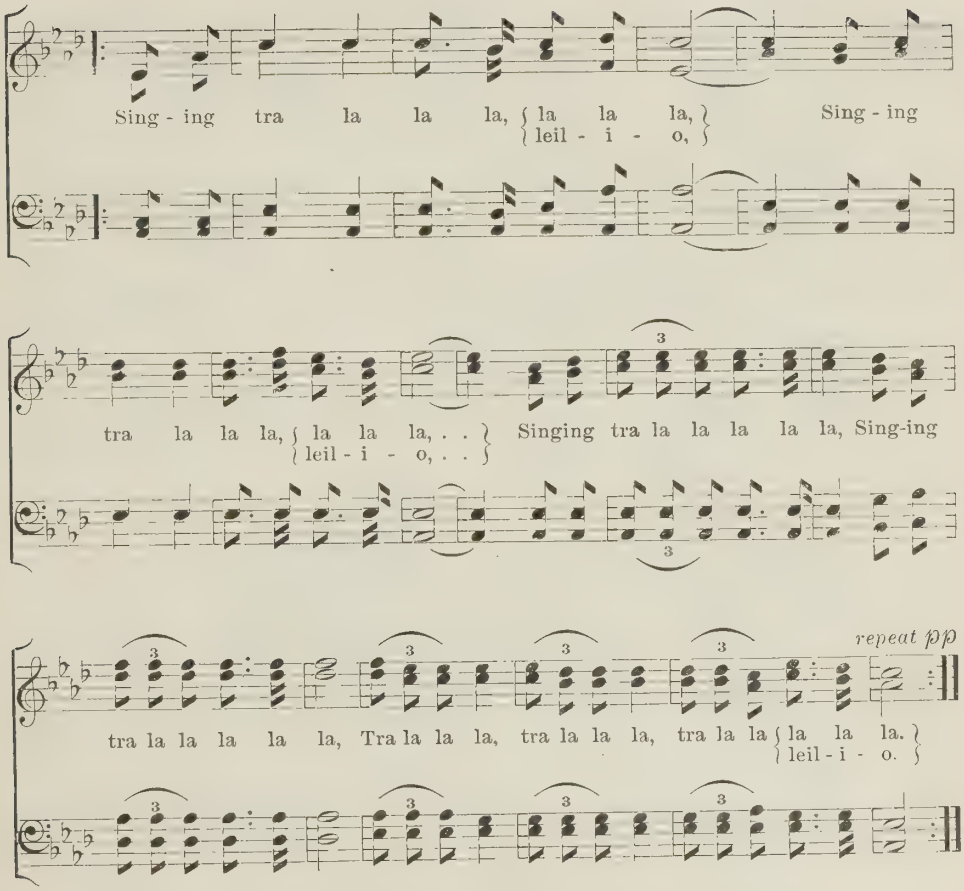
attacca il chor.

f CHORUS. *Allegro.*

AIR. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, The
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snapper caught his paw, The

bull - dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa - ter fool.
pol - y - wog died a laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.

The Bull Dog. Concluded.



3 Says the monkey to the owl;
"O! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

5 Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, *incog.*"

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night:
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaohs's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

Rule Britannia.

Harmonized by THEODORE MARTENS.

1ST TENOR.

1. When Bri - tain first . . . at Heav'ns com-mand, A - rose . . . . . from out the
2. The na - tions not . . . so blest as thee, Must in . . . . . their turn to

2D TENOR.

1ST BASS.

1. When Bri - tain first . . . at Heav'ns com-mand, A - rose . . . . . from out the
2. The na - tions not . . . so blest as thee, Must in . . . . . their turn to

2D BASS.

A-rose
Must in

a - - zure main, A-rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main,
ty - - rants fall, Must in, must in their turn to ty - rants fall,

A - rose . . . .
Must in . . . . .

a - - zure main, A-rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main,
ty - - rants fall, Must in, must in their turn to ty - rants fall,

This was the charter, the char - ter of the land, And guard-ian an - gels
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy

This was the charter, the char - ter of the land, And guard-ian an - gels
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy

Rule Britannia. Concluded.

sing the strain, of them all, } Rule Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan - nia rules the waves, For

sing the strain. of them all, } Rule Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan - nia rules the waves, For

f Chorus.

Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves. Rule Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

f

f

Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves. Rule Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

f

tan - nia rules the waves, For Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves.

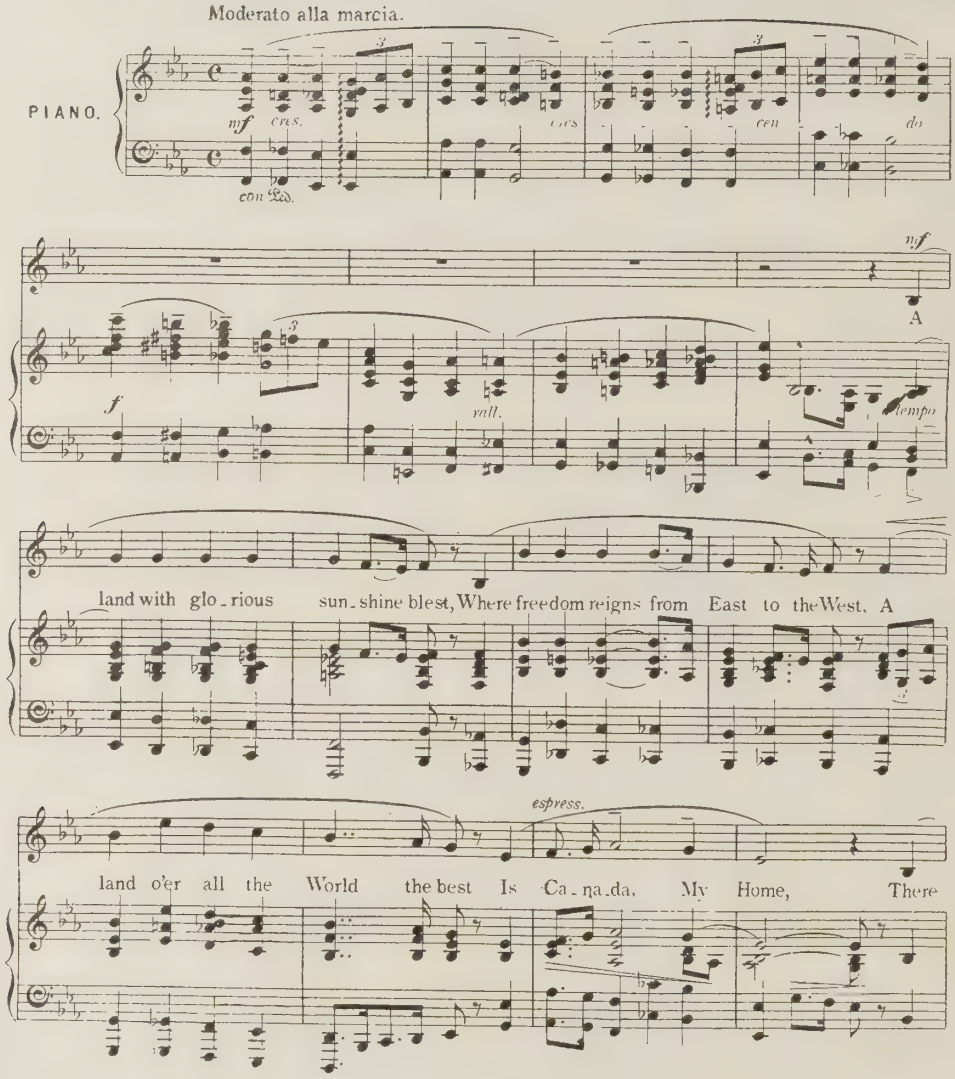
tan - nia rules the waves, For Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves.

3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc.

4 The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc.

Canada My Home

Words and Music by PERCY SEMON.



Canada My Home (Continued)

grows the world-famed Gold - en Wheat There lie the prai - ries scen - ted sweet, There

moun - tains, lakes and for - ests meet, In Ca - na - da, My Home.

f

Still on - wards, On - wards to fame All Na - tions Thee shall proclaim A

mf

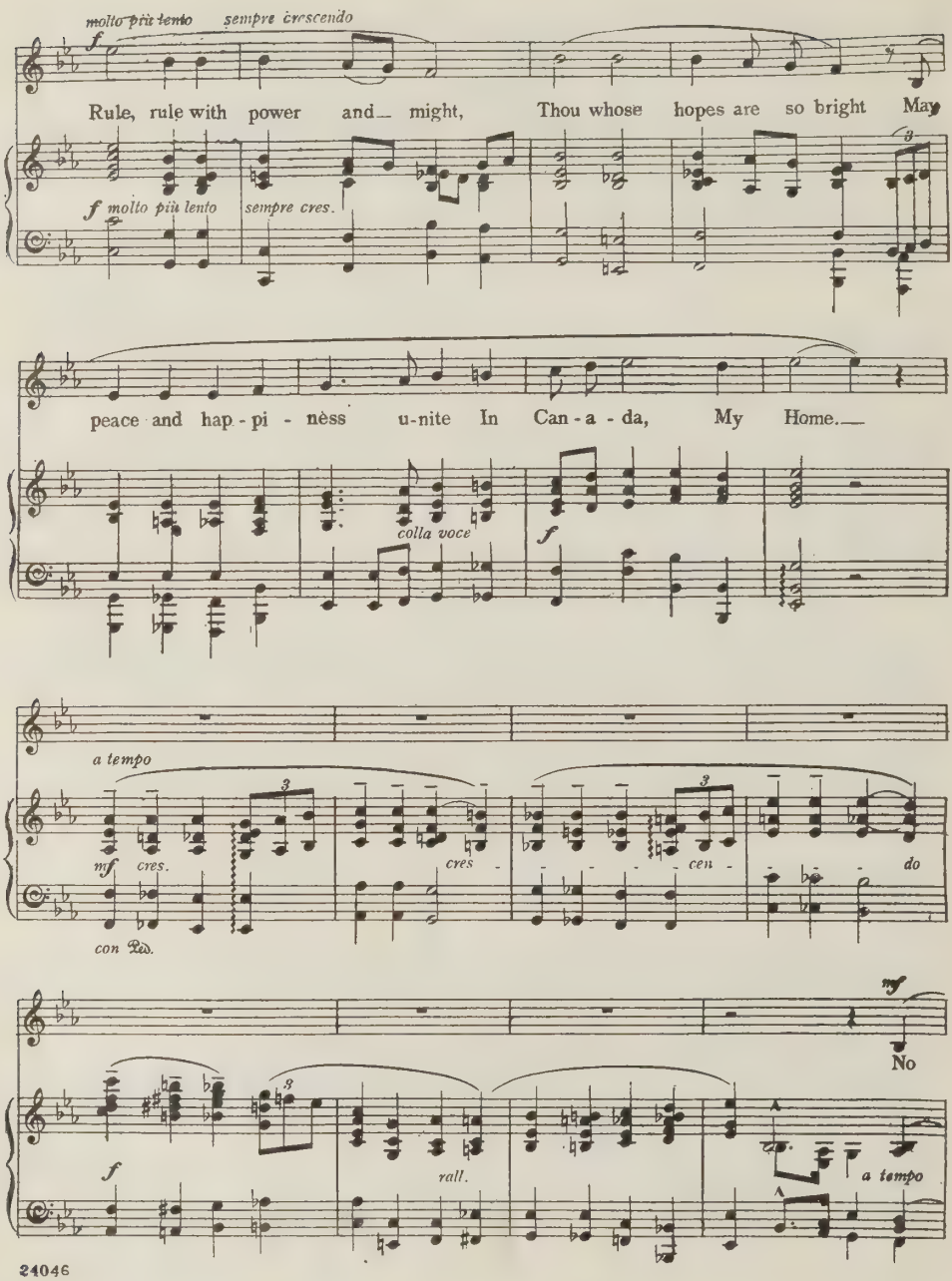
senza Ped.

f

Land of wealth and Li - ber - ty Whose homes are filled with joy:

f

Canada My Home (Continued)



Canada My Home (Continued)

fear that foe or for - eign might, Shall e'er pos-sess this- land so— bright, Old

espress.

Eng-land staunch-ly guards the right, Of Ca-na-da, My Home, Through

all the World her name shall ring And all Ca-na-dians proud-ly— sing, With

heart and soul, God save the King And Ca-na-da, My Home—

Canada My Home (Continued)

6

f

Still on-wards, On-wards to fame All Na-tions Thee shall pro-claim A

mf

senza Ped.

f

Land of wealth and Li - ber - ty Whose homes are filled with joy:

f

molto più lento *sempre crescendo*

f

Rule, rule with power and might, Thou whose hopes are so bright May

f molto più lento *sempre cres.*

peace and hap - pi - ness u-nite In Can-a-da, My Home.

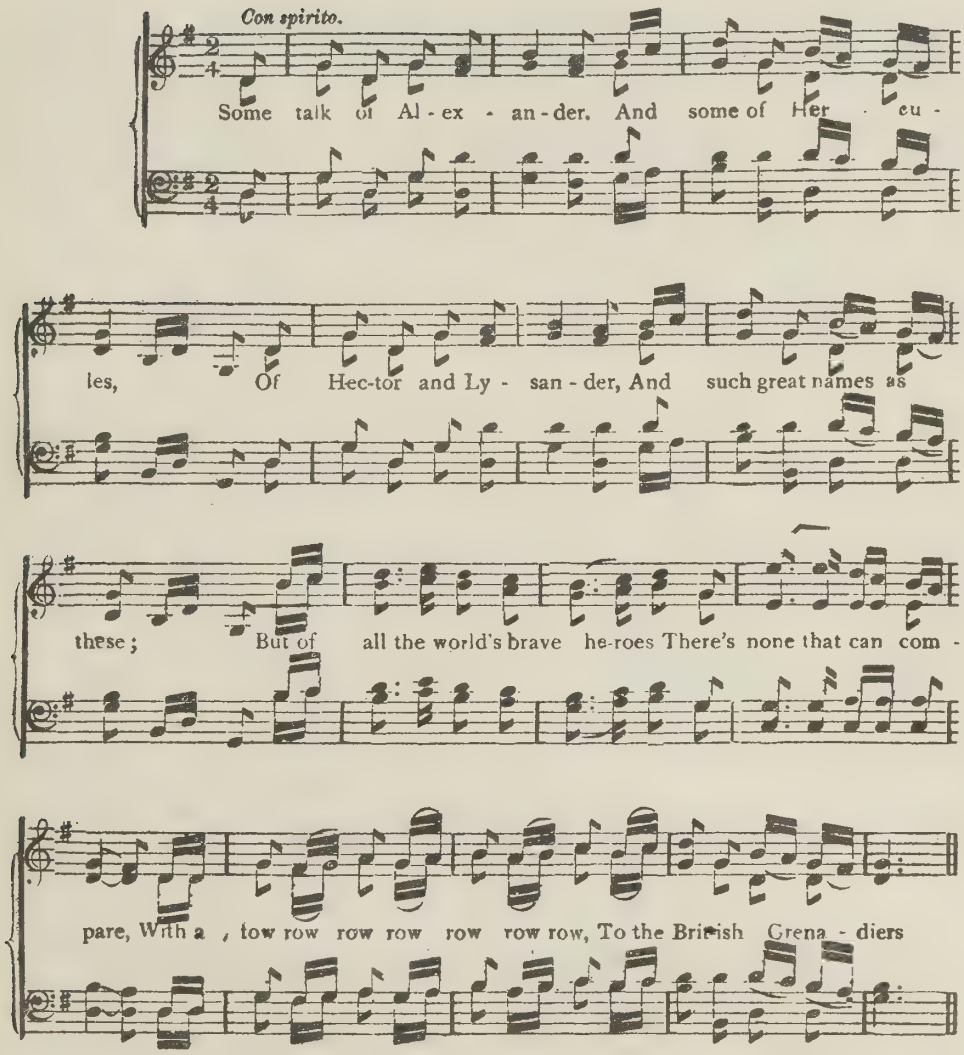
colla voce

f

Ped.

The British Grenadiers

16th Century
Arranged by HANS DRESSEL.

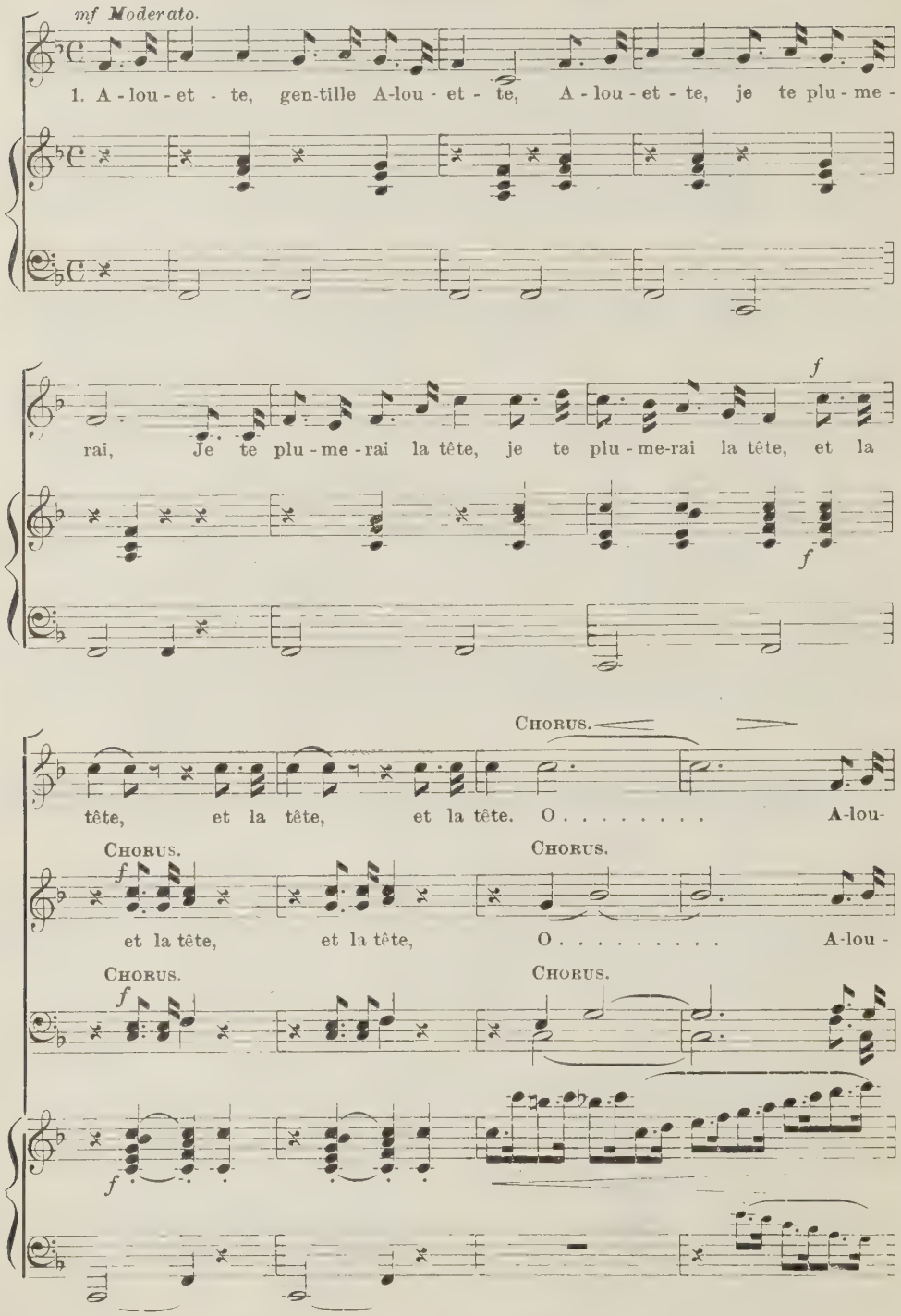


Whene'er we are commanded,
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis,
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row,
The British Grenadiers.

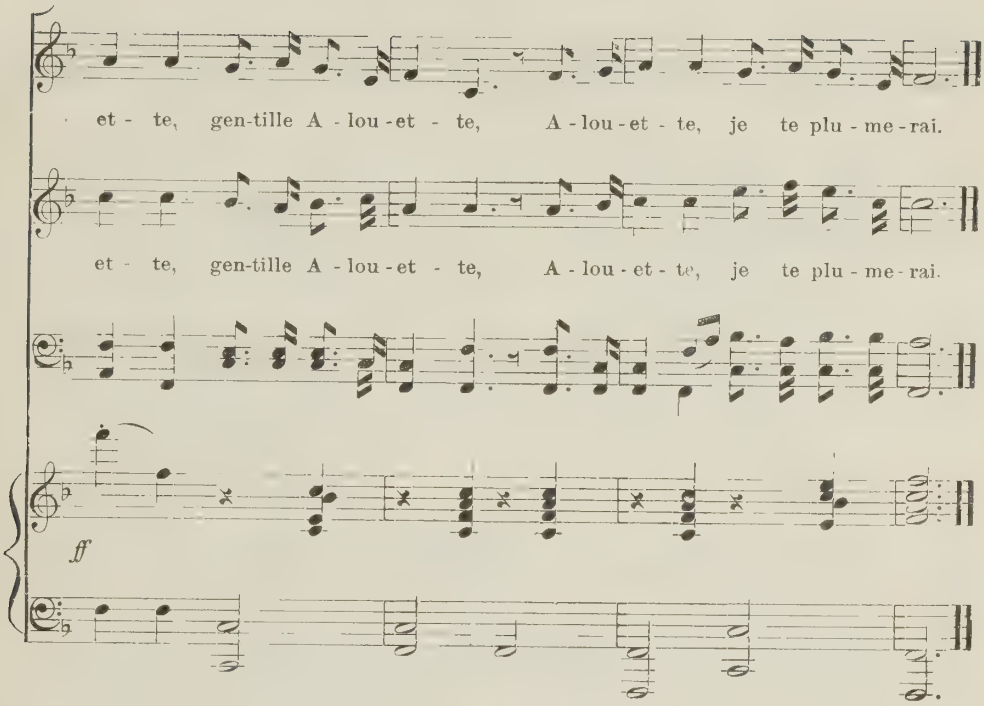
Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the louped clothes;
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

Alouette.

Old French-Canadian Song.



Alouette. Concluded.



2 Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

3 Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

4 Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

5 Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

6 Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

Malbrouck.

Allegretto.

1. Malbrouck s'en va-t - en guer - re, Mi-ron - ton, Mi-ron-ton, Mi-ron -
2. Il re - vien dra-z - a Pâ - ques, Mi-ron - ton. Mi-ron-ton, Mi-ron -

rall

tain - e, Mal-brouck s'en va-t - en guer - re, Ne sait quand re - vien -
tain - e, Il re - vien-dra-z - à Pâ - ques, Ou à la Tri - ni -

ad lib. *a tempo.*

dra, là bas, Cou -
té, là bas, Cou -

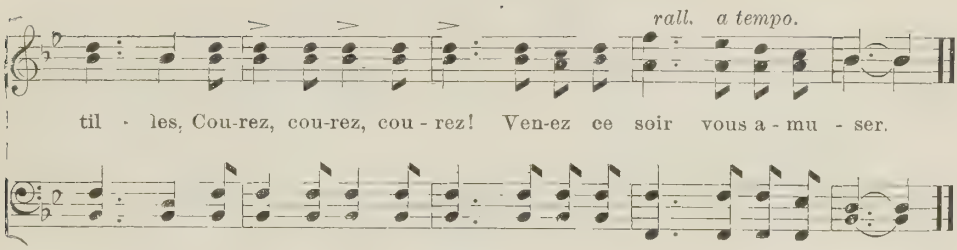
CHORUS. *a tempo.*

rit. 1ST & 2D TENORS

rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Pe - ti - tes fill's jeunes et gen -

1ST & 2D BASSES.

Malbrouck. Concluded.



3 La Trinité se passe,
Mironton, Mironton, *etc.*
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.

4 Madame à sa tour monte,
Mironton, Mironton, *etc.*
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'ell' peut monter, là bas.

5 Elle aperçoit son page.
Mironton, Mironton, *etc.*
Elle aperçoit son page.
Tout de noir habillé, là has.

6 "Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Quell' nouvelle apportez ?"

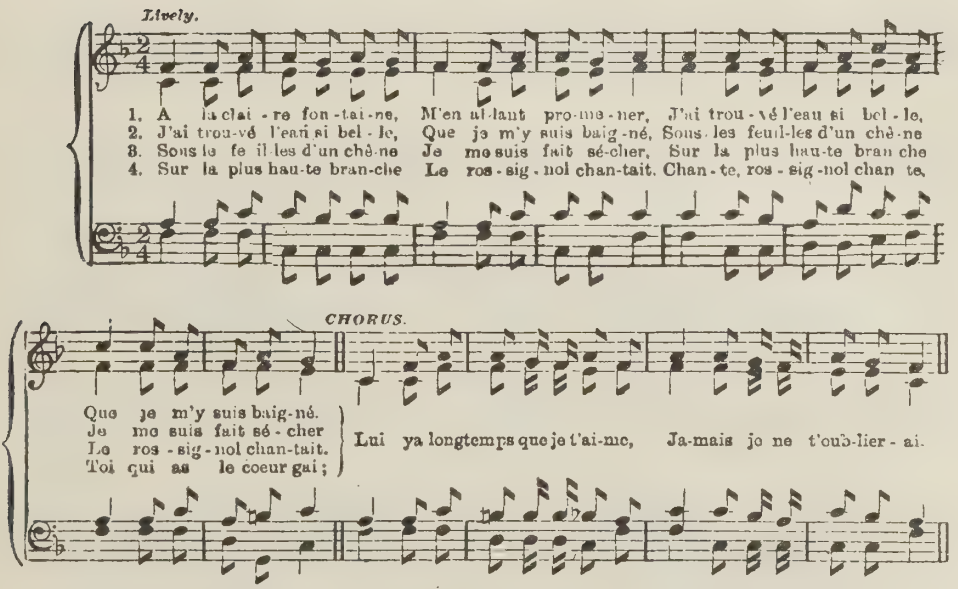
7 "Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

8 Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés.

9 Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré.

10 J'l'ai vu porté en terre,
Par quatre-z-officiers."

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.



5. Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

6. Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi, je l' ai-t-à pleurer.
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l' avoir mérité.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

8. Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

9. Je vondrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés,
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

Le Brigadier.

NADEAU; English version by WM. MCLENNAN, *Law* '80.

Moderato.

1. Deux gen - darmes, un beau di - man-che, Chevau-chaient le long du sen - tier; L'un por - tait la sar - din - e blan - che, L'aut re le jau - ne baud - ri - er. Le prem - ier . . . dit d'un ton so - no - re, Le temps est beau pour la sai - son.

1. Two men at arms came rid-ing slow - ly, A-down the green path, smooth and clear; One held the rank of sergeant low - ly, The oth - er that of brig - a - dier. The brig - adier cried, Brave Pan do - re, The weather's fine, no signs of rain.

CHORUS.

Pran, pr - r - an pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,

Le Brigadier. Continued.

Pran, pr - r - an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan. Brig-a - dier, ré - pondit Pan -
"Bri-ga - dier," laughing cried Pan -

do - re, Bri - ga - dier, vous av - ez rai - son, ... Bri - ga -
do - re, "Brig - a - dier, right you are a - gain," . . . . "Brig-a -

rit.

dier, ré - pon-dit Pan - do - re, Bri - ga-dier, vous av-ez rai-son.
dier," laughing cried Pan-do - re, "Brig - a - dier, right you are a - gain."

rit.

2 Ah! c'est un métier difficile,
Garantir la propriété,
Défendre les champs et la ville
Du vol et de l'iniquité.
Pourtant l'épouse que j'adore
Repose seul à la maison,
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

3 La gloire c'est une couronne
Faite de rose et de laurier,
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux et brigadier;
Mais je poursuis ce météore
Qui vers Chalchos, guida Jason.
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4 Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Put encor les apercevoir;
Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
Réveillait les échos du soir:
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore,
Ces verts coteaux, à l'horison,
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5 Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
Brigadier, répondit Pandore, } *bis.*
Brigadier, vous avez raison. }

Le Brigadier. Concluded.

II.

"It is no easy matter, surely,
To guard the peasant in his cot,
To hold the cities so securely
That thieves break in and plunder not ;
And yet the wife whom I adore
In safety dwells while Love doth reign."
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

III.

"For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
With rose and laurel intertwined;
For Love and War, immortal powers,
I live—and cast the rest behind.
The power that Jason led of yore
I chase, and trust the prize to gain"
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

IV.

"It brings bright days of youth before me
That Past now gone beyond recall:
When Beauty flung her fetters o'er me
I came submissive to her call.
And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er
The strongest links of Cupid's chain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

V.

As Phœbus hid his glories under
The golden clouds that veil the West,
Our hero, with his voice of thunder,
Still broke the evening's quiet rest.
"Farewell!" he cried, " on distant shore
Your light will gild both hill aud plain.
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier. right you are again!"

VI.

He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
Fell softly on the yeilding ground,
And save their iron bridles champing,
They passed along and made no sound.
But when Aurora smiled once more,
One still might hear the faint refrain:—
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

Les Deux Avocats.

E. Lafleur, *Law*, '80.

Air.—"*Brigadier*,"

I.

Deux avocats avant l'audience
Causaient pour abréger le temps;
L'un, consieller plein d'expérience,
L'autre, bachelier de vingt ans.
Le premier dit:—"Jeune confrère,
"Pour les procès le temps est bon.
"Conseiller, mon savant confrère } *bis*
"Conseiller, vous avez raison." }

II.

'Ah! c'est une noble science
"Distinguer le mal et le bien;
"Faire éloquemment la défense
"De la veuve et de l'orphelin.
"Ou bien d'une riche héritière
"Procurer la séparation."
"Conseiller, etc,

III.

"Ecoute, si tu veux entendre
"De tout succès les conditions,
"Il faut savoir comment s'y prendre
"Pour accrocher les successions.
"Tu verras la morale austère
"Qui distingue la profession.
"Conseiller, etc.

IV.

"Il me souvient de ma jeunesse,
"La gloire seule me tentait;
"La plus exigeante maîtresse,
"Thémis, alors me gouvernait.
"Mais qui désire être prospère
Doit surtout adorer Mammon."
"Conseiller, etc.

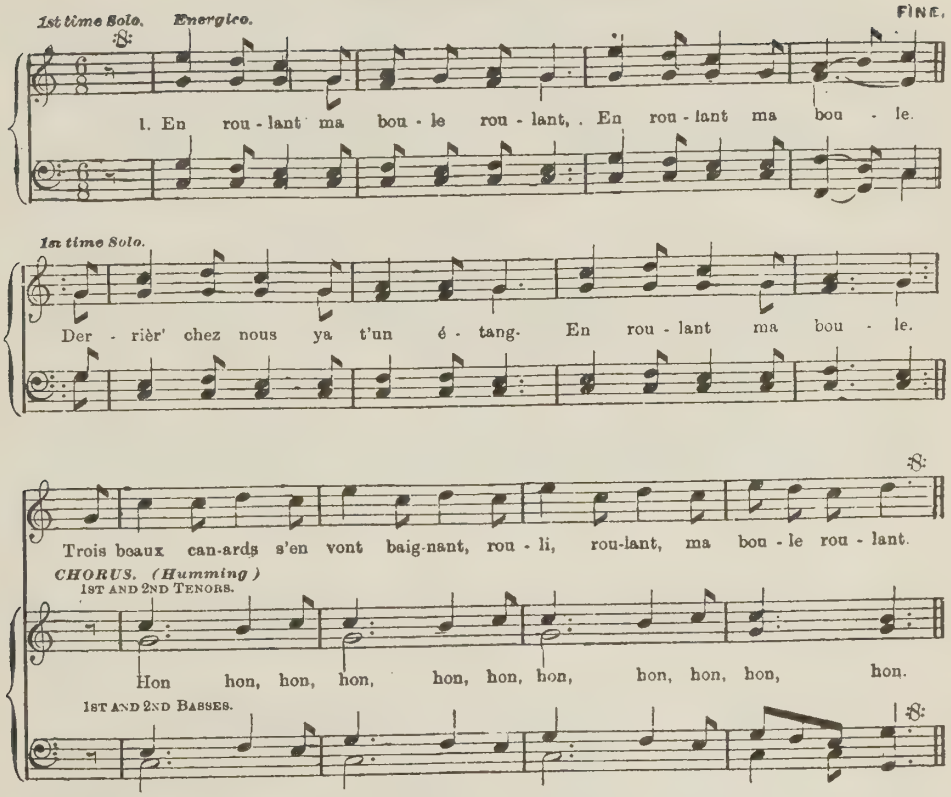
V.

"Prends donc pour ta grande maxime
"De ne rien faire sans argent;
"Défends le plus horrible crime,
"Mais fais toujours payer comptant.
"Car l'argent c'est ce qu'on révère,
"Du juge jusqu' au marmiton."
"Conseiller. etc.

VI.

Le conseiller parlait encore
Quand tout-à-coup le juge entra;
L'huissier cria d'un ton sonore;
"Oyez, Oyez!" *et cetera*,
Mais malgré cette voix sévère
On entendit un faible son:—
"Consieller, etc.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE.



2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

5. Visa le noir, tua le blanc.
En roulant ma boule,
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

7. D'avoir tuè mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

8. Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

9. Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref*

10. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule;
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

11. Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

12. Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

13 C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."

Words by W. A. Drummond. *Montreal.*

Moderato.

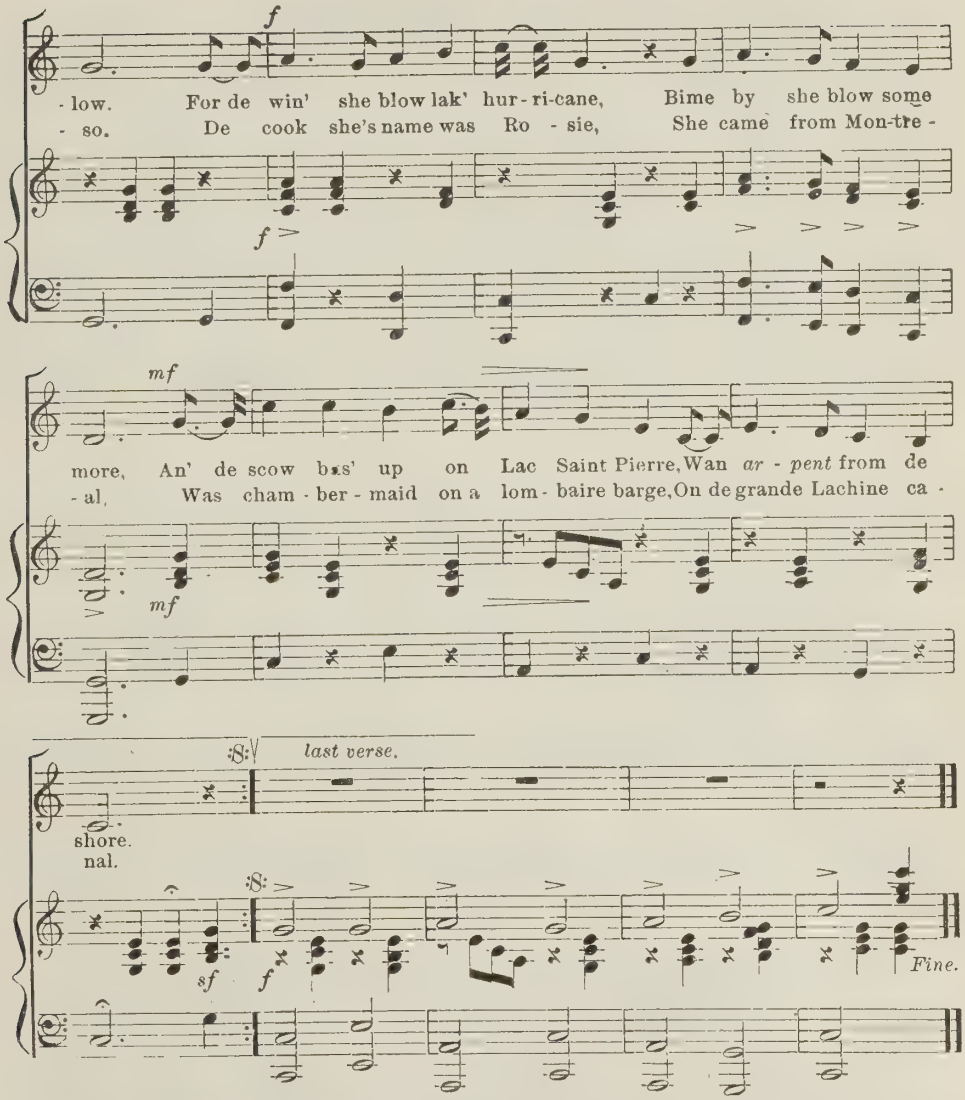
1. On
2. De

sf *sf* *p*

wan dark night, on Lac Saint Pierre, De win' she blow, blow, blow, An' de
cap - tinne walk on de front deck, An' he walk de hin' deck too, He

crew of de wood - scow "Ju - lie Plante," Got scart, an' run be -
call de crew from up de hole, He call de cook al -

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."



3 De win' she blow from Nor'—Eas'—Wes',
De Sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher— wa't *I* shall do?"
Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
But still de scow she drif';
De crew he can't pass on de shore
Becos he los' his skiff.—*Cho.*

4 De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve
An' jomp off on de lac',
An' say "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."—*Cho.*

5 Nex' mornin' very early,
'Bout half pas' two—tree—four—
De captinne, scow, an' poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more—
An' de scow bus' up on Lac Saint Pierre,
Wan *arpent* from de shore.—*Cho.*

6 Now all good wood-scow sailor man,
Tak' warning from dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl,
And live on wan' big farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' *spose* she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac Saint Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.—*Cho.*

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

At Carillon (now Ticonderoga), on Lake Champlain, Montcalm in 1758 drove back the English forces under General Abercrombie. A French soldier, after a vain attempt to rouse his nation to a sense of the danger in which their possessions on this continent were placed, returns to the scene of his former victory, and is supposed there to give utterance to the words of the song.

Words by OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES, '91.

CHARLES W. SABATIER.
Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Largement. SOLO.

O Ca-ril-lon, je te revois enco - re, Non plus, hélas! comme en ces jours bénis,
1. O Ca-ril-lon, to thee once more returning, Sad - ly I gaze on thy famil - iar wall;
2. *Mes compagnons, d'u-ne vaine es pérance, Ber - çant en cor leurs coeurs toujours français,*
2. In vain my com-rades' cheeks are warmly glowing, In vain they lull with dreams of home their pain,

PIANO.

Où, dans tes murs, la trompet-te son-o - re, Pour te sauver nous a - rait ré - u nis.
Not as of yore, when hearts with ardor burning Throng'd thee to save at the loud bugle-call.
Les yeux tournés du côté de la Fran - ce, Di - ront souvent: Re viend-ront— ils jamais?
In vain to France their heart is ev-er go - ing. Filled with this hope, "Will they come back again?"

CHORUS. Agitato.

Je viens.... à toi quand mon à - me..... suc-com - - be
To thee.... I come when low my heart.... is beat - - ing,
L'il - - lu - - si - on con - - so - le - ra..... leur vi - - e;
This hope,.. tho' vain, will be their con - - so - la - - tion,

Agitato.

Noble Montcalm, thou gavest me this standard,
'Midst shot and shell upon the battle plain,
Bearing it, lately to Versailles I wandered,
But there, alas! I unfurled it in vain.
Back now I place it where the recollection
Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow sere,
And unto death shall last my deep affection,—
Guarding my flag I come to perish here.

Thrice happy they to whom by fate 'twas given
'Mid the brave throng near Levi's height to die
For them the cloud by one glad ray was riven,
Glory could sweeten their sad destiny.
Ye who now slumber till the great awaking,
On whom I call with dying accents clear,
Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking,
Upon your graves I come to perish here.

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

Et sent.... de-jà son.... cou-ra - ge fai - blir,
When cou - rage fails, and..... all a-round is drear,
Moi, sans.... es-poir, quand.. mes jours vont fin - ir,
But when at last my lone - ly death is near,

Oui, près. de toi,..... ve - nant cher - cher.... ma tom - - be,
Yea! near.. to thee..... my death more brave - ly meet - ing,
Et sans.. at-tendre..... u - - ne pa - role a - mi - - e,
Naught shall be mine..... of friend - ship's ad - mir - a - - tion,—

Pour mon.. dra peau je viens.. i-ci.... mou-rir.....
Guard - ing my flag, I come.. to per - ish here,.....

3. *Cet étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,*
Noble Montcalm, tu plaças dans ma main,
Cet étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
Naguère, hélas! je déployais en vain.
Je te remets aux champs où de ta gloire
Virra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
Et dans ma tombe emportant ta mémoire,
Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

4. *Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée*
Près de Lévis moururent en soldats!
En expirant, leur âme consolée,
Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.
Vous qui dormez dans votre froide bière,
Vous que j'implore à mon dernier soupir,
Réveillez-vous! Apportant ma bannière,
Sur vos tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

Vive la Canadienne.

Allegro.

1. Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne Vo - le, mon cœur,
2. Nous la men - ons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur,

vo - le, Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux,
vo - le, Nous la men-ons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

Fine.

Solo. 1*st time.*

Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours

3 Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère.
Et nous avons bon goût. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

4 On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour á tour. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

5 Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartient en tout. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

6 Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

A Canadian Boat Song.

THOMAS MOORE. Arranged expressly for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Andante.

1ST TENOR.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'n - ing chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our

2D TENOR.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'n - ing chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our

BASS.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'n - ing chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our

oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time,

oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time,

oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and oar oars keep time,

A Canadian Boat Song. Continued.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!

f *f*

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the

f *f*

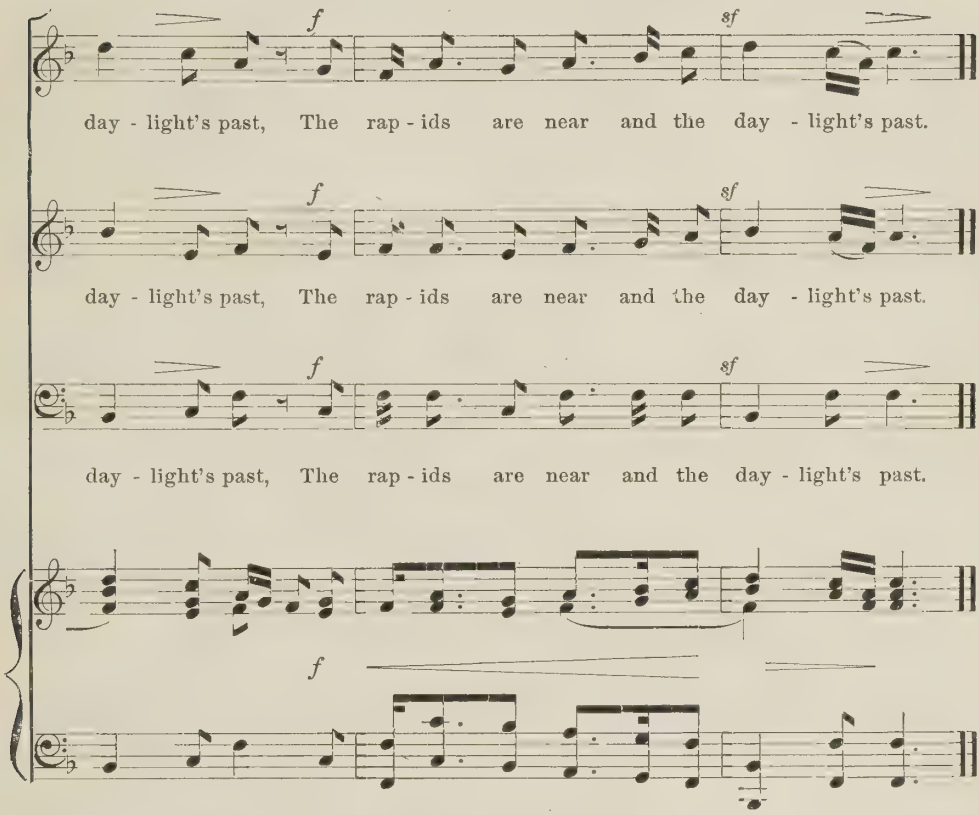
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the

f *f*

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the

f

A Canadian Boat Song. Concluded.



2 Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

3 Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon,
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Forty Years On.

Words by E. Bowen. Music by John Farmer.

1. For - ty years on, when a - far and a - sun - der, Part - ed are those who are
2. Routs and dis - com - fi - tures, rush - es and ral - lies, Bas - es at-tempt-ed, and

sing - ing to - day, When you look back and for - get - ful - ly won - der,
res - cued and won, Strife with-out an - ger and art with-out mal - ice,

What you were like in your work and your play, Then, it may be, there will
How will it seem to you for - ty years on? Then, you will say, not a

p

By permission of John Farmer, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford.

Forty Years On. Concluded.

of - ten come o'er you, Glimp-ses of notes like the catch of a song,
fe - ver - ish min - ute, Strain'd the weak heart and the wav - er - ing knee,

Visions of boyhood shall float them before you, Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.
Nev - er the bat - tle raged hottest, but in it, Neith - er the last nor the faint-est were we!

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. FULL CHO. *in marching*

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Till the field ring again

time. SOLO. CHORUS.

And a-gain, With the tramp of the twenty-two men. Fol-low up! Fol - low up!

3 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! &c.

4 Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God gave us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow up! &c.

A-Roving.

A Sailor's Song.

Verses 2 to 4 by W. McLennan.

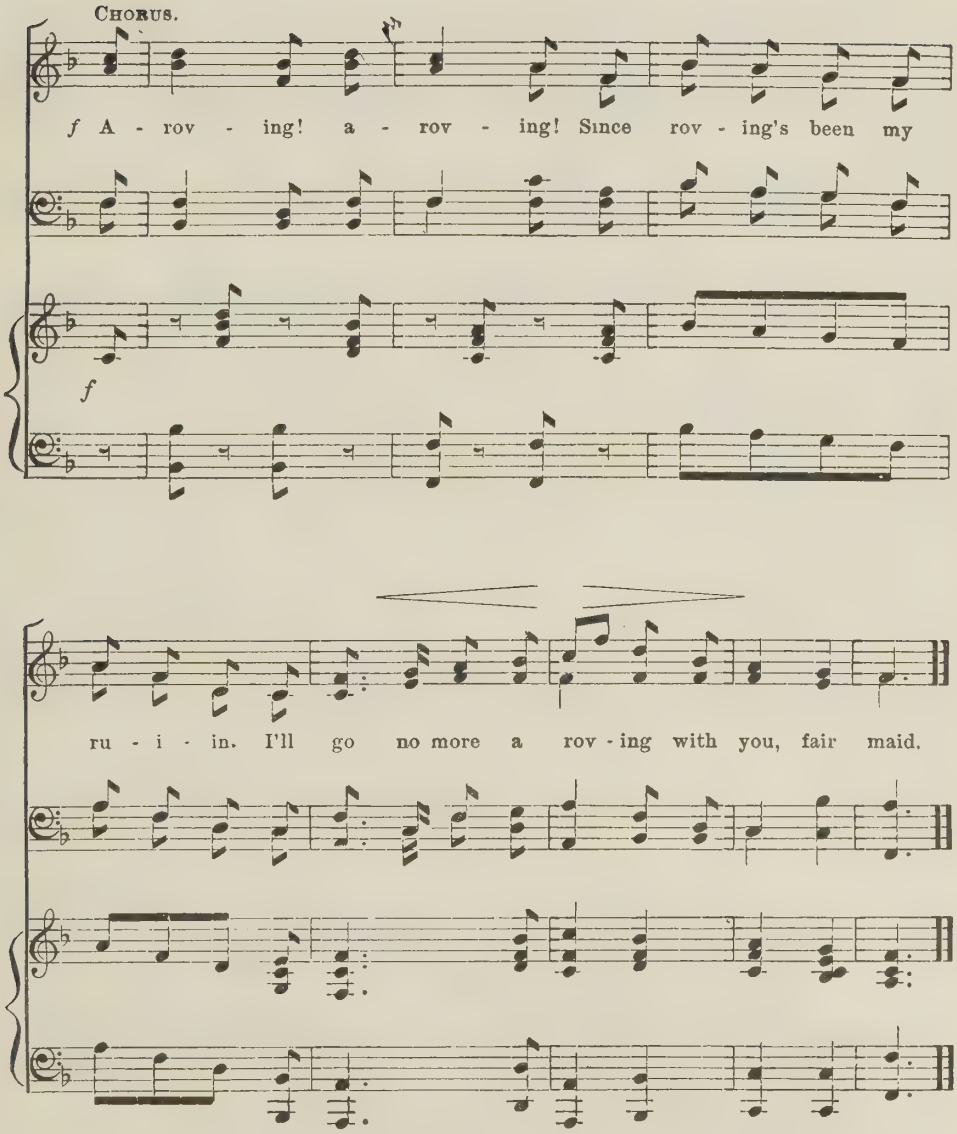
Allegretto.

1. At num - ber three Old Eng - land Square, Mark well what I do

say; At num - ber three old Eng - land Square, My Nan - cy Daw - son

she lived there, And I'll go no more a - rov - ing, With you, fair maid.

A-Roving. Concluded.



2 My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
Oh, she was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair,—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

3 I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;—
And I go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

4 O, didn't I tell her stories true!
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her whoppers, too,
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo!—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

5 But when we'd spent my blooming 'screw,'
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo
She cut her stick and vanished too;—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

THE POACHERS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

Allegro. Old English.

Voice — Piano

1. When I was bound ap - pren - - - tice In fa - - mous Lin - coln-

shire, ... I served my mas - ter faith - ful - ly, For more than sev - en

year, Till I took up to poach - - ing, As you shall quick - ly hear.

cres.

CHORUS. All parts in unison.

1st 2nd

For 'tis my delight of a shin - y night, in the sea - son of the year! year.

2. As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper—for him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

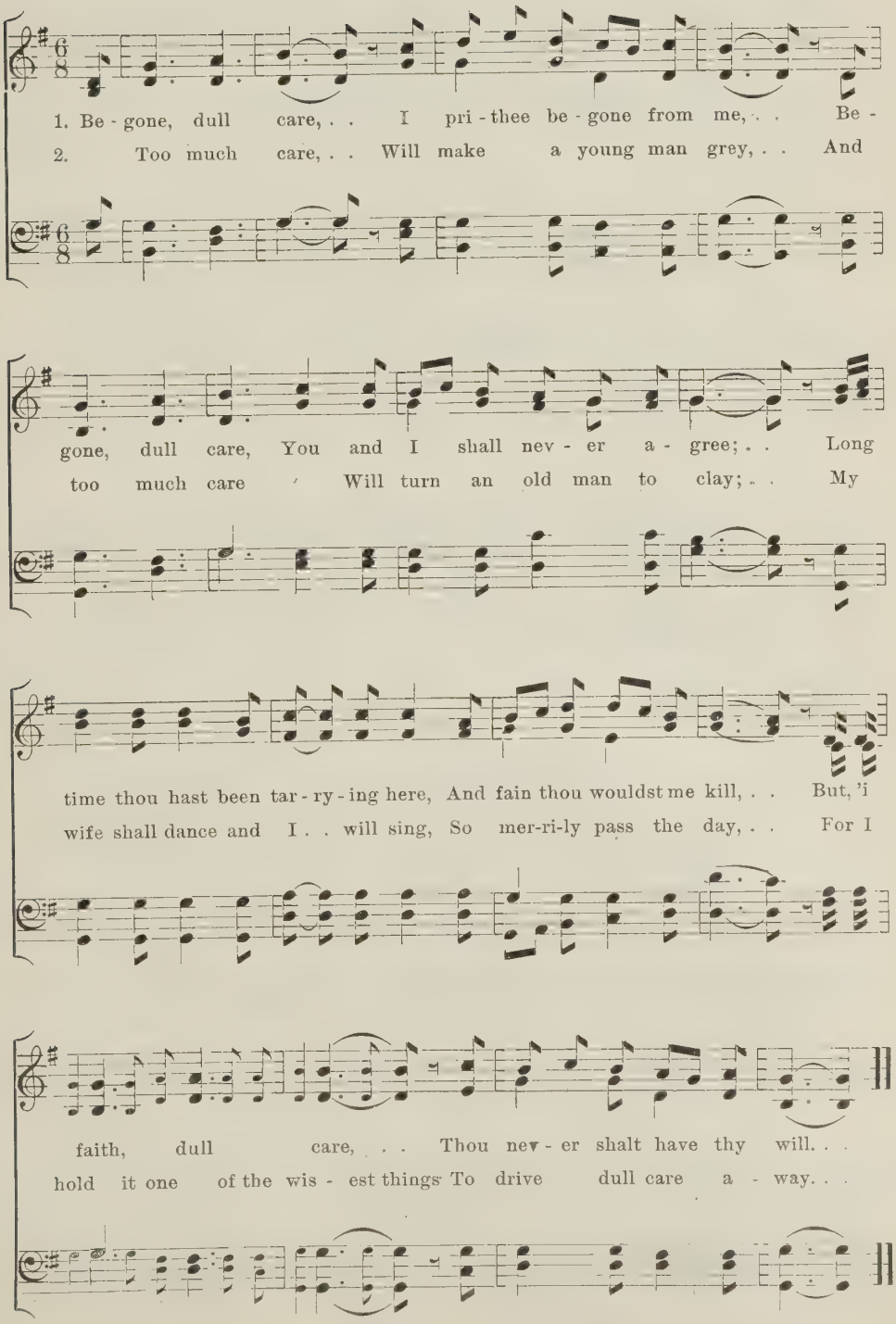
3. As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popped her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

4. I threw her on my shoulders, and wandered through the town,
We took her to a neighbor's house, and sold her for a crown,
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

5. Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

Begone, Dull Care.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.



A hunting we will go.

FIELDING. 18th Century.

PIANO.

1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the morn; The hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The hounds all join in glo-rious cry; The hunts-man winds his horn,..... The huntsman winds his horn;..... Then a hunt-ing we will go,..... a hunt - ing we will go,..... a hunt - ing we will go,..... a

2. The wife a-round her hus-band throws Her arms to make him stay— "My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, You can - not hunt to - day,..... You can - not hunt to - day."..... But a

A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

hunt-ing we will go.....

mf *f*

3. The un - ca-vern'd fox like light-ning flies, His cun-ning's all a - wake, To gain the race he
4. At length his strength to faintness worn, The hounds ar - rest his flight, Then hun-gry homeward

p

ea- ger tries, To gain the race he ea-ger tries, His for-feit life the stake,.... His for- feit life the
we return, Then hungry homeward we re-turn, To feast a-way the night,.... To feast a- way the

stake. When a hunt-ing we do go,..... a hunt-ing we do go,..... a hunt-ing we do
night. Then a drinking we will go,..... a drinking we will go,..... a drinking we will

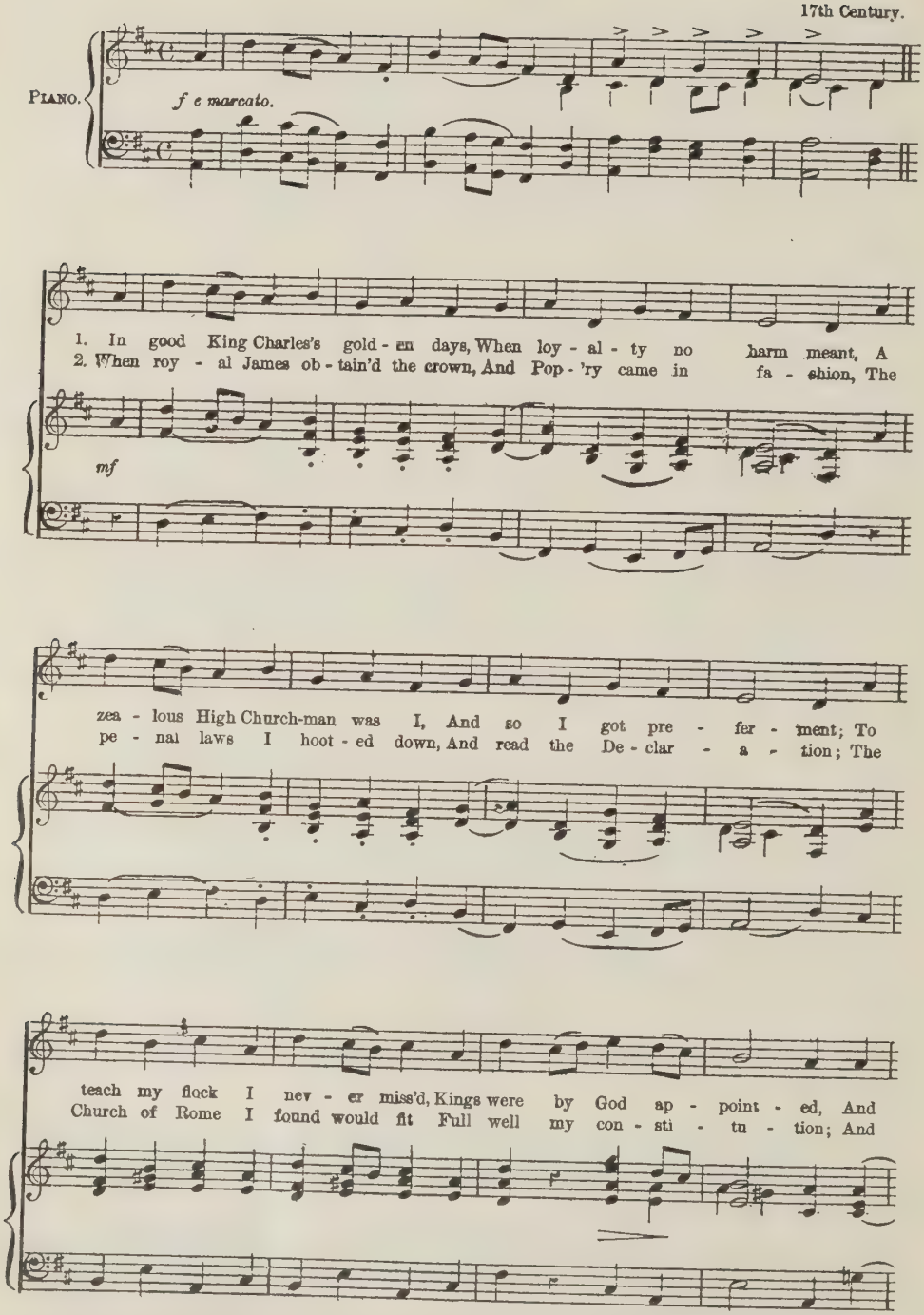
p *f*

go,..... a hunting we do go.....
go,..... a drinking we will go.....

mf *ff*

The Vicar of Bray.

17th Century.



THE VICAR OF BRAY.

damn'd are those that dare re - sist Or touch the Lord's a - noint - ed. } And
had be - come a Je - su - it, But for the Re - vo - lu - tion. }

this is law I will main-tain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir, That what - so - ev - er

King may reign, Still I'll be the Vi- car of Bray, Sir.

f

3.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

4.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

5.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new Faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

6.

The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,—
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

I CANNOT EATE BUT LYTYLL MEATE.

Words from the Comedy
"Gammer Gurton's Needle," (1575?)

Allegretto.

Arr. by W. H. M.

i. I can-not eate but
ii. I love noo roste but

f

ly-tyll meate my stomacke ys not goode but sure I thyncke that I cowde dryncke with
a browne toste or a crabbe in the fyer a ly-tyll breade shall do me steade mooche

hym that werythe an hoode thowthe I goo bare take yow no care I am nothynge
breade I neuer de - syer dryncke ys my lyfe al-thowgthe my wyfe some tyme do chyde and

colde I stuffe my skynne so full with-in of jo-ly goode ale and olde.
scolde yete spare I not to plye the potte of jo-ly goode ale and olde.

CHORUS.

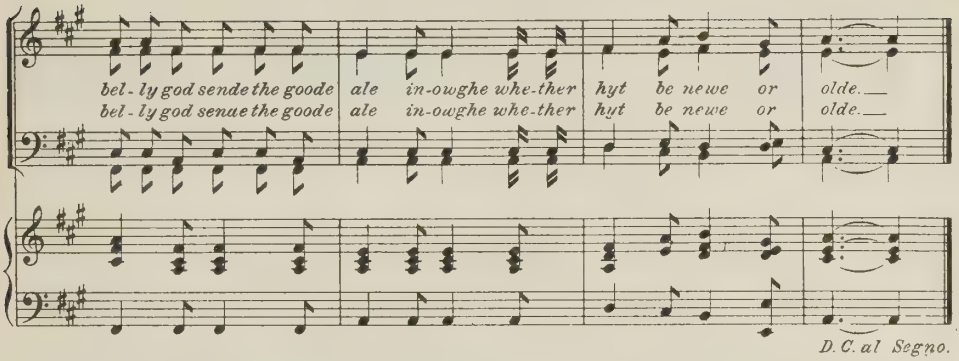
f

backe and syde goo bare goo bare bothe hande and fote goo colde but
backe and syde goo bare goo bare bothe hande and fote goo colde but

f

f

I Cannot eate but lytyll meate



iii. *& yf that I*
may have trwly
goode ale my belly full
I shall looke lyke one
by swete sainte johnn
were shoron agaynste the woole
nor froste nor snowe
nor wynde I trow
canne hurte me yf hyt wolde
I am so wrapped
within & lapped
with joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.

iv. *I care ryte nowghte*
I take no thowte
for clothes to kepe me warme
have I goode dryncke
I surely thyncke
nothynge canne do me harme
for trwly than
I fear no man
be he neuer so bolde
when I am armed
& throwly warmed
with joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.

v *but nowe & than*
I curse & banne
they make ther ale so small
god geve them care
& evill to faare
they strye the malte & all
sooche pevisshe pewe
I tell yowe trwe
not for a crovne of golde
ther commethe one syppe
within my lyppe
whether hyt be newe or olde.
backe & syde &c.

vi. *goode ale & stronge*
makethe me amonge
full joconde & full lyte
that ofte I slepe
& take no kepe
frome mornyng vntyll nyte
then starte I vppe
& fle to the cuppe
the ryte waye on I holde
my thurste to staunche
I fyll my paynche
with joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.

vii. *& kytte my wyfe*
that as her lyfe
lovethe well goode ale to seke
full ofte drynkythe she
that ye maye se
the tears ronne downe her cheke
then dothe she troule
to me the bolle
as a goode malte worme sholde
& saye swete harte
I have take my parte
of joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.

viii. *then let vs dryncke*
tyll we nodde and wyncke
even as goode fellowes shulde do
we shall notte mysse
to have the blysse
that goode ale dothe brynge men to
& all poore soules
that skowre blacke bolles
& them hathe lustely trowlde
god save the lyves
of them & ther wyves
whether they be yonge or olde.
backe & syde &c.

Drink to me only.

BEN JONSON.

Andantino.

PIANO.

p *p* *pp*

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,..... Or leave a kiss with -
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee,..... As giv-ing it a

p

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;..... The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth
hope that there It could not with-er'd be;..... But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And

p *dim.* *mf*

ask a drink di - vine,.... But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for
sent'st it back to me,..... Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but

pp

thine.....
thee.....

mf *p* *pp*

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

H. Carey.
Arr. by W. H. M.

Allegretto.

Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pret - ty Sal-ly, She is the dar - ling of my heart And lives in our al - ley; There is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sal-ly, She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley

Of all the days that's in - the week I dear - ly love but one day, And that's the day that comes be - twixt A Sat - ur-day and Monday: For then I'm drest all in my best, To walk a - broad with Sal-ly, She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley

When Christmas comes a - bout a - gain O then I shall have money, I'll hoard it up with box and all And give it to my hon-ey: Would it were twice ten thousand pounds, I'd give it all to Sal-ly, She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley

My mas - ter and the neighbours all Make game of me and Sal-ly, And but for her I'd bet - ter be A slave and row a gal-ley; But when my seven long years are out, I then will mar - ry Sal-ly, And hap - py ev - er strive to live, But not in our al-ley

rall. *a tempo* *f* *D S*

Down among the dead men.

DYER. About 1700.

Allegro vigoroso.

PIANO. *f e marcato.*

1. Here's a health to the King, and a last-ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to wealth in-crease;
2. Let charm-ing beau-ty's health go round, In whom ce-les-tial joys are found,

mf

Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drinking af-ter death, And he that will this
May con-fu-sion still pur-sue The sel-fish wo-man-ha-ting crew; And they that wo-men's

sf *sf*

p *cresc.* *f*

health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,
health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,

sf *p* *cresc.* *f*

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie!
down, down, Down among the dead men let them lie!

sf *ff*

3. In smil - ing Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, De - ny no plea - sure to my soul; Let
4. May love and wine their rites main - tain, And their u - nit - ed plea - sure reign, While

mf

Bac-chus' health round brisk - ly move, For Bac - chus is a friend to Love, And he that will this
Bac-chus' trea - sure crowns the board, We'll sing the joys that both af - ford; And they that won't with

sf *sf*

p *cresc.* *f*

health de - ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,
us com-ply, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,

sf *p* *cresc.* *f*

down, down, Down a-mong the dead men let him lie!
down, down, Down a-mong the dead men let them lie!

sf *ff*

Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen.

R. B. Sheridan.

Allegro moderato.

p

1. Here's to the maid - en of bash - ful fif - teen, Here's to the wi - dow of fif - ty; Here's to the flaunt - ing ex - tra - va-gant queen, And
2. Here's to the charm er, whose dim - ples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And
3. Here's to the maid with a bos - om of snow, Now to her that's brown as a ber - ry, Here's to the wife with a face full of woe! And

Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen. Concluded.

here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty,
here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
here's to the dam -- sel that's mer - ry.
Let the toast pass.

p

drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

CHORUS.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex -

ff

- cuse for the glass.

brillante.

Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl.

Adapted.

Chorus.

1. Come, landlord fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come,

land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be,

Fine.

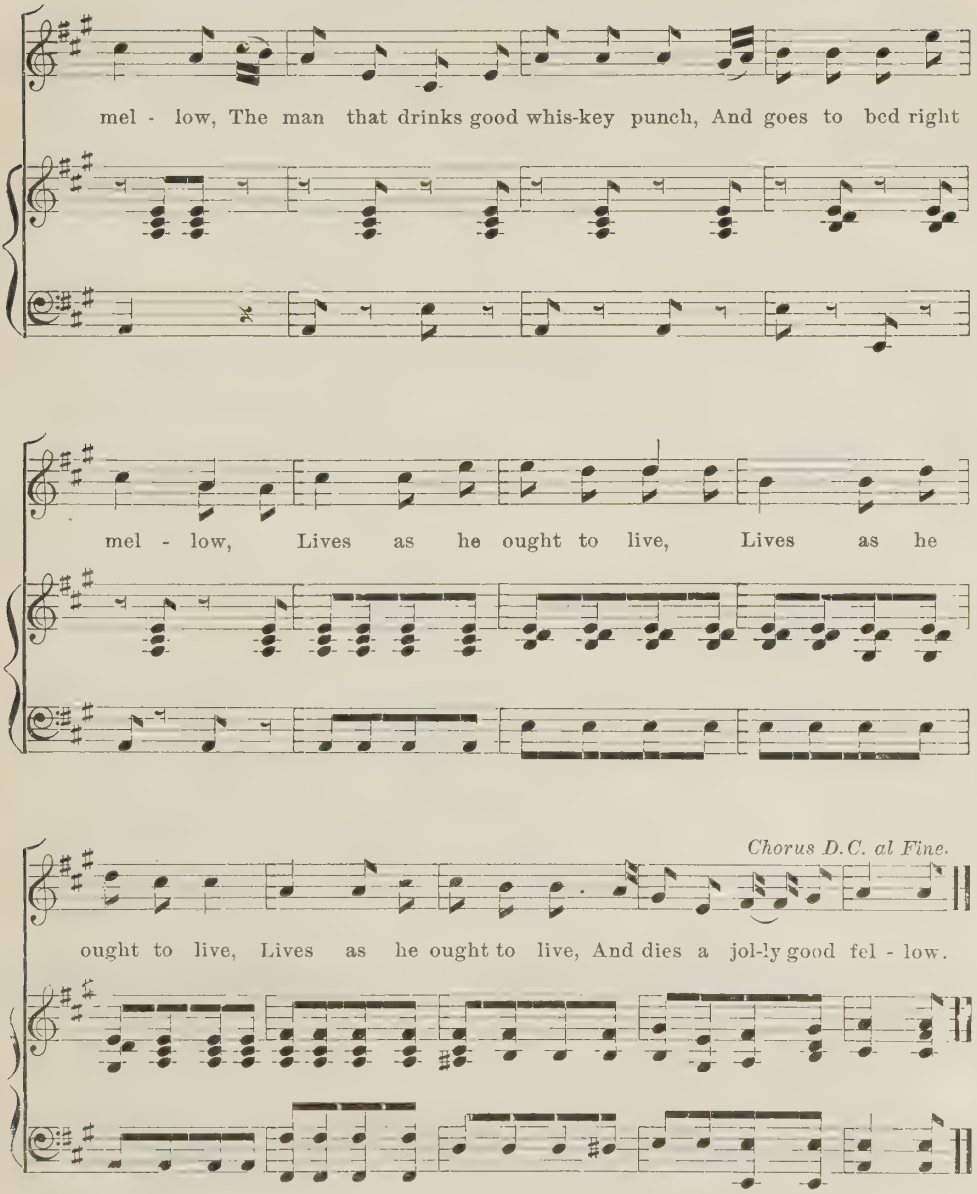
For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To - mor - row we'll get so - ber.

Solo.

2. The man who drinks good whis - key punch, And goes to bed right

p

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl. Concluded.

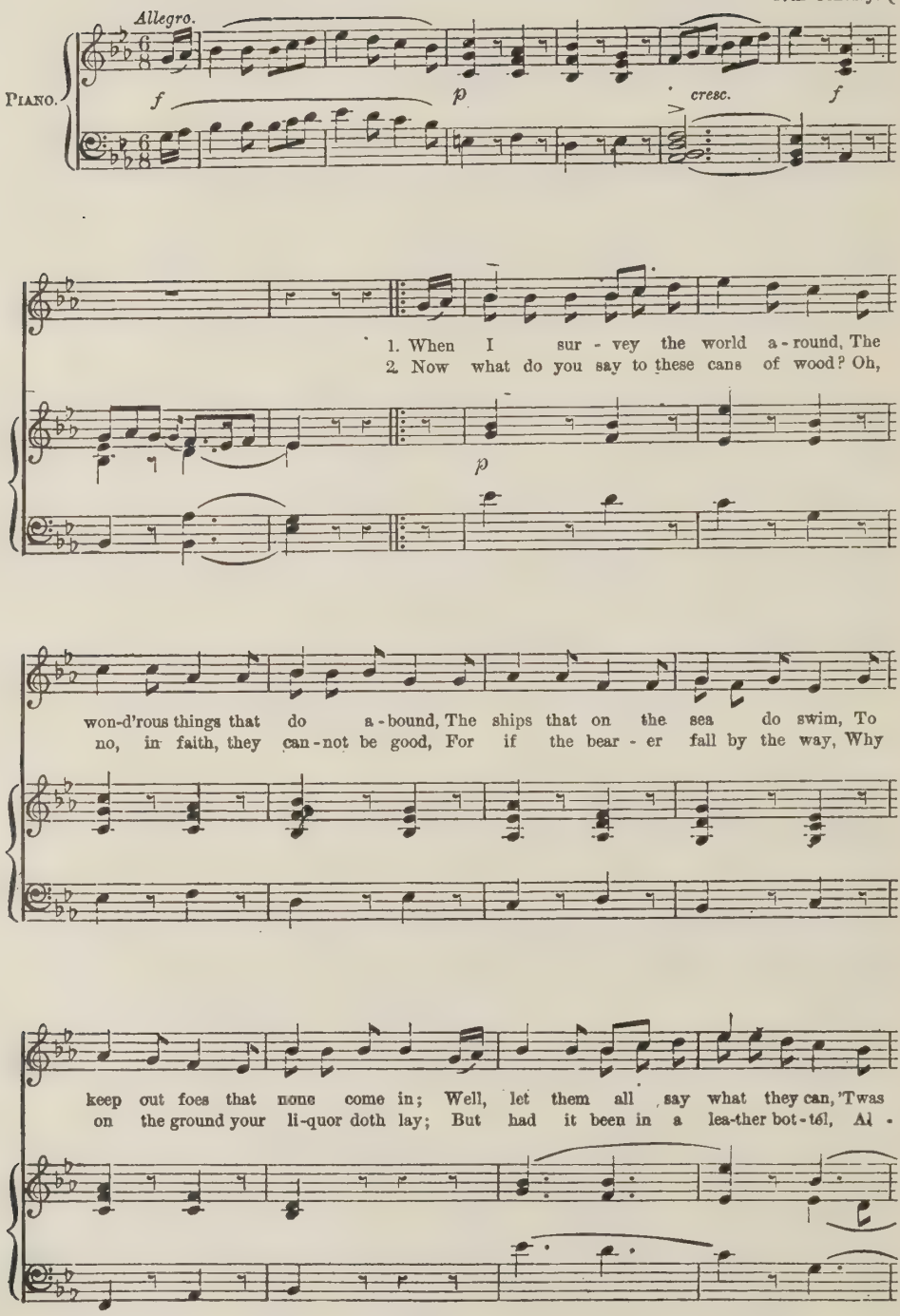


3 ‖: The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober, :‖
|: Falls as the leaves do fall, :|
So early in October.

4 ‖: But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over," :‖
|: Will live until he dies, perhaps, :|
And then lie down in clover.

The leather bottél.

17th Century.



THE LEATHER BOTTÉL.

for one end— the use of man, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That
though he had fal-len all had been well, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That

first found out..... the lea - - ther bot - tél.....
first found out..... the lea - - ther bot - tél.....

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

3.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottél,
And the stopper in, all had been well,
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

4.

Then what do you say to those black pots three,
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
In a leather bottél they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

5.

At morn the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown,
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good full bottle will do them no harm.
Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they be without this bottle?
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

6.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the sides you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

Simon the Cellarer.

W. H. Bellamy. J. L. Hatton.

Allegretto.

Piano.

p

f

p

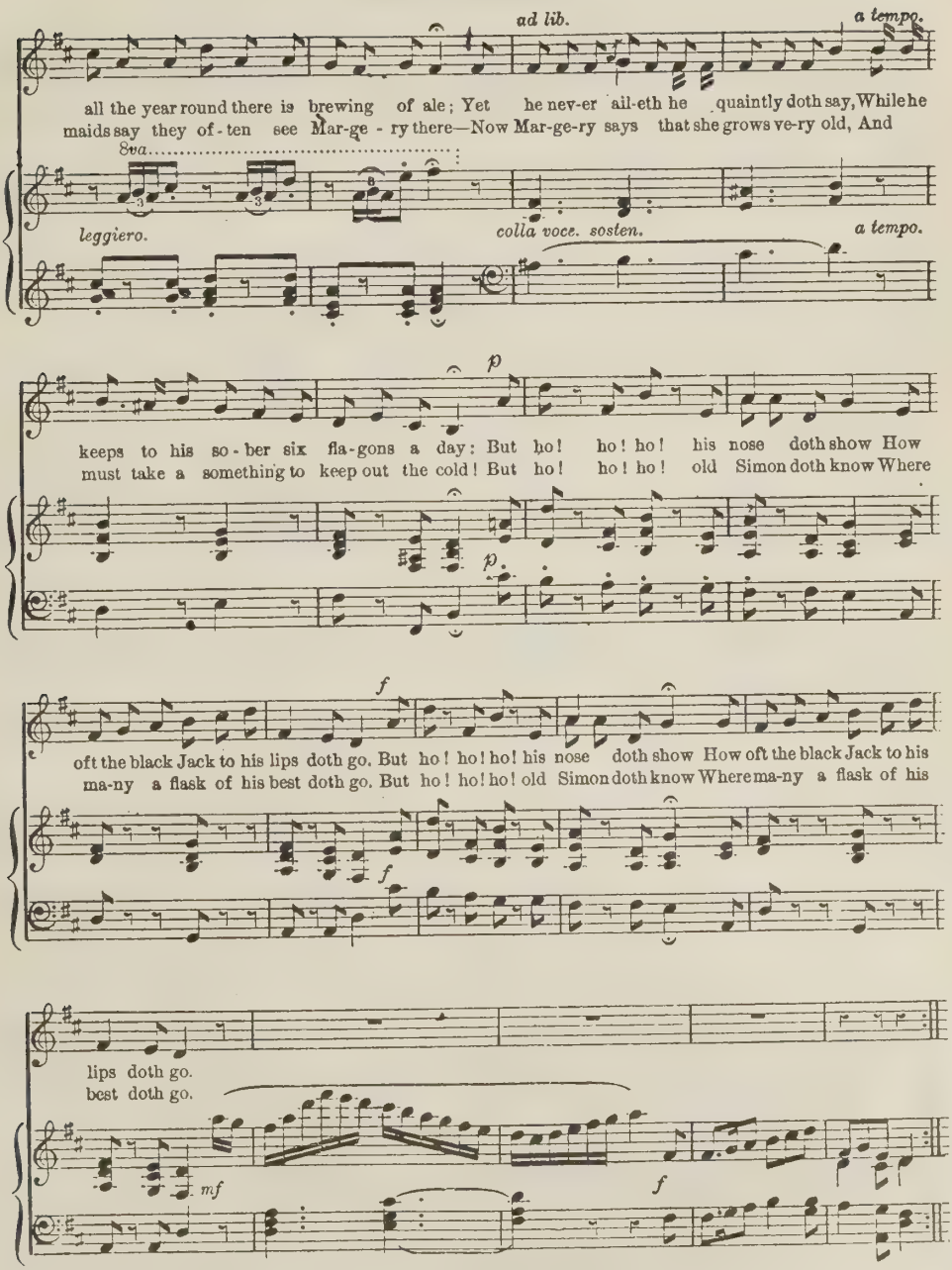
1. Old Si - mon the cel-lar - er keeps a rare store Of Malmsey and Mal - voi - sie,..... And
2. Dame Mar - ge - ry sits in her own still-room, And a ma - tron sage is she;..... From

p

Cy - prus, and who can say how ma-ny more! For a cha - ry old soul is he,..... A
thence oft at cur - few is waft - ed a fume,—She says it is Rose - ma - rie,..... She

cha - ry old soul is he. . . . Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And
says it is Rose - ma - rie... ..... But there's a small cupboard be - hind the back stair, And the

SIMON THE CELLARER.



3.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare
She ought to be settled in life.
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome, and not very young,
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead,—
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery! no, no, no!

JOHN PEEL.

With spirit. Arr. by John Tait.

1 D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ru - by too! Ran - ter and Ring - wood, Bell - man and True, From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's fin - ish the bowl. We'll fol - low John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morn - ing.
4. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He liv'd at Trout - beck once on a day; Now he has gone far, far, a - way; We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

John Peel

CHORUS.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the

cry of his hounds which he oft - times led; Peel's view hal-loo would a -

wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

Su-mer Is I-Cu-men In

TENORS

Su-mer is i - cu-men in, Lhude sing cu - cu;

Groweth sed and blow - eth med, And springth the w - de nu; Sing cu - cu;

A - we ble - teth of - ter lomb, Lhouth of - ter cal - ve cu; Bul - loc stert-eth,

buc - ke vert - eth, Mu - rie sing cu - cu, cu - cu, cu - cu,

Wel sing - es thu cu - cu, He swik thu na - ver nu.

PES

Sing cu - cu nu. Sing cu - cu.

Sing cu - cu, Sing cu - cu nu.

Hark! The Distant Clock.

Round.

1 Hark, the dis - tant clock re - minds us

2 Night is com - ing, day has end - end,

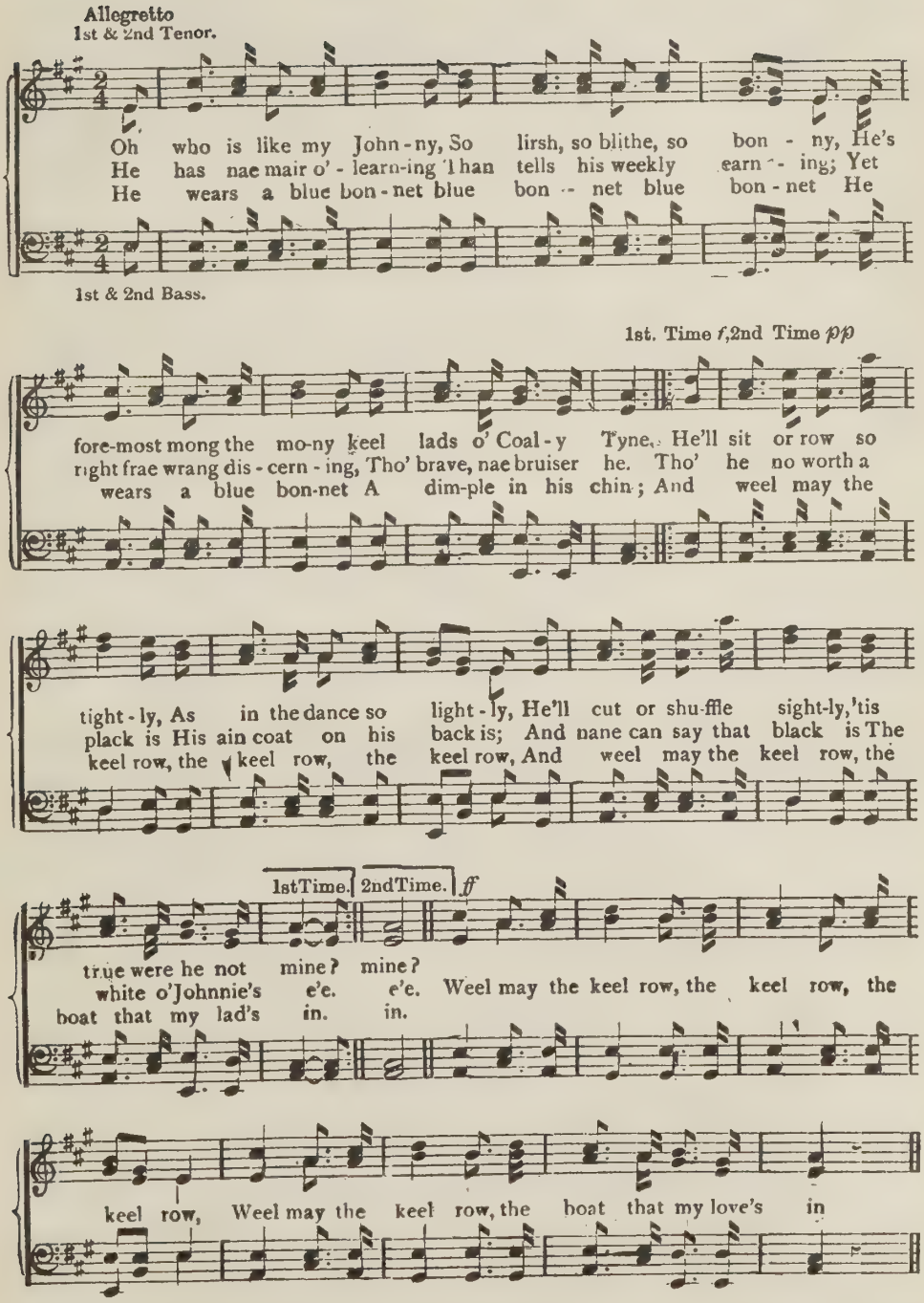
3 One, two, three, four,

That an - oth - er hour is gone,

Can we call the hours our own?

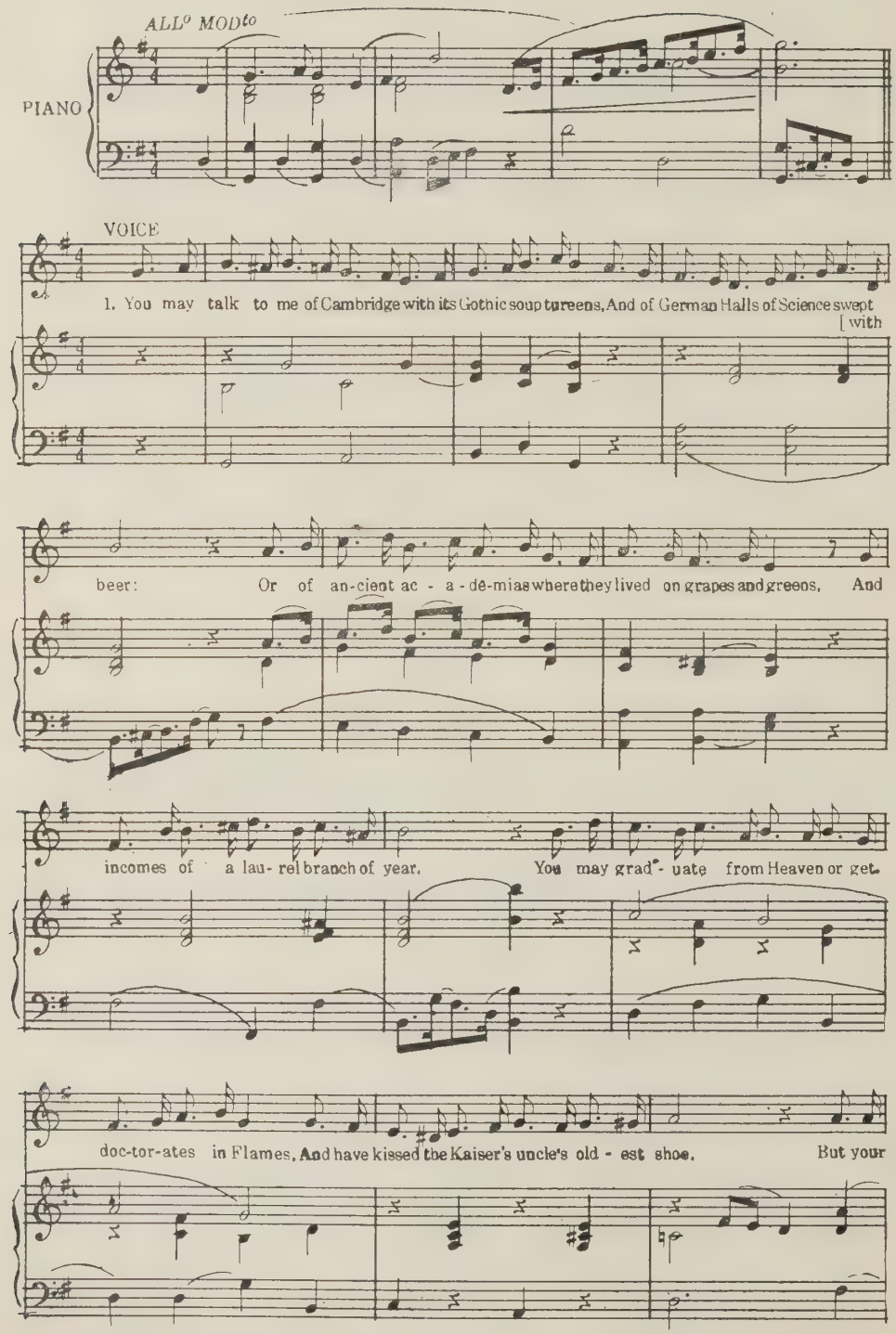
five, six, seven, eight.

Weel may the keel row.

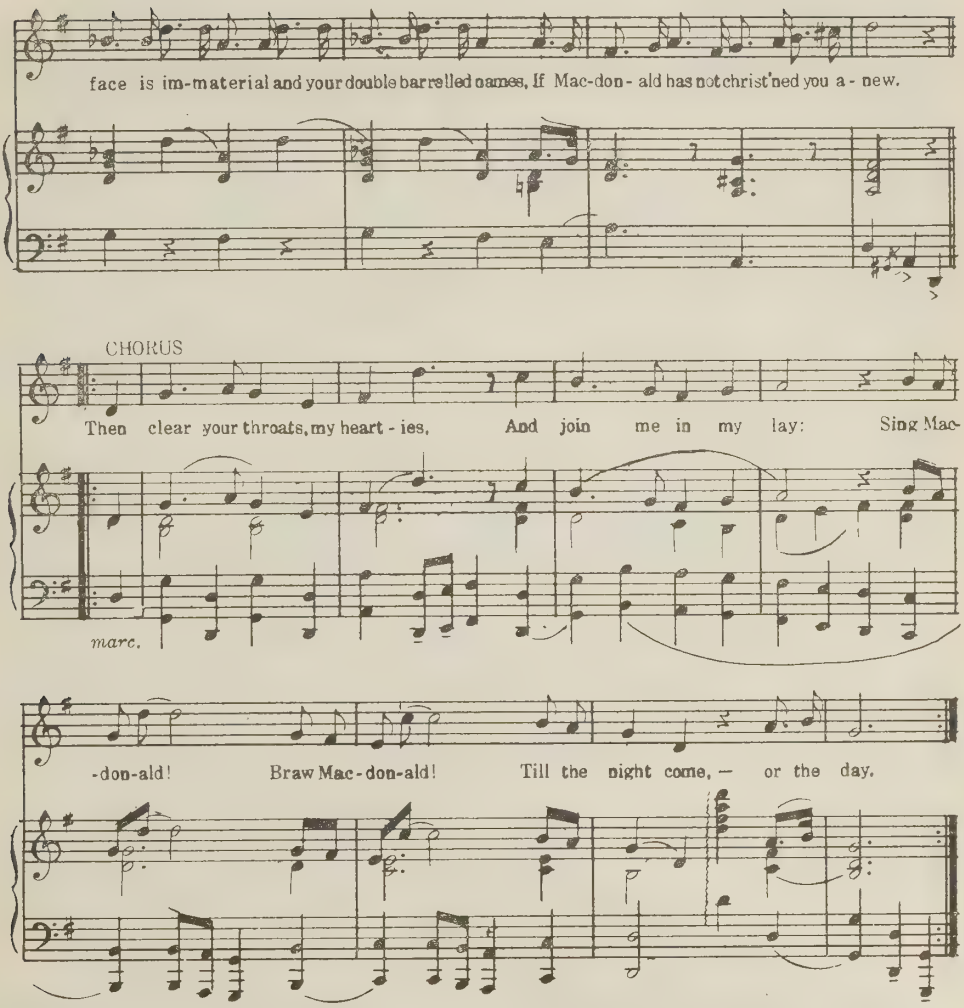


Braw MacDonald.

J. L. Dashwood. G. A. Stanton



Braw MacDonald. (Concluded)



2. I have heard of foreign ladies who have lips as sweet as gall,
   And I knew a man who loved an old baboon.
   They have harems still in Turkey, and zenanas in Bengal;
   There's a man, if not a woman, in the moon.
   Like the lightning in a passion are the Burmese maiden's eyes,
   And the neck of Mrs. Pankhurst is a dream.
   But there's not a doubt, my hearties,—of the beautiful and wise
   The girls across the campus are the cream.
   Chorus.

3. Do you know the silent river, where the great fish sport and play?
   Do you know the scent of lilac at the dawn?
   Have you breathed the acquiescence of the amorous noon-day
   Asprawl and watching tennis on the lawn?
   Have you felt the young snow crackle, and the ice bend to your tread
   When the frost roared down triumphant from the hills?
   Have you danced like mad till midnight, or eaten gingerbread
   Till the doctor came and dosed you with his pills?
   Chorus

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson. **J. Barnby.**

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

pp

sf *p* *mf*

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

By permission.

John Anderson, my jo.

BURNS.

Andante.

PIANO.

mf

John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the

p

ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was brent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your

locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your fros-ty pow, John An-der-son, my

jo.

mf

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE.

The air taken by permission from Songs of the North, CRAMER & Co. Litd., LONDON.

Words by Robert Louis Stevenson

Arr. by W. Augustus Barratt.

Tenors. 8ve lower

Basses.

The basses to accentuate the melody.

CHORUS.

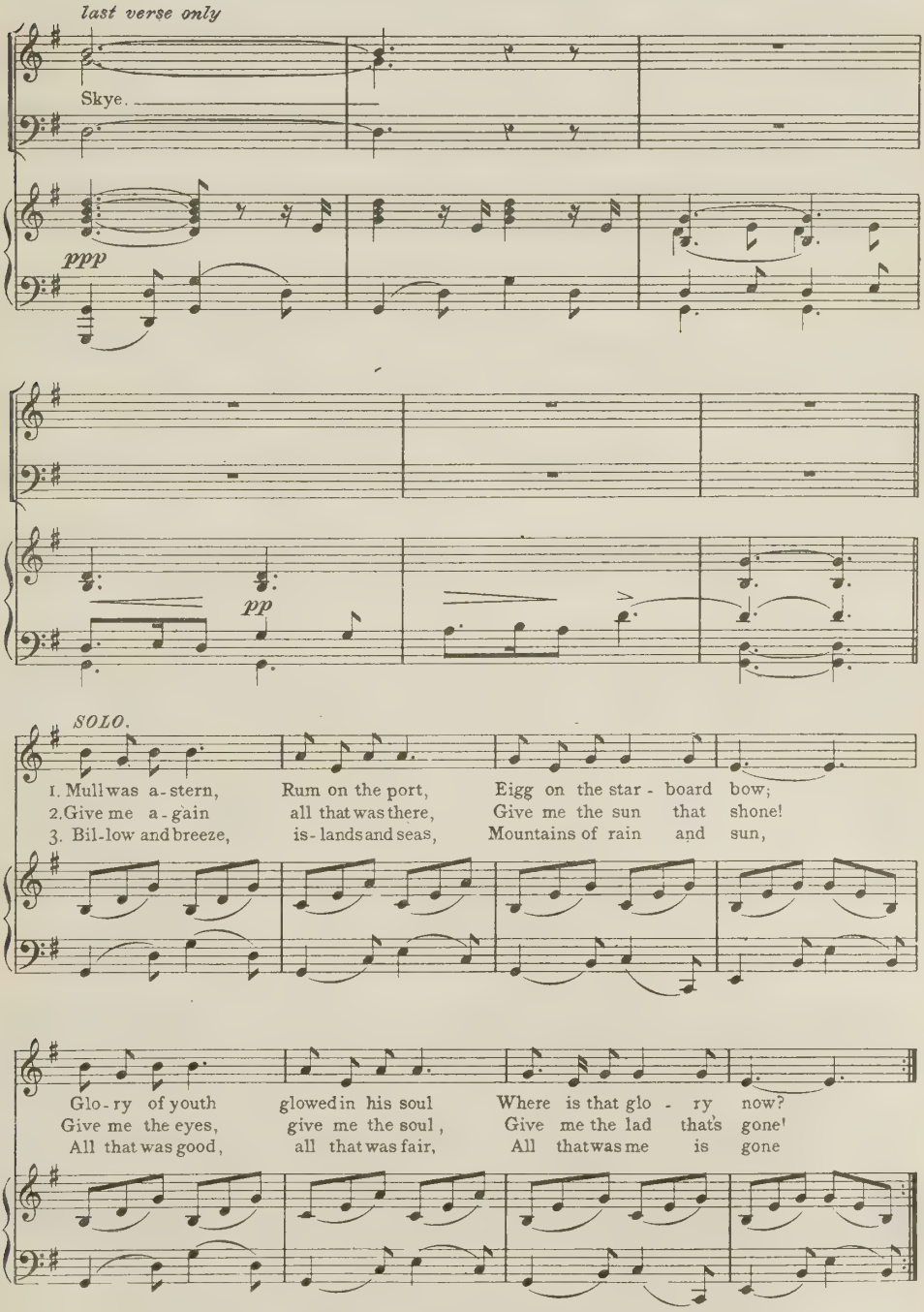
f

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I?

Mer - ry of soul he sailed on a day O - ver the sea to Skye

Words printed by kind permission of Charles Baxter, Esq., for the Executors of the late Mr Stevenson.

Over the Sea to Skye



Comin' Thro' the Rye

Anonymous.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

p *mf* *p*

Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Com-in thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy,

p

Need a bo-dy cry? Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet

cresc.

a' the lads they smile at me When com-in' thro' the rye.

p *mf*

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has, *etc.*

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, *etc.*

Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon.

BURNS.

Andante cantabile.

PIANO.

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye warb - ling bird, That war - bles on the flow' - ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de - - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re-turn.

p *mf* *p* *mf* *p dolce.*

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
By morning and by evening shine
To hear the birds sing o' their loves
As fondly once I sang o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand,
And pu'd a rosebud from the tree
But my fause rover stole the rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

The hundred Pipers.

LADY NAIRNE.

Allegro.

PIANO.

ff

Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a' an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

a' an' a', We'll up an' gle 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

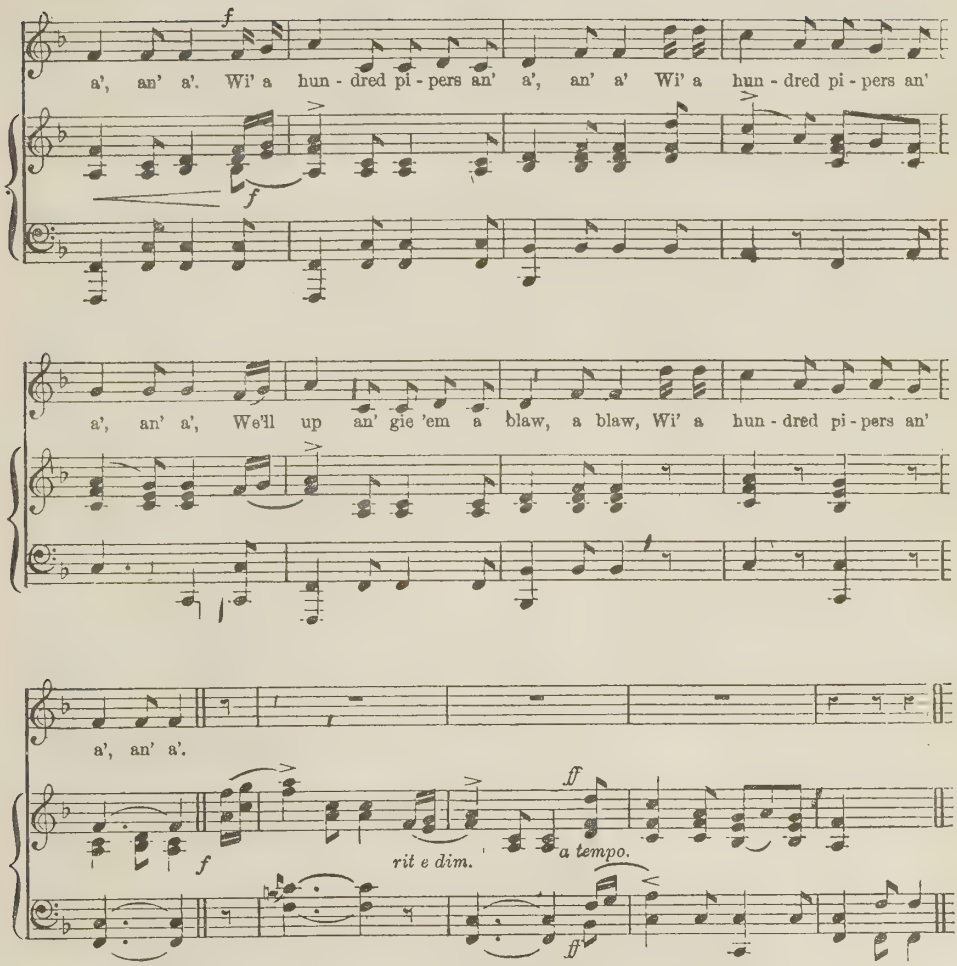
a', an' a'; Oh it's ower the Bor-der a - wa', a'-wa', It's ower the Bor-der a -

mp

- wa', a - wa', We'll on an' we'll march to Car - lisle, Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tell an'

cres.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.



Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitt'ring gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return—our Hieland men?
Second sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they march'd awa'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
But they'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high!
His prancing steed maist seems to fly!
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare!
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'

The Esk was swollen, sae red, sae deep;
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An' danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw!
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw!
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa'!
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Charlie is my darling.

Anonymous.

Allegro.

PIANO.

Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, My dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier. 'Twas on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier. Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier.

As he cam marchin up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Bonnie Dundee.

Allegretto.

PIANO

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-lier who loves honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'.

(Old Scotch Song.)

Written by a Lady.

Not too slowly.

Piano.

p

Ped. *

p

1. By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, An' in

p

mf

sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where, in pur-ple hue, the
sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in'; But the bro-ken heart, it kens nae

mf

ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon'.
Hie-land hills we view, An' the moon com-in' out in the gloam-in'. } Oh!
sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-fu' may cease frae their greet-in'.

p

Brisker.

ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a-

dolente

fore ye; But me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain, On the

pp

1st & 2nd Verses.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.

Last Verse.

Lo mon'.

rit.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Words by Charles Jefferys. Music by S. Nelson. (Arranged by Harold Eustace Key)

Poco Allegretto e Delicatezza

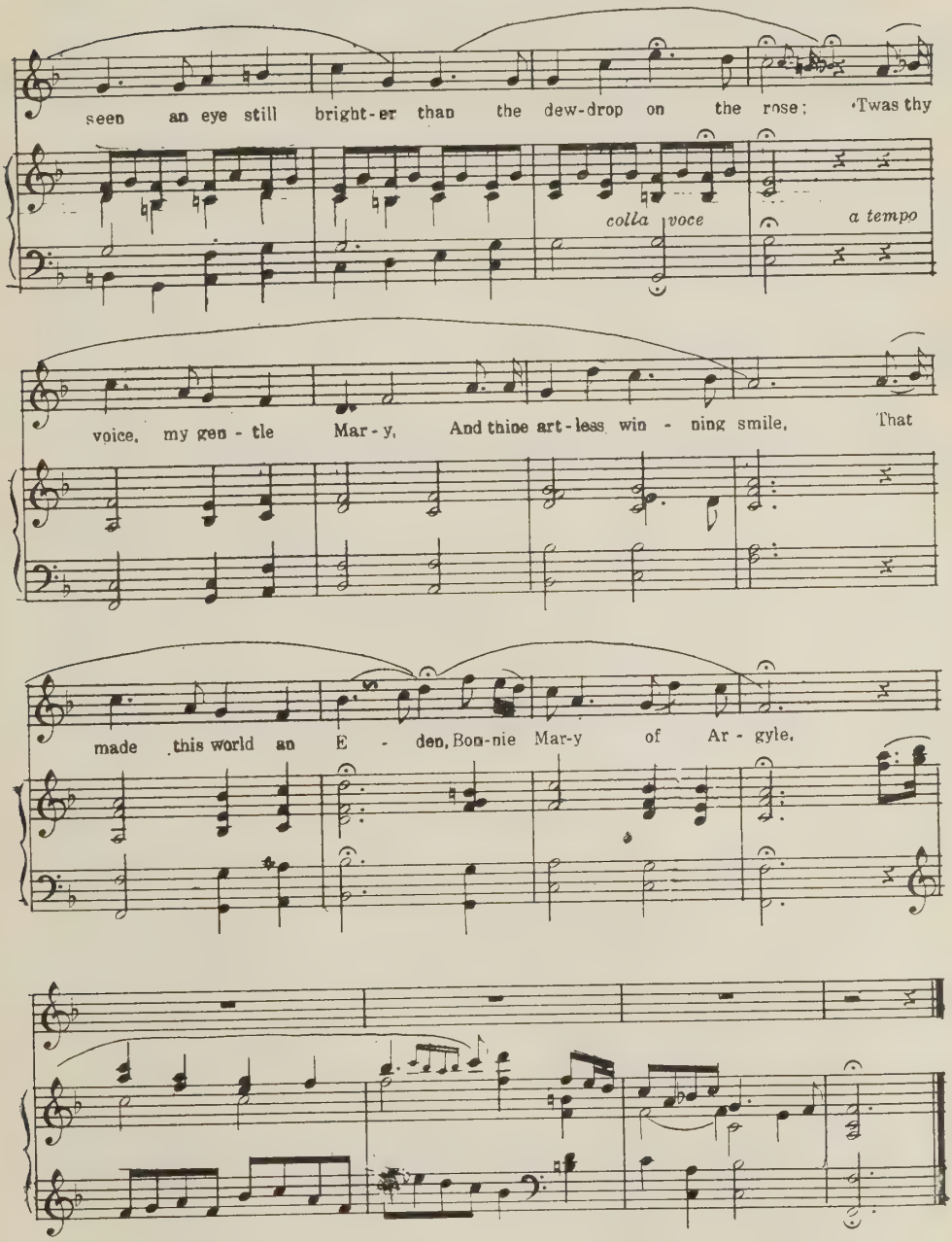
PIANO

p

VOICE

I have heard the mav - is sing - ing His love-song to the morn; I have seen the dew - drop cling - ing To the rose just new - ly born; But a sweet - er song has cheered me At the eve - ning's gent - le close; And I've

Bonnie Mary af Argyle. (Continued)



Annie Laurie.

Anonymous.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

mf

Max - well - ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's

p

there that An-nie Lau - rie Gie'd me her pro - mise true, Gie'd me her pro - mise

cresc. *sf* *p* *pp ad lib.*

true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and

cresc. *sf* *p* *pp colla voce.*

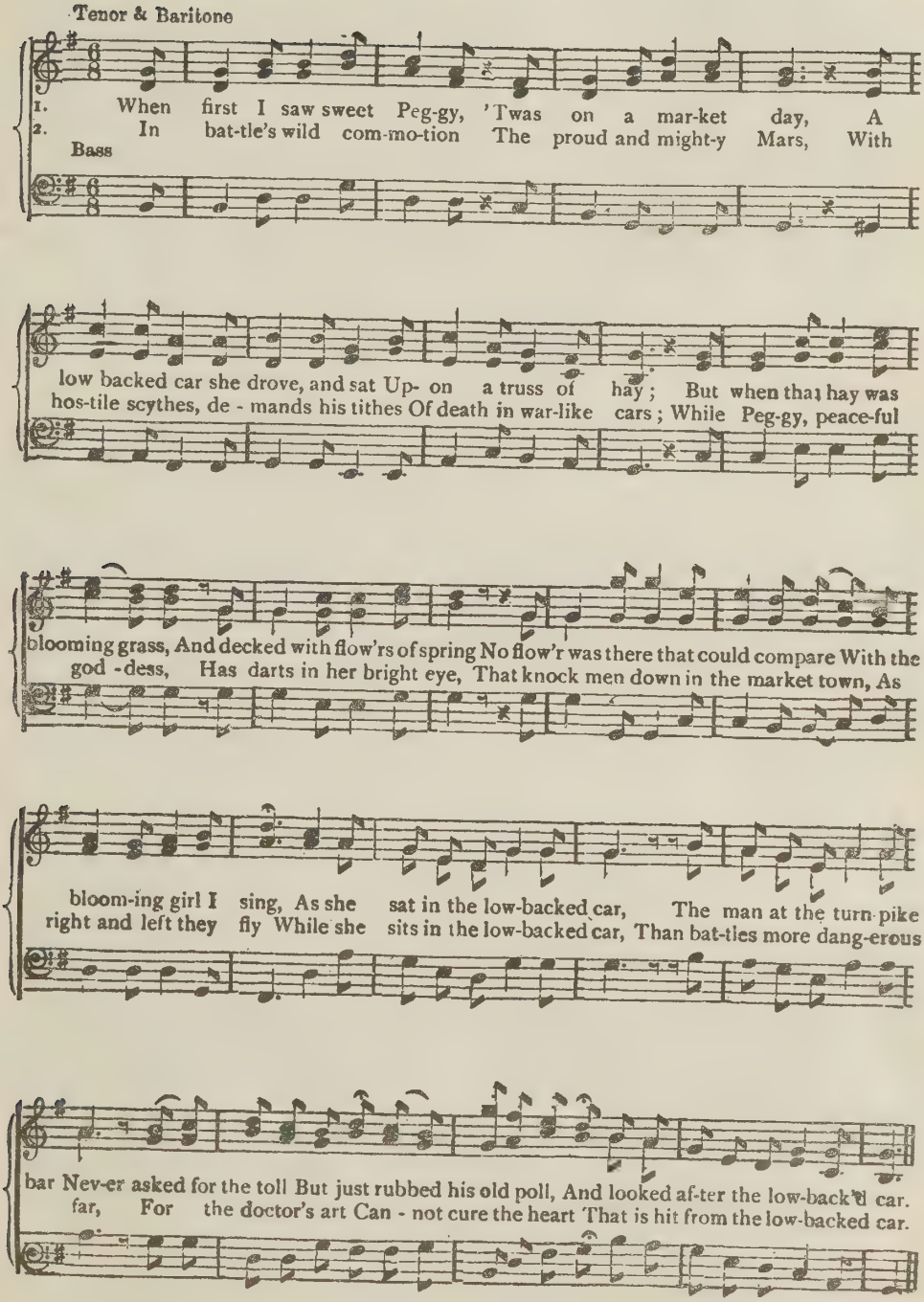
dee.

* Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet.
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee

* The first four lines of this Stanza are borrowed from an old version of "John Anderson, my Joe.

The low - backed Car.



MEN OF HARLECH.

William Duthie

Welsh Melody Arr for male voices by W H M

Allegro marziale

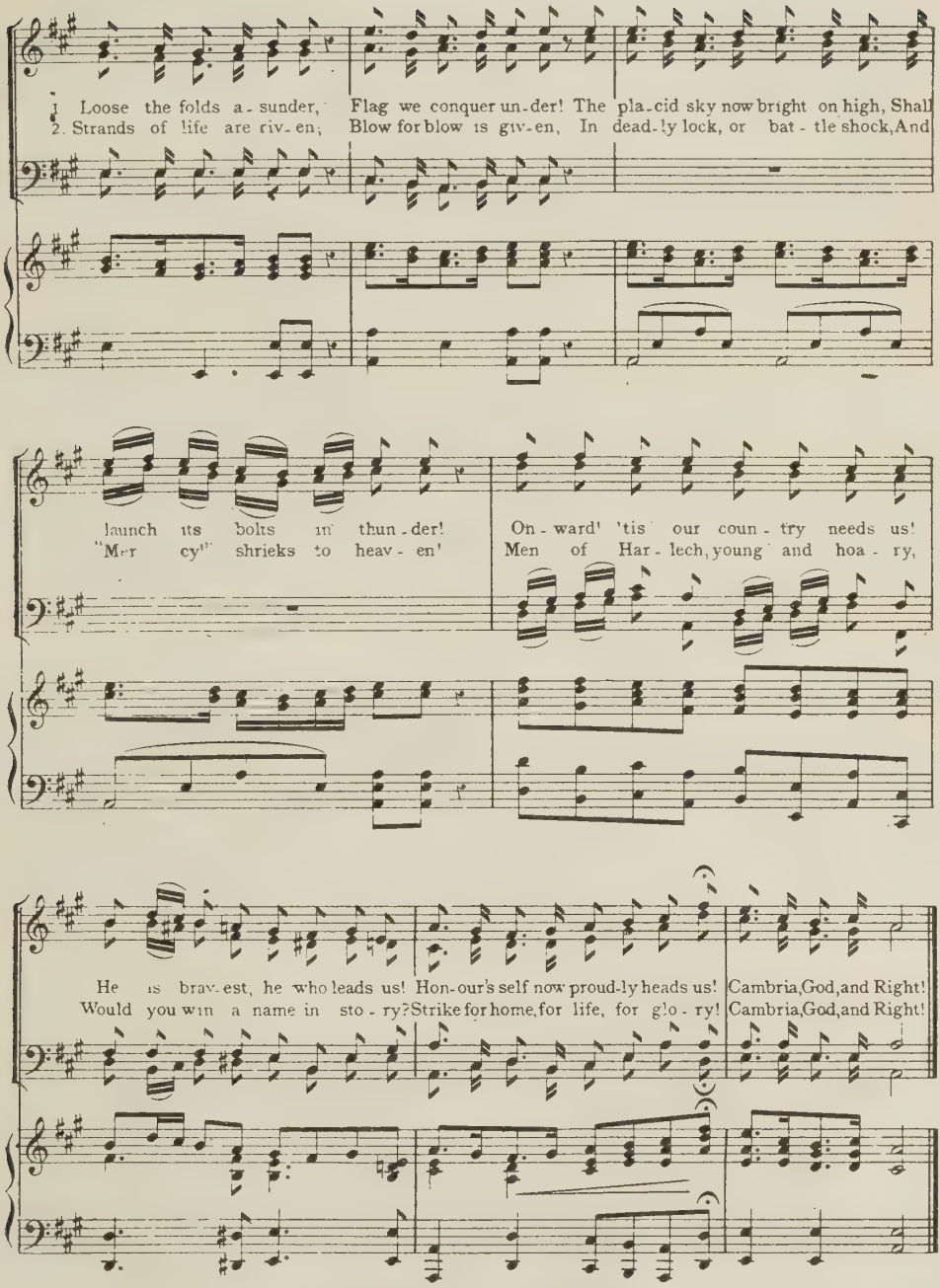
1 Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2 Rock-y steeps and pas-ses nar-row, Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men,
'Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver!

Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men; Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the ground
Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow!

* By permission of Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co.

Men of Harlech



THE MINSTREL BOY.

Words by MOORE. Arranged by BALFE.

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be- hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be- trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp.... shall praise thee."

2. The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords as- sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brave 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound.. in slav - 'ry"

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C FOSTER.

Voice

Piano.

1 Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
2 Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3 Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil dren so dear that I

cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet ter land I know I
friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de part ed long a go? I
held up - on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I

hear their gen-tle voi - ces call-ing "Old Black Joe" *Chorus*

I m com-ing I m com-ing, For my

head is bend-ing low, I hear their gen - tle voi ces call-ing Old Black Joe

A Health to Old McGill.

Words by R. W. Huntington, Law '74. Melody by Mrs. W. C. Baynes.

mf Moderato.

1. The lights a - round the fes - tal board, On glass and sil - ver quiv - er, The gen - 'rous wine is free - ly poured, The toast a - waits the giv - er; So here's a health to old Mc - Gill, With feel - ings proud and ten - der,

p

A Health to Old McGill. Concluded.

crescendo. *dim.*

each a brim - ming bump - er fill, And lov - ing hom - age

crescendo. *colla voce.* *dim.*

CHORUS.

ren - der. An - oth - er toast be - fore we part, An -

- oth - er bump - er fill boys, A toast that comes from

f

ev - ry heart, A health to old Mc - Gill, boys.

f

2 For what more fitting than that we,
The night before we sever,
Met here once more in company,
To part, perchance, for ever,
Should, ere we go our several ways,
The tie again acknowledge,
That binds, with links of happy days,
Us to our dear old college ?—CHO.

3 Though of each man, the future fate
Be past our divination,
For some the laurel wreath may wait,
For some a humbler station;
Yet each to each we still are bound
By ties time cannot sever;
So, as the wine-cup circles round,
McGill! McGill! forever!—CHO.

Trench Ditties

BONSOIR, MA CHERIE

Bonsoir, ma cherie,
Comment allez-vous.
Bonsoir ma cherie,
Je vous aime beaucoup.
Avez-vous fiancee?
Ca ne fait rien!
Voulez vous promener avec moi ce soir?
Oui, oui — tres bien.

HE'S GONE AWAY (Air:—Steamboat Bill)

There was a Signaller fellow who was new at the "biz",
He was a most obliging chap as every Signaller is
The O.C. said "O.P. Line's cut.....I wonder where't can be."
"I dunno, Sir," said the Signaller, "but I'll pull it in and see."

Chorus.

He's gone away, umpty-iddy-umpty
He's gone away. They put him with the duds,
He's gone away—no more he'll buzz the buzzer—
So now he's in the kitchen, undressing little spuds.

There was a young fellow by the name of Steve
Who got into an argument while down on Paris leave.
A Frenchman up and called him a country rube,
"Who is this guy?" said Steve, "I think I'll kill the boob."
Steeve took off his coat and washed his hands in beer,
Looked at the card the Frenchman gave and read "Georges Carpentier".
" 'S' all right, George, Let's be friends. Though what you said was raw
Them's fightin' words in Canada, but this ain't Canada"

Chorus.

He's gone away, they found him 'neath the table.
He's gone away, Georges didn't miss him much.
He's gone away, there's a moral in this story—
If you want to fight in Paris
Find a cripple and steal his crutch.

There was a big six-footer by the name of Lou,
Who was a cartridge number on the champion crew.
But the Sergeant-Major saw him and said "Well, Well, Well!
You can cut this light-weight job and start in carryin' shell
"Now look here, Sergeant-Major" said the lazy Lou,
I've had this little cartridge job for a year or two,
And if you think you're gonna scare me with your 'well, well, well!
You can pack pack your bloomin' shell tray and go plump to — the cook house.

Cho us.

He's gone away, umpty-iddy umpty.
He's gone away, you won't see him no more
He's gone away, he insulted the Sergeant-Major
And now he's counting Hard-tack in the "Q-M. Store".

You heard about the Battery Cook who died last May.
He went right up to Heaven and St. Peter let him stay.
One day St. Pete was in a fix, he knew not what to do;
Some soldiers wanted "Mulligan" and there was no food to stew.
The Cook says; "Pete, I'll help you out an fix a meal up royal.
We'll take some dubbin, camouflage and some mineral oil,
We'll season it with cordite and stir with N.C.I.
We'll put them all together and serve MacConnac-I.
He's gone away, umpty-iddy-umpty.
He's gone away, he's with the burning coals
He's gone away, he got St. Peter's " anny"
And now, he's helping Gunga Din to feed the poor damned souls.

There was young bomber by the name of Tom.
Who tried to take a look in side a live Mills bomb
The silence was so heavy you could hear the pin drop—
"Forward, Stretcher-bearers, with an O-Cedar mop."

(Dead March in Saul—Con exprezzione)

ON THE ROAD TO OLD YPRES.
(Air—Road to Mandalay)

On the road to old Ypres,
Where the Seventh C. G. A.
Put the Fear of God in Fritzie
By using "no-delay".
Can't you hear "old Snowshoe" say
"Use fourth charge.—Take post to lay."
And the heavy guns n thunder
Sent a few out Heinie's way.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR'S LAMENT
By Gitz Rice—

Call out the Army and the navy ('ave a banana)
Call out the rank and the file
Call out the brave old territorials
They'll face the danger with a smile (I don't think)
Where are the boys of the old brigade
They made old England free
Call out my brother my sister and my mother
But for gosh sake don't call me.

I WANT TO GO HOME

Lieut. Gitz Rice.
1st Canadian Contingent.

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
The "whiz-bangs" and shrapnel around me do roar.
I don't want to go to the Front any more
Take me far o'er the sea,
Where the Allemand cant get at me,
Oh, my, I don't want to die
I want to go home.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN ALLEMAND.

Lieut. Gitz Rice.
1st Can. Contingent.

Keep your head down, Allemand.
Keep your head down, Allemand.
Last night in the pale moonlight
I saw you, I saw you,
You were fixing your barb' wire,
When we opened rapid fire,
If you want to see your "Vater und der Vaterland"
Keep your head down, Allemand.

OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I would like to remain in bed,
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call,
"You've got to get up, you've got to get up
You've got to get up this morning.
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his reveille
And step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

(Parody as Sung by 7th McGill)
THE BATTERY SWITCH BOARD

Put me on the dear old switchboard,
Down a dug-out deep I want to be;
Eating tins of beans, reading magazines,
Smoking "Howdie's", "Arf-a-mo's" and "Ruby Queens".
I don' want to go up forward,
A baker got the D.C.M. Oh Gee.
So why take a chance on "five-point-nine"
When you get a "bomb-proof" behind the line?
The switch-board is the place for me.

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parlez vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parlez vous.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres
She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
The "Forty Thieves" they have a good time, Parlez-vous
The Forty Thieves they have a good time, Parlez vous
The Forty Thieves they have a good time
They steal our rations behind the line
Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
Oh Landlord have you any good wine, Parlez vous.
Oh Landlord have you any good wine, parlez vous.
Oh Landlord have you any good wine
Fit for a soldier of the line
Hinky, dinky parlez vous.
Oh yes I have some very good wine, Parlez vous
Oh yes, I have some very good wine, Parlez vous.
Oh yes I have some very good wine
To cheer the soldiers of the line
Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
Oh Landlord you have a daughter fine, Parlez vous,
Oh Landlord you have a daughter fine, Parlez vous.
Oh Landlord you have a daughter fine
She breaks our hearts while up the line
Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
Oh yes I have a daughter fine, Parlez vous,
Oh yes I have a daughter fine, Parlez vous.
Oh yes I have a daughter fine
But not to waste upon the line
Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
"But dear father I love them all, Parlez-vous,
But dear father I love them all, Parlez vous.
But dear father I love them
Thin and fat and short and tall
Hinky dinky Parlez vous.
They com' to save our country fair, Parley vous,
They com' to save our country fair, Parlez vous.
They com' to save our country fair,
Et a la guerre comme a la guerre
Hinky dinky, Parlez vous."
Go to your room oh daughter mine, Parlez vous,
Go to your room oh daughter mine, Parlez vous.
Go to your room oh daughter mine
And leave the soldiers to their wine
Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.

PARODY TO A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

By Gitz Rice

Have you ever heard the story how old Blighty got its name
If you haven't I will tell you how old Blighty got its fame
It's a dear old land of hospitals and nurses who are fine
I'll tell you how the place appeals to the boys from up the line.

Chorus.

Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day
And it nestled in my shoulder in a most peculiar way
And when the M. O. saw it why he looked at me in despair
He said your're fit for Blighty but I don't think you'll get there
Then he sprinkled it with iodine and gee but it was strong
Then he jabbed me with a needle so that nothing would go wrong
I went down to the base boys singing a merry song
But my pulse dropped down to zero and they dished me a Boolong.

College Yells. (Concluded)

Q. Who says so?
A. We do.
Q. Who are we?
A. Everybody.
Q. Who are everybody
A. McGILL.

Get that Ball.

Get that Ball, McGill,
Get that Ball, McGill,
Get that Ball, McGill,
You've got to get it.

Au Revoir.

Varsity, (or as the case may be)
Aint ye ever comin' back? (pause)
What, never? (pause)
No, NEVER.

Offside.

Nice run, Queens. Or as the case may be.)

Fumble.

O-o-h.
Fiddlesticks.

5-yard Line.

Get low, McGill.

SISTER UNIVERSITIES.

Toronto 'Varsity.

A Rifferty, a Rafferty,
A Rifferty Rafferty Ree.
We shout and fight for the Blue and (White)
And the honour of U. of T.
A Rifferty, a Rafferty,
A Rifferty Rafferty Ree.
Toronto, Toronto,
Toronto, Varsity.

Queens.

Queens, Queens,
Queens na Chiel.
Oil thi na gawinigubrah
Oil thi na gawinigubrah
Chiel, chiel, chiel,
Queens.

The Order Of Convocation

(Entry of Undergraduates.)

"When I get my bit of Parchment'!.

Air:- "When I get my civvy clothes on".

When I get my bit of Parchment
Oh, how happy I shall be.
Now my d--d exams are over
No more passing "supps" for me.
No more copying on Sunday
Notes I failed to take in class.
I shall tell the old Professor
You'll be Kicked if I don't pass.

(Entry of Undergraduates in Science.)

"The Hamburg Show",

Q. Where are we going, boys?

Chorus.

We're going to the Hamburg show.
See the Elephant and the wild Kan-
(garoo, Kangaroo.)
For we'll all stick together,
In fair and stormy weather
For we're going to see the whole
(show through.)
See the whole, see the whole,
For we're going to see the whole show
through. (Ad lib)

(Entrance of Law Undergraduates)

"The Keepers of the Law"

(Air:—Robbers' Chorus)

We are the Keepers of the Law,
And we do everyone we can.
We rest our case on every flaw
That lurks in every plan.
You'll find that costs untold
We collect from every man
How ever crafty wise or bold
That seeks to shun the "can".

(Entrance of other Undergraduates.)

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here"

Hail, Hail, The Gang's all here,
So what the hell do we care,
So what the hell do we care,
What the hell do we care—Now!

(Entrance of The Staff.)

"Good Morning".

Air:—Doxology.

Good morning have you used Pear's
(Soap?)
Good morning have you used Pear's
(Soap?)
Good morning have you used Pear's
(Soap?)
Good morning, have you used Pear's
(Soap? Sapolio.)

(As the Procession files in.)

"The Ark"

Noah of Old he Built an Ark.
There's one more River to cross.
He built it out of Hickory Bark
There's one more River to cross.

Refrain.

Oh, there's one more river,
And that's the River of Jordan.
There's one more river,
There's one more river to cross.

Into this ark the animals went,
In just the order they were sent. (Ref)

The animals went in one by one,
Among them the hornet full of fun.
(Ref)

The animals went in two by two,
The Elephant and the kangaroo (Ref)
(Improvise ad lib. according to taste
and experience of soloist.)

The Order of Convocation (Continued)

And as they talked of this and that
The Ark it bumped on Ararat (Ref)

Now listen to our parting text
"To be continued in our next" (Ref)

(Conferring of degrees on Women Students.)

"Hop along Sister Mary".

"Hop Along Sister Mary".

Hop along Sister Mary,
Hop along, hop along.
Hop along sister Mary,
Hop along.

(As each degree is conferred and the recipient is "capped" those seated will stamp together as the cap touches the candidate's head.)

(When the Benediction has been read)

"God Save the King".

(The Faculties then file out)

"Hail, Alma Mater".

"McGill Yell".

(EXIT MARCH)

"Where do we go from here".

Why must we go from here, boys
Where we for many a year
Have swallowed Arts and Sciences
And washed them down with beer?
And when we think of Old McGill
We'll do so with a tear,
But Oh Boy, Oh Joy
Exams are in the rear.

EZEUNT OMNES

College Yells.

One-Two-Three-Four.

One, two, three, four,
Two, four, forty-four.
Who're we going to yell for?
M-C-G-I-L-L.
That's the way we spell it;
This is how we yell it---
McGILL.

There aint no Flies on Us.

There aint no flies on us.
There aint no flies on us.
There may be flies
On some of youse guys,
But there aint no flies on us.

First Aid to the Injured.

Q. What's the matter with Si Whiffle-(tree).

A. He's all right.

Q. Who's all right?

A. Si Whiffletree.

THE MCGILL YELL

We're out for gore.
We're out for gore.
We're out for gore.
Keep it low.
Keep it low.
Keep it low.
Let it go.
M-C-G-I-L-L.
What's the matter with old McGill?
She's all right, oh yes, you bet.
McGill, McGill, McGill,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
McGILL.

Parody as used by Laval.

M-C-G-I-L-L.
Qu'est-ce qu'elle a
La veille McGill?
Elle est bien correct
Bien oui, bien oui, bien oui,
McGill, McGill, McGill, etc.

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